

E X T R A C T S,
ELEGANT, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING,
I N P O E T R Y, &c.

[1800]


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P R E F A C E.

THE charms of Poetry have been felt by mankind in all ages. So highly were the ancients enamoured of this art, that with them the Poet was a sacred character; and they spake of the Muses as the offspring of Jupiter himself.

And as the pleasure derived from Poetry is founded on that sense of sublimity, beauty, and harmony, which is natural to the mind of man, it will always meet with admirers, while, in the words of one of the elegant authors of *The Guardian*, it can meet with “a heart tender and “generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with “the misfortunes of others; a heart large enough to receive the “greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the “most beautiful; that is capable of entering into all those subtle “graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be “felt only, and not expressed.”

To young minds especially, whose susceptibility is not destroyed, and who are alive to the pleasing impressions of nature and fancy, it yields a charming repast, while (to cite the same author again) “it leads them “through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes them with “cooling breezes or delicious fruits, soothes them with the murmur of “waters or the melody of birds; or else conveys them to the court and “camp, dazzles their imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled “hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel.”

It would, therefore, be allowable to encourage a taste for Poetry in young persons, were it only capable of affording them these innocent delights.

But Poetry may be successfully employed as the vehicle of instruction, as well as pleasure.

From the earliest periods its language has been made use of, not only in describing the beauties of nature, the pleasures of innocence, and the emotions of love, but in exciting to virtuous and heroic actions, and in conveying historical, political, and religious instruction. And it has often been found a successful instrument in fixing impressions on young minds, when precepts dressed in a less alluring form could not engage their attention.

It is to an acquaintance with the Muses, likewise, that most of those characters who have attained to any considerable eminence in polite literature, have acknowledged themselves chiefly indebted for the graces and recommendations of fine writing; for liveliness and strength of
imagination,

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imagination, variety and force of language, as well as the noblest sentiments and reflections.

The design of the present compilation is, to supply young persons, in the course of a school education, with a greater variety of English poetry, than has ever yet been published in one volume, and at an expence that is comparatively trifling and inconsiderable.

The poets from whose works the extracts have been taken are, many of them, the most celebrated which this country has produced; and others sustain no mean rank in the lists of fame. In borrowing from them, the same freedom is used as has been observed in former collections: and in many instances, where the plan would admit of it, such poems as have received the stamp of universal approbation are inserted entire.

Particular care has at the same time been taken, to admit of nothing into this collection but what is calculated for improvement, or for innocent recreation. As the bees, to borrow a comparison from St. Basil, do not dwell upon every sort of flowers, and even from those they fix upon draw only what is of service for the composition of their precious liquid, the Editor has endeavoured to follow their example: and as in gathering roses we take care to avoid the thorns, he has been careful to gather only, from the authors to whose works he has had recourse, what may be useful and entertaining, without touching any thing that is pernicious.

The first book is composed of pieces on sacred and moral subjects: the second, of didactic, descriptive, narrative, and pathetic pieces.

The third book contains extracts from our best dramatic writers, and particularly Shakspeare, of whose works the last edition, by Mr. Malone, has been closely followed.

To the fourth book, which is epic and miscellaneous, the works of Spenser, Milton, and Pope have largely contributed.

The fifth book consists principally of ludicrous poems, epigrams, songs, ballads, prologues, epilogues, and various other little pieces intended for amusement and diversion.

As such a great variety has unavoidably swelled this work to a very considerable size, it has been thought proper, in the same manner as in the **EXTRACTS IN PROSE**, to insert a new title page nearly in the middle, that it may be bound in one, or in two volumes, according to the wish of the purchasers.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.



BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD SUPREME!
Teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! [pare;

§ 2. *Another Address to the Deity.* YOUNG.

O THOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on, high to hear my brow;
To drink the spirit of the golden day;
And triumph in existence; and couldst know
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rite in blessing! with the Patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

§ 3. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker.* MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
Forth invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs

And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circle, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that lies,
And yet five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, around
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 4. *Hymn on Gratitude.* ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy providence my life sustains,
And all my wants redress;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

§ 5. *Hymn on Providence.* ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
When in the sultry globe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through deserts lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 6. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Psalm.* ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.
Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What tho' nor ear nor voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 7. *Another Hymn.* MRS. ROWE.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant

Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.
But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!
Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature every where around,
Displays thy excellence!
The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.
The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.
The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murmur fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With different voices call.
Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No; rather let me cease to breathe,
'Than cease from praising thee!

§ 8. *Another Hymn.* MRS. ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space:
Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:
Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles were rear'd:
Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun:
Ere through the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Ecstatic anthems sung:
Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wondrous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life!
Thy glory, was the same.
And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,

And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;
When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;
For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

§ 9. *Another Hymn, from Psalm 148th.* OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.
Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus and:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.
Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal sat;
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.
Where'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skirts the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim
Ye swelling deeps below.
Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
 Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise :
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
 In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
 Ye plump warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise

To him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
 Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
 Fall prostrate at his throne :

Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r
 An image of his own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
 O praise th' eternal Source of love,
 With yOUTH's enlivening fire :

Let age take up the tuneful lay,
 Sigh his blest name—then soar away,
 And ask an angel's lay.

§ 10. *Psaln 4th.* MERRICK.

DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
 While anguish from my bosom draws
 The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
 O make thy servant still thy care.
 That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
 To aid again, intreated, yield.
 How long, ye sons of pride, how long
 Shall falsehood arm your impious tongue,
 And cringe rage your breast inflame,
 My pow'r to thwart, my just defence ?
 To God my heart shall vent its woe,
 Who, prompt his blessings to bestow
 On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
 Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
 Him wouldst thou please ? With reverend awe
 Observe the dictates of his Law :
 In secret on thy couch reclin'd
 Search to its depth thy restless mind,
 Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
 And wrath and strife with thee die.
 With purest gifts approach his shrine,
 And safe to Him thy care resign.
 I hear a hopeless ruin demand,
 " Where's now the wish'd Deliver's hand ?"
 Do Thou, my God, do Thou reply,
 And let thy presence shew on high
 In full effusion o'er our head
 Its all-enlivening influence shed.
 What joy my conscious heart o'erflows !
 Not such th' exulting lab'rer knows,

When to his long expecting eyes
 The vintage and the harvests rise,
 And, shadowing wide the cultur'd soil,
 With full requital crown his toil.
 My weary eyes in sleep I close,
 My limbs, secure, to rest compose ;
 For Thou, great God, shalt screen my head,
 And plant a guard around my bed.

§ 11. *Psaln 5th.* MERRICK.

THE words that from my lips proceed, [read,]
 My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts canst
 My God, my King, attentive weigh,
 And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
 With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
 To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
 And, ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
 To Thee direct its longing eye :
 To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by slain
 Can please; whose doors to feet profane
 Inexorable stand; whose Law
 Offenders from thy sight shall awe.
 Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
 Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
 Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
 Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
 But I, whose hope thy Love supports,
 (How great that Love !) will tread thy courts,
 My knees in lowliest reverence bend,
 And tow'rd thy throne my hands extend.
 Do thou, just God, my path prepare,
 And guard me from each hostile snare,
 O lend me thy conducting ray,
 And level to my steps thy way.
 Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
 Of falsehood and of guilt compos'd :
 Their threat a sepulchre displays,
 Deep, wide, insatiate; in their praise
 Lurks flattery, and with specious art
 Belies the purpose of their heart.
 O let the mischief they intend
 Retorted on themselves descend,
 And let thy wrath correct their sin,
 Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
 May all whose trust on Thee is plac'd
 Peace and delight perpetual taste,
 Sav'd by thy care, in songs of joy
 Their ever grateful voice employ,
 And shew the gifts on those bestow'd,
 Who love the name of *Jacob's* God.
 To each who bears a guiltless heart,
 Thy grace its blessings shall impart,
 Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
 Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

§ 12. *Psaln 6th.* MERRICK.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
 With pitying eye my weakness view,
 Heal my vex'd soul, my strength renew;
 And O, if yet my sins demand
 The wise corrections of thy hand,

Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
And fix a period to my woe.
Return, great God, return, and save
Thy servant from the greedy grave.
Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
The records of thy pow'r display,
Or pale Corruption's startled ear
Thy praise within its prison hear?
By languor, grief, and care oppress'd,
With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
And tears, in large profusion shed,
Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
My life, though yet in mid career,
Beholds the winter of its year,
(While clouds of grief around me roll,
And hostile storms invade my soul,)
Relentless from my cheek each trace
Of youth and blooming health erase,
And spread before my waiting sight
The shades of all-obscuring night.
Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
With shame their vain attempts forego,
And, struck with horror from on high,
In wild disorder backward fly.

§ 13. *Psalms 8th.* MERRICK.

Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants Thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand.
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread;
The silent Moon, with waxing horn
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The Stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round,
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share;
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by thee,
To Him all Nature bows the knee;
The beasts in him their Lord behold;
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The savage race, a countless train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky,
And all the war'y tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.

Immortal King! Through Earth's wide frame,
How great thy honour, praise, and name!

§ 14. *Psalms 23d.* MERRICK.

L O, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy Charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care
Midst the springing grass prepare;
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadow flow.
He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erstep'd;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied;
'Thy guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown;
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy Love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
Thy footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd Doine
Yield me an eternal home.

§ 15. *Psalms 122d.* MERRICK.

1.
THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honour'd Doine,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
And tread the hallow'd floor.
2.
Ev'n now to our transported eyes
Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise
Within her gates we stand,
And, lost in wonder and delight,
Behold her happy Sons unite
In friendship's firmest band.
3.
Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
The heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;
Their off'rings hither bring;
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.
4.
By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cause refer;
While Princes from her Throne,
With equal doom, th' unerring Law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
From *Jesse's* favour'd Son.

5.
Be Peace by Each implor'd on thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob's* God we pray :
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend !
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

6.
O mayst thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore :
May Plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store.

7.
Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail !
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bless thy lov'd abode ?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God ?

§ 16. *The 8th Psalm translated.*

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

O KING eternal and divine !
The world is thine alone :
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heavens thy throne.
How far extends thy mighty name !
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.
The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws ;
The tongue that never spoke before,
Shall labour in thy cause.
For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heavens around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With stars and planets crown'd ;
Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light :
Lord ! what is mortal man ? that he
Thy kind regard should share ?
What is his son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care ?
Next to the blest Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd
To dignify his span.
Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign ;
The flocks that through the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.
The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power ;
In fear of his superior might,
The lion cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their king at awful distance dread,
And fully obey.
O Lord, how far extends thy name !
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim ;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

§ 17. *Psalms the 24th paraphrased.* PITT.

FAR as the world can stretch its bounds,
The Lord is king of all,
His wondrous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.
For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waste.
Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
And see Jehovah there ?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer ?
He only whose unfully'd soul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.
On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed ;
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.
Of those who seek his righteous ways
Is this the chosen race,
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.
Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty reverence rise ;
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies,
Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.
For see ! the King of glory comes
Along th' ethereal road :
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of your God.
Who is this great and glorious King ?
Oh ! 'tis the Lord, whose might
Decides the conquest, and suspends
The balance of the fight.
Lift up your stately heads, ye doors !
With hasty reverence rise ;
Ye everlasting doors ! who guard
The passes of the skies.
Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day ;

For see! the King of Glory comes
 Along th' ethereal road:
 The cherubs through your folds shall bear
 The triumphs of their God.
 Who is this great and glorious King?
 Oh! 'tis the God, whose care
 Leads on his Israel to the field,
 Whose power controuls the war.

§ 18. *Psaln 29th.* PITT.

YE mighty princes, your oblations bring,
 And pay due honours to your awful King;
 His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
 Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
 For hark! his voice, with unrefuted sway,
 Rules and controuls the raging of the Sea;
 Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
 And in their watery ca:ern awes the deeps:
 Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
 Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
 The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
 And Lebanon is left without a shade.
 See! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
 And fly for shelter from the thundering God:
 Sirion and Lebanon like hinds advance,
 And in wild measures lead th' unwieldy dance.
 His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
 Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
 Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks,
 With all his Savages the desert shakes.
 At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
 And in the lonely forest drop their young;
 While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
 His glorious honours, and adore his name.
 High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
 He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey:
 He reigns o'er all; for ever lasts his power,
 Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
 With strength the sons of Israel shall be blest,
 And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

§ 19. *Psaln 46th paraphrased.* PITT.

ON God we build our sure defence,
 In God our hope repose.
 His hand protects us in the fight,
 And guards us from our woes.
 Then, be the earth's unwieldy frame
 From its foundations hurl'd,
 We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
 The ruins of the world.
 What though the solid rocks be rent,
 In tempests whirl'd away?
 What though the hills should burst their roots,
 And roll into the Sea?
 Thou sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
 And bid thy waters rise
 In furious surges, till they dash
 The flood-gates of the skies.
 Our minds shall be serene and calm,
 Like Sihah's peaceful flood;
 Whose soft and silver streams refresh
 The City of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves
 The wanton turrets play;
 The streams lead down their humid train,
 Reluctant to the Sea.

Amid the scene the temple floats,
 With its reflected towers,
 Gilds all the surface of the flood,
 And dances to the shores.

With wonder see what mighty power
 Our sacred Sion cheers,
 Lo! there amidst her stately walls,
 Her God, her God appears.

Fixt on her basis we shall stand,
 And, innocently proud,
 Smile on the tumults of the world,
 Beneath the wings of God.

See! how their weakness to proclaim,
 The heathen tribes engage!
 See! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
 And impotence of rage!

But God has spoke; and lo! the world,
 His terrors to display,
 With all the melting globe of earth,
 Drops silently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
 Securely we resort;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
 Our succour and support.

Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
 In silent rapture stand,
 And see o'er all the earth display'd
 The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be still,
 And all its tumults cease;
 He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
 The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
 He bursts the brazen spear,
 And in the crackling fire his hand
 Consumes the blazing ear.

Hear then his formidable voice,
 "Be still, and know the Lord;
 By all the heathen I'll be fear'd,
 By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the Mighty Lord of hosts
 Securely we resort;
 For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
 Our succour and support.

§ 20. *Psaln 90th paraphrased.* PITT.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
 Has sav'd us from despair,
 From period down to period stretch'd
 The prospects of thy care.
 Before the world was first conceiv'd,
 Before the pregnant earth
 Call'd forth the mountains from her womb,
 Who struggled to their birth;

Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the first race of startling time
Was measur'd by the Sun.

We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Rise at the summons, and restore
The perish'd race of man.

Before thy comprehensive fight,
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing,
Fly swifter than a day.

As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longest æra is a night;
A period is an hour.

We at thy mighty call; O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.

Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.

In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head;
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.

We in the glories of thy face
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear,
How pure and radiant they.

To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on;
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done.

With winged speed, to stated bounds
And limits we must fly,
While seventy rolling suns complete
Their circles in the sky.

Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.

But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.

So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time,
By wisdom, and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choicest graces shed,
And shower from thy celestial throne
Thy blessings on our head.

Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole course of life will seem
One glad triumphant day.

Now the blest years of joy restore,
For those of grief and strife,
And with one pleasant drop allay
This bitter draught of life.

Thy wonders to the world display,
Thy servants to adorn,
That may delight their future sons,
And children yet unborn;
Thy beams of Majesty diffuse,
With them thy great commands,
And bid prosperity attend
The labours of our hands.

§ 21. *Psaln 144th paraphrased.* PITT.

MY soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
Who taught my harp to draw the fatal sword;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the first ranks of death, and front of war.
He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle
In him my hopes I centre and repose, [waste.
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.

Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his measure but a span?
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.

Come in thy power, and leaveth' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So loud the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.

Touch'd by thy hands, the labouring hills expire
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions, through the gloomy sky.

Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens thy bright
abode,

And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
Lowers like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
Train'd to blasphemy, and eloquent in guilt:
Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane;
They plead their boasted innocence in vain.

Thy

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
And guide the sacred numbers of my song;
To thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays;
And every note shall labour in thy praise;
The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.

Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
And snatch'd thy servant in the last despair
From all the rising tumult of the war.

Against strange children vindicate my cause,
Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
And lift their spreading honours to the skies:
That our chaste daughters may their charms
display,

Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.

Pild up with plenty let our barns appear,
And burst with all the Seasons of the Year;
Let pregnant flocks in every quarter bleat,
And drop their tender young in every street.
Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
Safe may they bring the gather'd sumner home.
Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
To stain our triumphs with the tear of woe.

Bless'd is the nation, how sincerely bless'd!
Of such unbounded happiness possess'd,
To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

§ 22. *The 3d Chapter of Job.* PITT.

FOR curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
While the dull mafs rose quick'ning into man.

O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun,
O'er its dark face to shed his genial ray,
And warm to joy the melancholy day.
May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.

May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful
night

Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light;
To pay due vengeance for its fatal crime,
Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
To stain the shining circle of the Year:
There through her dusky range may silence
roam,

There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come;
No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.

May every star his gaudy light with-held,
Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold.
Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.

To that original my ills I owe;
Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
And give me back to thy congenial earth?
Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
For now the grave would all my cares compose,
Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:

There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne,
Afflict'd Job an equal rest must have,
And share the dark retirement of the grave;
Or as a shapeless embryo seek the tomb,
Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
Ere motion's early principle began,
Or the dim substance kindled into man. [cease,

There from their monstrous crimes the wicked
Their blouning guilt is weary'd into peace;
There blend'd sleep the coward and the brave;
Stretch'd with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave
enjoys the common refuge of the grave.

An equal lot the mighty victor shares,
And lies amidst the captives of his wars;
With his, those captives mingle their remains,
The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains.
Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray?
Why curst to bear the painful light of day?
O! with what joy the wretches yield their breath,
And pant in bitterness of soul for death!
As a rich prize the distant bliss they crave,
And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief
To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
Whom in the toils of fate his God has bound,
And drawn the line of miseries around?

When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude,
My tears prevent my necessary food:
Like a full stream o'ercharg'd my sorrows flow,
In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
For now the dire affliction which I fled,
Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
My terrors still the phantom view'd, and wrought
The dreadful image into every thought:
At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel,
And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

§ 23. *The 25th Chapter of Job paraphras'd.*

PITT.

THEN will vain man complain and murmur still,
And stand on terms with his Creator's will:
Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?

With reason's line the boundless distance scan?
Oppose heaven's awful majesty to man?
To what a length his vast dimensions run!
How far beyond the journeys of the sun!
He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
Fix'd and sustain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
And the gay legions guard his realms above;
High o'er th'ethereal plains the myriads rise,
And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
From their bright arms incessant splendors stream,
And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
Down through the gulphs of undulating air:
For man he taught the glorious sun to roll
From his bright barrier to his western goal.

How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
Plead with his judge, and combat with his God?
How from his mortal mother can he come
Unstain'd from sin, untinctur'd from the womb?

The Lord, from his sublime empyreal throne,
As a dark globe regards the silver moon.
Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
Dim are the brightest splendors of the sky;
And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
His frail original confounds his boast, [dust,
Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

§ 24. *The Song of Moses, in the Fifteenth Chapter of Exodus, paraphras'd.* PITT.

THEN to the Lord, the vast triumphant throng
Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.
To God our grateful accents will we raise,
And every tongue shall celebrate his praise:
Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
How did his power the steeds and riders sweep
Ingulph'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep!
Whom should we fear, while he, heaven's awful
Unsheath'd for Israel his avenging sword? [Lord,
His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
His mercy eas'd us from our curling pains,
Unbound our tharkles, and unlock'd our chains.
To him our God, our father's God, we'll rear
A sacred temple, and adore him there
With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer.

The Lord commands in war: his matchless
might
Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
By him the war the mighty leaders form,
And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
His name, O Israel, heaven's eternal Lord,
For ever honour'd, reverence'd, and ador'd.

When to the fight, from Egypt's fruitful soil,
Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile,
The Lord o'erthrew the courier and the car,
Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and overwhelm'd his war.
Beneath th'encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
For many a league impurpling all the sea:
The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd
around,

Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
Who shall thy power, thou mighty God, with-
stand,

And check the force of thy victorious hand?
Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror rose,
To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes.

Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all,
Soon as thy anger charg'd with vengeance came,
They sunk like stubble crackling in the flame.

At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
And a still silence hushes the wondering flood:
Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise.
Around in heaps the listening surges stand,
Mute and observant of the high command.
Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Egypt cry'd,
(Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their
Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile, [pride)
This servile nation, and divide the spoil;
And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
To glut and fatten the devouring sword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast,
Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring sea;
And now the disentangled waves divide,
Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
The deeps alarm'd call terribly from far
The loud, embattled surges to the war;
Till her proud sons astonish'd Egypt found
Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
Or who oppose his miracles to thine?
When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame.
The world attends thy absolute command,
And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
The conscious billows reverence and obey.
O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:

Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
From Egypt's realms, to Canaan's sacred land.
Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To smooth the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;

While

While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons :
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.

Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy bound-
less power,

Thy throne shall stand when times shall be no more :
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain :
While in the dreadful road, and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay :
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain, (main.
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering
The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide ;
But on each hand the solid billows flood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood ;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan past
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

§ 25. *The 139th Psalm paraphrased.* PITT.

O DREAD Jehovah ! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenebrous of dust : Thy stretching sight
Surveys th'harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wondrous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd ;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought,
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th'ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sov'reign presence guards my sleep,
Waits all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound ;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord !
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being ; while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, aspir'd,
And started into life : through every part,
At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd.
But such exalted knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.

In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th'unfathomable depth ; his bark

O'ersets, and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence ? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature ! Whither, Lord !
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly (spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound ?

If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded majesty !
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine
Throng'd with the prostrate Seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance ! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath : I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.

If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable course
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves, ev'n there thy hand
Shall thro' the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way.
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes
As fond as false, the darkness I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought ; for thy unbounded ken
Dart thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pierce through
The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes [all
The vanquish'd night throw off her dusky shroud,
And kindles into day : the shade and light
To man still various, but the same to thee.
On thee is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth ; [there ;
Yet, Lord, thy outstretch'd arm preserv'd me
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours ; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight ; and, wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th'unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd ; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence, and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book
Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th'harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch

Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.
How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers; and outlives
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd: [shores.
Isles numerous are the sands that crowd the
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious slight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy ling'ring thunder which withhold's
Its forked terrors from their guilty heads? [fly
Thou great tremendous GOD!—Avaunt, and
All ye who thirst for blood!—for, swollen with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemous thy sacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own. O Lord! explore my soul!
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts; then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

§ 26. *An Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Psalm.* BLACKLOCK.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?* HOR.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th'almighty Sov'ign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th'omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th'ærial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly [high,
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.

But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th'eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th'affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow;

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver fuge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast. [pride,

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends;
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' the still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding
With artful toil their little domes prepare; [fair,
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the
rising care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their
frighted prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.

Laborious

Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
 Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
 Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
 And labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

'Hail for reign goodness! all-productive mind!
 On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
 How various all, how variously endow'd,
 How great their number, and each part how good!
 How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
 Who, with one act of energy divine,
 Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pur-
 Unbounded goodness rises to my view; [sue,
 Nor does our world alone its influence share;
 Exhaustless bounty, and unwearied care
 Extends thro' all th' infinity of space,
 And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
 Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
 Here multitudes of various beings stay,
 Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
 Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
 And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
 Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
 For the mild charms of cultivated life;
 Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
 And India joins in friendship with the pole.
 Here the huge potent of the scaly train
 Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
 An animated isle! and in his way,
 Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
 When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
 Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
 Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious
 pride,

The volley'd lightning, and the surging tide;
 And while the watchful elements engage,
 Foment with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
 All these thy watchful providence supplies,
 To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
 For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
 Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face shouldst
 Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd, [hide,
 Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
 And vents her grief in universal cries:
 Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
 Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
 Sea, earth, and air the boundless savage mourn,
 And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
 Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
 New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
 And life rekindles at the genial ray;
 United thanks replenish'd nature pays, [praise.
 And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's

When time shall in eternity be lost,
 And hoary nature languish into dust,
 For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
 Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
 Thou from the regions of eternal day,
 View'st all thy works at one immense survey:
 Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
 To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
 Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
 Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
 Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
 Diffends my breast, and animates my frame;
 To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
 On the soft breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
 The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
 And nature in full choir shall join around.
 When full of thee my soul excursive flies
 Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;
 From world to world, new wonders still I find,
 And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
 When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its
 To the deep bosom of eternal night, [flight
 To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
 Join, men and angels, join th'exalted lay!

§ 27. Another Hymn. ANON.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please;
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise!
 Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free;
 While in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will;
 The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 28. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O ! how shall I appear ?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O ! how shall I appear ?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

Or never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

§ 29. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy fun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And off at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou ! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round ! what skill, what force di-
Deep-felt, in these appear ! a simple train, [vinc,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ;
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wand'ring oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'er spreads the spring ;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
Feeds ev'ry creature ; hurls the tempest forth,

And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life
Nature, attend ! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join ; and ardent raise
One general song ! To him, ye vocal zales,
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale ; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
Soroll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day ! blest image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the Great Shepherd reigns ;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling bass ;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows ; the Summer ray
Ruffles the plain ; *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
Or Winter rises in the blackening gait ;

Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 An', dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
 From *seeming evil* still educating good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 30. *Hymn for Morning.* PARNELL.

SEE the star that leads the day,
 Rising, shoots a golden ray
 To make the shades of darkness go
 From heaven above and earth below;
 And warn us early with the sight,
 To leave the beds of silent night;
 From an heart sincere and sound,
 From its very deepest ground;
 Send devotion up on high,
 Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
 See the time for sleep has run,
 Rise before, or with the sun:
 Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
 The fountain of eternal day,
 That, as the light serenely fair
 Illustrates all the tracts of air;
 The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
 With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
 And kindly clean it all within,
 From darker blemishes of sin;
 And shine with grace, until we view
 The realm it gilds with glory too.
 See the day that dawns in air,
 Brings along its toil and care:
 From the lap of night it springs,
 With heaps of business on its wings;
 Prepare to meet them in a mind,
 That bows submissively resign'd;
 That would to works appointed fall,
 That knows that God has order'd all.
 And whether, with a small repast,
 We break the sober morning fast;
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day;
 Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our business, with industrious feet:
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O, Giver of eternal bliss,
 Heavenly Father, grant me this;

Grant it all, as well as me,
 All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
 Who revere thy Son above,
 Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

§ 31. *Hymn for Noon.* PARNELL.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
 It glitters in the southern sky;
 Its beams with force and glory beat,
 And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
 Father, also with thy fire
 Warm the cold, the dead desire,
 And make the sacred love of thee,
 Within my soul, a sun to me.
 Let it shine so fairly bright,
 That nothing else be took for light;
 That worldly charms be seen to fade,
 And in its lustre find a shade.
 Let it strongly shine within,
 To scatter all the clouds of sin,
 That drive when gusts of passion rise,
 And intercept it from our eyes.
 Let its glory more than vie
 With the sun that lights the sky:
 Let it swiftly mount in air,
 Mount with that, and leave it there;
 And soar with more aspiring flight,
 To realms of everlasting Light.
 Thus, while here I'm forced to be,
 I daily wish to live with thee;
 And feel that union which thy love
 Will, after death, complete above.
 From my soul I send my prayer,
 Great Creator, bow thine ear;
 Thou, for whose propitious way
 The world was taught to see the day;
 Who spoke the word, and earth begun,
 And shew'd its beauties in the sun;
 With pleasure I thy creatures view,
 And would, with good affection too,
 Good affection sweetly free,
 Loose from them, and move to thee;
 O, teach me due returns to give,
 And to thy glory let me live;
 And then my days shall shine the more,
 Or pass more blessed than before.

§ 32. *Hymn for Evening.* PARNELL.

THE beam-repelling mist arise,
 And evening spreads obscurer skies:
 The twilight will the night forerun,
 And night itself be soon begun.
 Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
 And pray the Lord of glory now
 To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
 May cause a blinder night within.
 And whether pleasing vapours rise,
 Which greatly dim the closing eyes;
 Which make the weary members blest'd,
 With sweet refreshment in their rest;
 Or whether spirits in the brain
 Dispel their lost embrace again;

And

And on my watchful bed I stay,
 Forfook by sleep, and waiting day;
 Be God for ever in my view,
 And never he forsake me too;
 But still as day concludes in night,
 To break again with new born-light;
 His wondrous bounty let me find,
 With still a more enlighten'd mind;
 When grace and love in one agree;
 Grace from God, and love from me;
 Grace that will from heaven inspire;
 Love that seals it in desire:
 Grace and love that mingle beams,
 And fill me with increasing flames.
 Thou that hast thy palace far
 Above the moon and every star;
 Thou that sittest on a throne
 To which the night was never known,
 Regard my voice, and make me blest,
 By kindly granting its request.
 If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
 My darkness will afford me joy
 Till thou shalt call, and I shall hear,
 And part with darkness evermore.

§ 33. *The Soul in Sorrows.* PARNELL.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
 O, Jesu, Lord of Life, on high!
 As, when the summer's seasons heat
 With scorching flame and parching heat,
 The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
 And thirsty gaps in earth are made;
 My thoughts of comfort languish so,
 And so my soul is broke by woe.
 Then on thy servant's drooping head
 Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
 Let those a quick refreshment give,
 And raise my mind, and bid me live.
 My fears of danger, while I breathe,
 My dread of endless hell beneath;
 My sense of sorrow for my sin,
 To springing comfort, change within;
 Change all my sad complaints for ease,
 To cheerful notes of endless praise;
 Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
 But such as owe their birth to joy
 Joy transporting, sweet and strong,
 Fit to fill and raise my song;
 Joy that shall refound me,
 While days and nights succeed for me.
 Be not as a Judge severe,
 For so thy presence who may bear;
 On all my words and actions look,
 (I know they're written in thy book);
 But then regard my mournful cry,
 And look with mercy's gracious eye.
 What needs my blood, since thine will do,
 To pay the debt to Justice due?
 O, tender mercy's art divine!
 Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
 Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
 Allay the bleedings of my heart:
 Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
 Restores my soul to life again.

Guide me then, for here I burn,
 To make my Saviour some return.
 I'll rise (if that will please him, still;
 And sure I've heard him own it will);
 I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
 Despising every grief and loss;
 Since he, despising pain and shame,
 First took up his, and did the same.

§ 34. *The Happy Man.* PARNELL.

HOW blest'd the man, how fully so,
 As far as man is blest'd below,
 Who, taking up his cross, essays
 To follow Jesus all his days;
 With resolution to obey,
 And steps enlarging in his way!
 The Father of the faints above
 Adopts him with a father's love,
 And makes his bosom thoroughly shine
 With wondrous stores of grace divine;
 Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
 That will his soul above employ;
 Full joy, that, when his time is done,
 Becomes his portion as a son.
 Ah me! the sweet infus'd desires,
 The fervid wishes, holy fires,
 Which thus a melted heart refine,
 Such are his, and such be mine.
 From hence despising all besides
 That earth reveals, or ocean hides,
 All that men in either prize,
 On God alone he sets his eyes.
 From hence his hope is on the wings,
 His health renews, his latest springs.
 His glory blazes up below,
 And all the streams of comfort flow.
 He calls his Saviour King above,
 Lord of mercy, Lord of love;
 And bids a kindly cry descend,
 And mercy smile, and love descend,
 To cheer, to guide him in the ways
 Of this vain world's deceitful maze
 And though the wicked earth display
 Its terrors in their fierce array;
 Or gape so wide that horror shows
 Its hell replete with endless woe:
 Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
 Still firm to good, and dauntless still.
 So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
 A rock amidst an ocean stands;
 So bears, without a trembling dread,
 The tempest beating round his head;
 And with its side repels the wave,
 While hollow scins a coming grave;
 The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar;
 The rock stands settled as before.
 I, all with whom he has to do,
 Admire the life which blesses you;
 That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
 Without a bye designing end;
 Its knowing real interest lies
 On the bright side of yonder skies,
 Where, having made a title fair,
 It mounts, and leaves the world to care.

While

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE THIRD.

DRAMATIC, CHIEFLY FROM SHAKSPEARE.

§ 1. ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELLS SHAKSPEARE

Altogether

BF thou blest, B. rrom, and succeed thy father,
In manners as in thy c, thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy modesty
Shut with thy birth right. Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key. Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven mine
will
That thou may furnish, and my prayers pluck
down,
Fall on thy head!

Too ambitious Love

I am undone, there is no living, none,
If Bernun be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And thine to wed it, he is to love me
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself
The hind, that would be mired by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table. Heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.

A parasitical, vain Coward

I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit to him,
That but they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind, withal fill out
we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

The Comedy of Errors generally in ourselves.

Often edit in ourselves the lie,
Which we report to Heaven. The starry sky
Gives us the lie, for only doth black and white
Ourselves delude, when we ourselves are dull.
Impossible be thine attempts to thee
I am well, in my sense, and do suppose
What I have said, cannot be. Who ever strove
To show his merit, that did in his love

Character of a noble Country, by an old Contemporary

King. I would I had that caper found
now,

When thy father and myself in friendship
First trod our leadership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciple of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did hapless age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repair, me
To take of our good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well outlive
To day in our young lords, but they may just,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
For they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,
His counsel had won them, and his honour,
Clock by itself, I new the true minute when
I expected him to speak, and at that time
Histon, he by his hand. Who would bow him
He used as creatures to a higher place,
And bow'd his countenance to their low rank,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor price he humbled such a man
Might be a copy to their young times,
Which, if I follow'd well, would demonstrate them
But words backward [now]
Would I were with him!—He would always
lay—

(Methinks I hear him now) his plausible words
b lie

He scatter'd not in ears; but grafted them
 To grow there, and to bear; 'Let me not live'—
 (Thus his good melancholy oft began,
 On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
 When it was out) 'Let me not live,' quoth he,
 'After my flame lacks oil; to be the snuff
 'Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 'All but new things disdain; whose judgments
 'are [stances]
 'Meer fathers of their garments; whose con-
 'Expire before their fashions.'—This he with'd.
 I, after him, do after him with too
 (Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home)
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
 To give some labourer room.

Idolatrous Worship.

—Thus, Indian like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
 But know of him no more!

Mean Instruments often successful.

What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister;
 So holy writ in babes hath judgment shewn,
 When judges have been babes; great floods
 have flown
 From simple fountains; and great seas have dried,
 When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there,
 Where most it promises; and oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

Honour due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

Strange is it, that our bloods, together,
 Whose colour, weight, and heat, pour'd out to-
 Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
 In differences so mighty. If the be
 All that is virtuous (save what thou dislikest,
 A poor physician's daughter), thou dislikest
 Of virtue for the name. But do not so—
 From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by the doer's deed.
 Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
 It is a dropp'd honour; good alone
 Is good, without a name; villainy is so:
 The property, by what it is, should go,
 Not by the title. She is young, wife, fair;
 In these, to nature she's immediate heir;
 And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
 Which challenges itself as honours born
 And is not like the fire. Honours thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave,
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones indeed.

Self Accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord! is't I
 That chase thee from thy country, and expose
 Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? And is it I [thou
 That drive thee from the sportive court, where
 Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
 Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers
 That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
 Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air,
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
 Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the cairn that do hold him to it;
 And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
 I met the raving lion, when he roar'd
 With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
 Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
 As oft it loses all. I will be gone.
 My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
 Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
 The air of Paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
 That pitiful humour may report my flight,
 To console thine ear.

Custom of Seducers.

Ay, so you serve us,
 Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
 And mock us with our bareness.

Chastity.

Mine honour's such a ring:
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i' th' world
 In me to lose.

Cowardly Braggart.

Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;
 But I will eat, and drink, and sleep, as soft
 As captain shall: simply the thing I am
 Shall make me live. Who knows himself a
 braggart,
 Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.
 Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live
 Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
 There's place and means for every man alive.

The Rashness of Youth excus'd.

I beseech your majesty to make it
 Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth,
 When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
 O'rbears it, and burns on.

What's lost most valued.

Prattling what is lost,
 Makes the remembrance dear.

Against Delay.

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.

Excuse for unreasonableness Dislike.

At first

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
 Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
 Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
 Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
 Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
 Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it sicken;
 Extended or contracted all proportions
 To a most hideous object: thence it came,
 That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
 Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in my eye
 The dust that did offend it.

Impediments simulate.

As "all impediments in fancy's course
 Are motives of mere fancy."

§ 2. AS YOU LIKE IT. SHAKESPEARE.

Playfellows.

WE have still slept together, [together;
 Rose at an instant, leav'd, play'd, eat to-
 And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
 Still we went coupl'd, and inseparable.

Fond youthful Friendship.

'Celia. Oh my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou
 go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
 I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Rosalind. I have more cause.

Celia. Thou hast not, cousin.

Pr'ythee be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
 Has banish'd me, his daughter?

Rosalind. That he hath not.

Celia. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the
 Which teacheth me that thou and I are one:
 Shall we be Sunder'd? Shall we part, sweet girl?
 No—let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
 Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
 And do not seek to take your change upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out.
 For by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Beauty.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

Were't not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,
 That I did suit me all points like a man?
 A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
 A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart,
 Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)
 I'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
 As many other mannish cowards have,
 That do outface it with their semblances.

Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now, my comrades and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fagg,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 "This is no flattery," these are comelines,
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his nose:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brook,

Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
 I would not change it!

Amiens. Happy is your grace,
 That can transmute the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style!

Reflections on a wounded Stag, and on the melancholy Jaques.

Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
 And yet it kills me, the poor dappled fool,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should in their old confines, with forked heads,
 Have their round haunches goat'd.

1st Lord. Indeed, my Lord,

The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that has birth'd you.
 To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay alone
 Under an oak, whose antique roots peep out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had taken a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more to none,
 To that which had too much. Then, being there
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
 The flux of company. Again, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
 Thus most infectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life; swearing that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and kill them up,
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

D. J. And

D. f. And did you leave him in this contemplation? [menting]

Amiens. We did, my lord, weeping and complaining upon the sobbing deer.

D. f. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these fullen fits,
For than he's full of matter.

Conspicuous Virtue exposed to Envy.

Adam. What! my young master? O my gentle master,

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prifer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Encompass him that bears it!

Resolved Honesty.

Orlando. What, wouldst thou have me go
and beg my food?

Or with a bare and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Gratitude in an old Servant.

Adam. But do not so; I have five hundred
crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: let me be your servant;
'Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly: let me go with you,
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities. [appears]

Orlando. O good old man; how well in thee
The constant service of the antique world,
When servants sweat for duty, not for need!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And, having that, do choke their service up,
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
'That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortune seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

Lower described.

Oh thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not fate as I do now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd——
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd——

Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.

Jagues. As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, Sir,'
quoth he, [tune.]
'Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me for-
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock':
'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
'And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
'And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
'And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
'And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.

Duke. What fool is this?

[courtier,
Jagues. O worthy fool! one that hath been a
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. Oh that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat!

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

Duke. Thou shalt have one.

Jagues. It is my only suit:
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them;
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal; as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
Thy

They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish-church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke. Fie on thee—I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jagues. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

Duke. Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself:
And all th' imbossed fores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

An Apology for Satire.

Jagues. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost;
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?
There then; how then? What then? let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him. If it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself. If he be free,
Why then my taxing, like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Distress prevents Ceremony.

The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility.

A tender Petition and Reply.

Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I
pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd away
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hopes blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True it is that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore fit you down in gentleness,
And take, upon command, what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orlando. Then but forbear your food a little
while,

While, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be fust suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit!

The World compared to a Stage.

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.

Jagues. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress's eye-brow. Then, the soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipshod pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk thanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sins, teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Ingratitude. A Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

Scornful Love.

Sylvius. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accusom'd sight of death makes
hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humble neck,
But

But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than me that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Phœbe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye;
'Tis pretty, fire, and very probable.
Thou eyes, that are the frail it and the softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit a swoon: why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lie not to fly mine eyes are murderers.
Now knew the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it, lean but upon a ruth,
The delicate and capable impression
Thy pale moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
No, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sylvius.

O dear Phœbe!

If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the pow'r of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That Love's keen arrows make.

S. scorn retorted,

Old's my little life!

I think the means to tangle my eyes too;
No, faith, proud mistress! hope not after it;
'Tis not your ink-brow, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can shew her.
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees
And thank Heaven, tasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
You are most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

Tender Love.

So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plentiful crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Real Love dissembled.

Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
Is a pretty youth;—not very pretty;—

But sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
him:

He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and, faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall;—yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little ripper and more lustrous red.
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the
difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Sylvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black,
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me.
I marvel why I answer'd not again;
But that's all one; omission is no quittance.

*A fine Description of a sleeping Man about to be
destroyed by a Snake and a Lioness.*

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with
age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back, about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indent'd glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch
When that the sleeping man should stir: for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

Conversion.

I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Love.

Phœbe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what
'tis to love,

Sylvius. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantastic,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes:
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance.

The Uncertainty of Opinion in Anxiety.

Duke. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orlando. I sometimes do believe, and some-
times do not;

As those that fear, they hope, and know they fear.

Song.

Song. On Matrimony.
 Wedding is great Juno's crown;
 O blessed bond of board and bed!
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town,
 High wedlock then be honoured:
 Honour, high honour and renown,
 To Hymen, god of every town!

3. THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
 SHAKESPEARE.

Child-bearing prettily expressed.

Herself almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear.

Cheats well described.

They say this town is full of cozenage;
 As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
 Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind,
 Soul-killing witches, that deform the body,
 Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
 And many such like liberties of sin!

Man's Pre-eminence.

Why headstrong liberty is lath'd with woe.
 There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,
 But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
 'The beast, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
 Are their males subjects, and at their controuls.
 Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
 Lords of the wide world, and wild warry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
 Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
 Are masters to their females, and their lords:
 Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience easier taught than practised.

Patience unmov'd, no marvel though the pause;
 They can be meek, that have no other cause:
 A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
 But, were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much or more we should ourselves complain.

Defamation.

I see, the jewel best enamell'd
 Will lose its beauty; and tho' gold bides still
 'Tis others touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Wife's Exhortation on a Husband's Infidelity.

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
 Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects:
 I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
 The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst
 vow,

That never words were music to thine ear,
 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
 That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
 Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd
 to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art then estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me;
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part,

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me:
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious;
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skirt off my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.

*A Respect to Decency and the Opinion of the World,
 an excellent Bulwark to our Virtues.*

Have patience, Sir, oh let it not be so;
 Herein you war against your reputation,
 And draw within the compass of suspect
 Th' inviolated honour of your wife.
 Once this—Your long experience of her wisdom,
 Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
 And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.
 Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tyger all to dinner;
 And, about evening, come yourself alone,
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in,
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 And that supposed by the common rout
 Against your yet unguiled reputation,
 That may with soul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
 For slander lives upon succession;
 For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

*Decent for Wives, and the ill Effects of
 Jealousy.*

Abbes. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck
 or sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
 Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
 A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
 Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing,
 Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adriana. To none of these, except it be the last;
 Namely, some love that drew him off from home.

Abbes. You should for that have reprehended
Adriana. Why so I did. [him.]

Abbes. But not rough enough.

Adriana. As roughly as my modesty would let
Abbes. Happily, in private. [mc.]

Adriana. And in assemblies too.

Abbes. But not enough.

Adriana. It was the copy of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced at it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abbeys. And therefore came it that the man
was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraid-
Unquiet meals make ill digestions, ings;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair);
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

Ill Deeds and ill Words, double Wrong.

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in your looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Passionate Lover's Address to his Mistress.

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs;
And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie;
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death, that hath such means do die!
Description of a beggarly Conjuror, or a Fortune-
teller.

— A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as it were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd.

Old Age.

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splinter'd my poor tongue,
In seven score years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' new this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son, Antipholus.

§ 4: LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

SHAKESPEARE.

A laudable Ambition for Fame and true Conquest described.

King. LET Fame, that all hunt after in their
lives,
Live register'd upon our b.azen tombs,

And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
And make us heirs of all eternity. [edge,
Therefore, brave conquerors—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

Longaville. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three year's
fast;

The mind shall banquet, tho' the body pine—
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout the wits.

Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of the world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Vanity of Pleasures.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

Again.

So study evermore is overshot;
While it doth study to have what I would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

Frost.

An envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

The Folly and Danger of making Vows.

Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years space;
For ev'ry man with his affects is born;
Not by might maste'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

Our court, you know, is haunted
With a renowned traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:

This

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight,
From tawny Spain, lost in the word's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lye,
—And I will use him for my minstrelsy.
Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Beauty.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Nor utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

A Wit.

In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well:
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil),
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Pri. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is 't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours know.

Pri. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

A merry man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

A comical Description of Cupid or Love.

O! and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This whimp'd, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This Signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-hymes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors:—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a Turk's hoop!
What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd, that it may still go right?

Ill Deeds often done for the Sake of Fame.

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill.
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.
And, out of question, so it is sometimes;
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Soluel.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is not fault of mine;
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Thro' the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
With'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;—
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee:
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

Commanding Beauty.

—Who sees the heavenly Rosalind,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

The Power of Love.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion and long during action tires
The finewy vigour of the traveller.

When would you, my liege—or you—or you—
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practisers,
Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone in the brain;
But, with the motion of all elements,
Coerces as swift as thought in every pow'r;
And gives to every power a double pow'r,
Above their function, and their offices:
It adds a precious feeling to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt;
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O then his eyes would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Wise Men greatest Fools in Love.

Ri. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such
As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [excess]

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strange a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Keeness of Women's Tongues.

The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense: so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceit hath wings
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter
things.

Ladies masked and unmasked.

Fair ladies mask'd are roses in the bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown,

A Lord Chamberlain or Gentleman Usher.

This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons pease;
And utters it again, when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him Sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whales bone:
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet!

See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou
now?

Elegant Compliment to a Lady.

My gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet
With eyes best seeing Heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, as to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Humble Zeal to please.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of that which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

The Effects of Love.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; you, beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:
And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous—
As love is full of unbecfitting strains,
All wanton as a child, skipping and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-colour'd presence of loose love,
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults
Suggested us to make: therefore, ladies,
Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewise yours.

Trial of Love.

If this austere infociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But

But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me.

Jest and Jester.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you : and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T'enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be, it is impossible : [death?
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing
spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. Then, if sickly ears,
Deaf with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal ;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Spring. A Song.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckow-luds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow ;

Cuckow, cuckow ; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow ;

Cuckow, cuckow ; O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who ;

Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

§ 5. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Virtue given to be exerted.

THERE is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own to proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Dislike of Popularity.

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes :
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and ave's vehement ;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Authority.

Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of Heaven ; on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

The Consequence of Liberty indulged.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio ? whence comes
this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, li-
berty :

As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink, we die.

Neglected Laws.

This new governor
Awakes me all th'enrolled penaltics,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall,
So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn ; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me : 'tis, surely, for a name.

Eloquence and Beauty.

In her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men ; beside such hath a prosperous art,
When

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Retired Life.

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd ;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.

Licentiousness the Consequence of unexecuted Laws.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
(The needful has and suits to headstrong steeds)
Which for these nine or ten years we have let sleep ;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey : now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not for use ; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd : so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead ;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Pardon the Sanction of Wickedness.

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

A severe saint-like Governor.

Lord Angelo is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

A Virgin address.

Hail, virgin, if you be ; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less !

A Religious protest.

I hold you as a thing enkind and sainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Embracing.

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd :
As those that feed grow full ; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

School-fellows.

Luc. Is she your cousin ?

Isab. Adoptedly ; as schoolmaids change their
By vain, though apt affection. [names,

Resolution.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to Lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Mendgive like gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

All men frail.

Angelo. We must not make a scarecrow of the
law,
Setting it up to scare the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it,
Their perch, and not their terror.

Ese. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death : alas, this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose ;
Whether you had not some time in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Angelo. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try : what's open made
To justice, that justice seizes. What know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves ? 'Tis very preg-
nant ;

The jewel that we find, we sloop, and take it,
Because we see it ; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults, but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

Mercy frequently mistaken ;

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Not to be too hasty in Actions irremediable.

Under your good correction, I have seen
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Bad Actions already condemned, the Actors to be punished.

Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it !
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done :
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Mercy in Governors recommended.

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The martial's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half to good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern,

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

— Alas ! alas !
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once.
And he, that might the vantage best have took,
Found

Found out the remedy : How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh think on that!
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Unprepared Death.

Isab. To-morrow! Oh that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him;

He's not prepar'd to death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowls of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it
hath slept:

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man that did th' edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shews what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.

Justice.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuse of Authority.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength! but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Great Men's Abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer, [thunder.
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority.

We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*Consciousness of our own Faults should make us
merciful.*

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' th' top; go to your bosom;

Knock there; and ask your heart what it doth know,
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Honest Bribery.

[turn back.

Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you! Good my Lord,
Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heavens and enter there,
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

The Power of virtuous Beauty.

Isab. Save your honour. [Exit *Isab.*

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault, or
mine?

The tempter or the tempted; who sins most? ~~hat~~
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, [enough,
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? O let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
Oh cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that does good us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite.

True Repentance.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Jul. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign
your conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Jul. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Jul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Jul. Mutually.

[his.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than

Jul. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but—lest you
do repent

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not
Heaven;

Shewing, we would not spare Heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear—

Jul.

Jul. I do repent me as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Love in a grave, Jealous Governor.

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: the state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing being often read,
Grown fearful and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats from my O place! O form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou still art blood.
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's crest.

A Simile on the Presence of the beloved Object.

Heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart;
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The gen'ral, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

Fornication and Murder equalled.

Fie, these filthy vices!—It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their fauce sweetness, that do coin Heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put nettles in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Compelled Sins.

Our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for account.

Lowliness of Mind.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an ensheil'd beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could display'd.

Heroic Female Virtue.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life
(As I subscribe not that, or any other,
But in the loss of question), that you his sister,
Finding yourself delir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer,
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for:—I yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Self-interest palliates Faults.

Isab. It oit falls out, [we mean:
To have what we would have, we speak not what
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Woman's Frailty.

Ang. —Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves;

Which are as easy broke as they make terms.
Women! help heaven! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Weight of established Reputation.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unfol'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you; and my place i' the state
Will to your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smel of calumny.

Hope.

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing [life—
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art
(Servile to all the skyey influences),
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy slight to shun,
And yet run'st tow'rd him still: Thou art not
noble;

For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more: Thou art not
thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast got, still thou strive'st to get;
And

And what thou hast, forget't: Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee fire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curst the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending vice no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
 But as 't were an after-dinner's sleep, [nor age];
 Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None but such remedy as, to serve a head,
 Would cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Oh I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
 Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension;
 And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies.

Resolution from a Sense of Honour.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
 Think you I can a resolution fetch
 From flow'ry tenderness? If I must die,
 I will encounter darkness as a bride,
 And hug it in my arms!

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
 Did utter forth a voice. [grave]

A Sainted Hypocrite.

Isab. Yes, thou must die:
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word
 Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth emmew,
 As falcon doth the fowl—is yet a devil;
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. Oh 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
 The damned'st body to invest and cover
 In princely guards!

The Terrors of Death.

Isab. Oh were it but my life,
 I'd throw it down for your deliverance
 As frankly as a pin!

Claud. O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud.—Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and gow, know not where;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A-kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
 Imagine howling! 'tis too horrible!
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury and imprisonment,
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Cowardly Apprehension of Death reproached.

Isab. O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
 Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
 Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
 From thine own sister's shame? What should I
 Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
 For such a warped slip of wilderness
 Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance—
 Die; perish! might but my bending down
 Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed—
 O, fie, fie, fie!
 Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
 Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
 'Tis best that thou diest quickly!

Virtue and Goodness.

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

A Bawd.

Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
 The evil that thou caus'st to be done,
 That is thy means to live: Dost thou but think
 What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,
 From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself—
 From their abominable and beastly touches
 I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
 Canst thou believe thy living is a life
 So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go, mend!

Calumny unavoidable.

No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
 The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

Good Example necessary in Rulers.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
 Should be as holy as severe;
 Pattern in himself to know;
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying,
 Than by self-offences weighing.
 Shame to him, whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking!
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 O what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 How may likeness made in crimes,
 Mocking practice on the times,

To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!

A beautiful Song.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears.
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Guilty Diligence.

With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Greatness subject to Censure.

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies.

Execution finely expressed.

By eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal!

Sound Sleep.

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones.

Upright Governor supposed.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrant-
But this being so, he's just. [nous;

Good Jailor.

This is a gentle provolt; seldom, when
The steel'd jailor is the friend of men.

Comfort from Despair.

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Complaining useless.

Isab. Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.

Character of an Arch Hypocrite.

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not im-
possible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, fortunes,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Respect due to Place.

Respect to your great place!—and let the dross
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne.

Impossibility of Intercession.

Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror!

Reformed Men sometimes best.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.

Intent more excusable than Acts.

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be buried but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

§ 6. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Natural Presentiment of Evil finely pointed out;
with the Contrast of a cheerful and melan-
choly Man.*

Ant. IN sooth, I know not why I am so sad;

It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,
There, where your argosies, with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,

That cur'ly to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Believe me, Sir, had I such ventures
The better part of my affections would [forth,
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;

And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think of this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me; I know, Anthonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sal. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let us say
you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say you are
merry, [Janus,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon
the World.*

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one.

Cheerfulness and affected Gravity contrasted.

Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dog bark."
O, my Anthonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure,
If they should hear, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools.
But sith not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

Jocose Satire on Silence.

Silence is only commendable

In a man's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

Generous and disinterested Friendship.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shift,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,—
As I will watch the aim,—or to find both,
Or bring you latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first. [time,

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto it: therefore, speak.

—Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

A Jew's Malice.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shyl. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian: [Aside.
But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

A Jew's Sanctity and Hypocrisy.

Shyl. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's
sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shyl. No, not take interest; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromise'd
That all the eanlings, which were streak'd and
py'd,

Should fall as Jacob's hire,—the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd pecl'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast:
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple, rotten at the heart:
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

The Jew's Expulsion.

Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:—
Go to then;—you come to me, and you say,
“Shylock, we would have monie:”—you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger-cur
Over your threshold:—Monie is your suit.—
What should I say to you?—Should I not say,
“Hath a dog money?—Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?”—or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this, “Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wed-
nesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.”

A Villain's fair Offers suspicious.
I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

An Apology for a black Complexion.

Mistake me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our climate
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to seal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Merit no Match for the Caprice of Fortune.

—Lead me to the calkers,
To try my fortune. By this scymitar,

That slew the sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of sultan Solymán,
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice,
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthing may attain,
And die with grieving.

Gravity assumed.

Bass—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they
show

Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild beha-
viour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, [viour,
And lose my hopes.

Gra.—Signior Bassanio, hear me.
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hold mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen;
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad office
To please his grandam—never trust me more.

The Jew's Commands to his Daughter.

Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wren-neck'd life,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears;—I mean my cas-
ements:—
Let not the sound of shallow soppery enter
My sober house.

Shylock's Description of his Servant.

Shyl. The patch is kind enough; but a huge
feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat. Drones have not with me:
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one, that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.

Fruition more languid than Expectation.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bond new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unfeathered.

—Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay;
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet-wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet-wind!
Portia's Suitors.

From the four corners of the earth they come
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing tomb.
Th' Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
Of arid Arabia, are as thorough-fares
Now, for princes to come view fair Portia.
The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

The Parting of Friends.

I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part:
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answered, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair objects of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

False Judgment of the Many.

Fortune now,
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base
lead. [he hath.]
"Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
"Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
desire." [meant]
What many men desire!—That many may be
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach:
Which prizes not to the interior, but, like the
martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Honour ought to be deferred on Merit only.

Why then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what riddle thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves."

And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserv'd dignity.
O, that estates, degrees and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!
How many low peasantries would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd!

Love's Messenger compared to an April Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spritzer comes before his lord.

Musie.

I let music sound, while he doth make his
choice!

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.—That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him: he may win;
And what is music then? Then music is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new-crown'd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage.—

—Now he goes

With no less presence, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;
The rest all of are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit.

A Song. On Fancy.

I.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourish'd?

Reply.

II.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.

So may the outward shows be least themselves.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
And you shall see, 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bled them, in the sepulchre.
This ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiseit—Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!

Joy on Success.

How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Portia's Picture.

What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit? What demi-god
Hath come to near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should funder such sweet friends: Here in her
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to intrap the hearts of men,
Fatter than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples' eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so.

An amiable Bride.

Portia. Tho' for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself; [rich;
A hundred times more fair, a hundred times more
That only stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractic'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, in that
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*Lovers Thoughts compared to the inarticulate
Joys of a Crowd.*

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,

As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express, and not express.

Valuable Friend.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Should lose a hair thro' my Bassanio's fault.

Implacable Revenge.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak,
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessors.

Generous Friendship.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit [sence,
Of godlike amity: which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Per. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of limaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: if it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it.

A pert, bragging Youth.

I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accounted like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with a braver grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died,
I could not do with all; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them!—

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth: I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bagging jacks
Which I will practise.

Affestation in Words.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter.

Portia's Merit.

It is very meet
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one—there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

The Jew's Reason for his Revenge.

Shyl. I have possess'd your grace of what I
purpose;
And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot contain their urine for a refection:
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
—A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Useless Revenge.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use questions with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard,

As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart.

Retaliation.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
none?

Shyl. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer,
The slaves are yours. So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Jew's wolfish Spirit, an Argument for Transmigration.

Gra. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life, let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shyl. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thioned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us, all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Justice must be impartial.

I beseech you,
Wrest once the laws to your authority;
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no pow'r in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
"Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will run into the state: it cannot be.

Cheerful Resignation, with friendly Tendernefs.

Ant. I am arm'd and well prepar'd—
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom.—It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the profits of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt.

Ample Payment.

He is well paid, that is well satisfied.

Description of a Moon-light Night, with fine Music.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night
as this,

"When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild-sea banks, and wait her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear, he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,

But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly clothe it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fecund mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treatise, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

*A good Deed compared to a Candle, and the Effects
of Time, Circumstance, &c.*

Por. How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
My thanks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow does sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When ev'ry goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Moon-light Night.

This night, methinks, is like the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Professions needless, where Intentions are sincere.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Elegant Compliment.

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

§ 7. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SHAKSPEARE.

*Description of Spendthrifts, who seek to better
their Fortunes by rich Wives.*

HE doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my ex-
I seek to heal it only by his wealth: [pence,
Besides these, other bars he lays before me—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Valuable Woman loved for her own Sake.

—Wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or fims in scaled bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Fairies, their Rewards and Punishments.

Cricket, to Windsor's chimneys thut thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths
unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.
Where's Pede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere the sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides,
and shins.

§ 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tediousness of Expectation.

Thes. HOW slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager, [desires,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

The Witchcraft of Love.

My gracious duke,
This hath bewitch'd the bottom of my child:
—Thou, thou, Lyfander, thou hast given her
rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats; mislengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
Whereas hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart;
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshings.

A Father's Authority.

To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his pow'r
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Nun.

Thes. Therefore, fair Hermia, question your
desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which withers on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Herm. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin-patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwild yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

True Love ever cross'd.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But either it was difficult in blood;
Or else misgranted in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends.
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Herm. Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Assignment.

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Modest and generous Eulogium of a Rival.

Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay:
Demetrius loves you, fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear, [fair
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
pear.

Sickness is catching: Oh, were favour so!
Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being barred,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

Teach me how you look ; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Moon.

When Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

Love

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpore to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind ;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind :
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste :
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguild :
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

Cowslips and Fairy Employment.

The cowslips tell her pious ers be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
Those be rubies, fairy favours ;
In those freckles live their favours :
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in ev'ry cowslip's ear.

Puck, or Robin Good-fellow.

I am that merry wand'rer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and brain-sick horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal :
And sometimes lurk I in a goslip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab ;
And, when the drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me ;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And Tailor cries, and falls into a cough ;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe ;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.

These are the forgeries of jealousy :
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by russhy brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs ; which falling in the land,
Have ev'ry pelting river made so proud,
That they have overcome their continents :
The ox has therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rott'd, ere its youth attain'd a beard :
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock :
The nine-men's morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here ;

No night is now with h, mn or m. 't blest :
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound :
And thorough this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter : hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose ;
And, on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, set : the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which,

Love in Idleness.

Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.
That very time I saw (but thou could'st not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound ;
And maidens call it, " Love in idleness."

Virtuous Love's Protection and Reliance.

Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night :
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company ;
For you, in my respect, are all the world :
Then how can I be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

A Fairy Bank.

I know a bank, where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.

Fairy Courtship.

Be kind and courteous to this gentleman ;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes ;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries ;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise ;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes :
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Swift

Effects of Fairy's Motion.

I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

Sense of Hearing quickened by Loss of Sight.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.

Female Friendship.

Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us: Oh! is all now forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence—
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flow'r,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one tongue, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in leeching your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Lover's Hate the greatest Harm.

What can you do me greater harm than hate?

Female Timidity.

I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.

Day-Break.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder thins Aurora's hazy light;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards. [there,

Embracing.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwine—the female ivy so
Enrings the barks fingers of the elm.

Dew in Flowers.

That same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'ret's eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

Hunting and Hounds.

Thef. We will, my queen, up to the mountain's
And mark the musical confusion [top,
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The lakes, the fountains, every region near

Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thef. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan
kind,

So flew'd, so fanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd, like Thracian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Fairy Motion.

Then, my queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Confused Remembrance.

These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far off mountains turned into clouds.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
And, as imagination bodies forth [heaven;
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Simplicity and modest Duty always acceptable.

Philos. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find spirit in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

Thef. I will hear that play:

For never any thing can be amiss,
When simplicity and duty tender it.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

Thef. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such
thing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Clock.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Night.

Night.

Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf howls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy ploughman mores,
 All with weary task fore-done.
 Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spight,
 In the church-way paths to glide:
 And we Fairies, that do run,
 By the triple Hecat's team,
 From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
 Now are frolic; not a mouse
 Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
 I am sent with broom, before,
 To sweep the dust behind the door.

§ 9. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SHAKSPEARE.

Peace inspires Love.

BUT now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
 Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is.

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
 Save in the office and affairs of love:
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
 Let every eye negotiate for itself,
 And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

Merit always modest.

It is the witness still of excellency,
 To put a strange face on his own perfection.

A Song.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:

Then sigh not so,

But let them go,

And be you blith and bonny;

Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Favourites compared to Honey-suckles, &c.

— Bid her steal into the peached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter; like favourites,
 Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
 Against that power that bred it.

Scheme to captivate Beatrice.

Let it be thy part

To praise him more than ever man did merit:
 My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
 Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
 Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
 That only wounds by hearfay.

Angling, &c.

The pleasant 'st angling is to see the fish
 Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
 And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
 So angle we for Beatrice.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Nature never fram'd a woman's heart
 Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice.
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
 Misprising what they look on; and her wit
 Values itself so highly, that to her
 All matter of life seems weak; she cannot love,
 Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
 She is so self-endur'd.

I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
 But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,
 She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
 If black, why, nature, drawing of an arnick,
 Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
 If low, an agate very vilely cut;
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
 If silent, why, a block, moved with none.
 So turns the ev'ry man the wrong side out;
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Slandering the Object, a Way to destroy Affection.

No; rather I will go to Benedick,
 And counsel him to fight against his passion:
 And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders,
 To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,
 How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Beatrice's Recantation.

What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
 No glory lives behind the back of such.
 And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee,
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
 To bind our loves up in a holy band:
 For others say, thou dost deserve; and I
 Believe it better than reportingly.

Diffimulation.

O, what authority and shew of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
 Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
 To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
 All you that see her, that she were a maid,
 By these exterior shews? But she is none:
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Female Seeming.

I never tempted her with word too large:
 But, as a brother to a sister, shew'd
 Bathful sincerity, and comely love.

Her. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Clau. Outon thy seeming! I will write against it:
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb;
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
 But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or the temper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

An injured Lover's Abjuration of Love.

O Hero! what a hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gate, of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conchecture hang,
'To turn all beauty into thoughts of harin,
And never shall it more be gracious.

A Father lamenting his Daughter's Infamy.

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
I thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life.—Grieve'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
O, one too much by thee! why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?
Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mix'd with infamy,
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;
'This shame derives itself from unknown loins."
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her; why, she—O she is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;
And salt too little, which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh!

Innocence discovered by Countenance.

—I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames,
In angel whiteness, bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Resolution.

I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her
honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet to dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

The Desire of loved Objects heightened by their Loss.

This, well carried, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of ev'ry hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And ev'ry lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn
(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accus'd her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy;
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Leon. Being that

I flow in grief, the smallest twine may lead me.

Counsel of no Weight in Misery.

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into my ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his love the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer ev'ry strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In ev'ry lincament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard;
In sorrow wag; cry, hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with idle proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-walters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience

To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leo. I pray thee, peace ; I will be flesh and blood ;
For there was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
However they have writ the style of Gods ;
And made a pith of change and sufferance.

An aged Father's Repentment of Scandal.

Tush, tush, man, never flee and jest at me :
I speak not like a doid, nor a fool ;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by ;
And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
To c. allunge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child ;
Thy slander hath gone through and through her
And she lies buried with her ancestors : [heart,
O ! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, f. and b. by thy villainy.

Talking Braggarts.

Cla. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou do daffe me ? Thou hast kill'd
my child ;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed :

But that's no matter ; let him kill one first ;—

Win me, and wear me,—let him answer me :

Come, follow me, boy : come, Sir boy, come, fol-
low me ;

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foyning feace ;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leo. Brother— [nicce ;

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my
And she is dead ; slander'd to death by villains ;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue ;
Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milk-sops !—

Leo. Brother Anthony. [them, yea,

Ant. Held you content ; what, man ! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and shew outward hidcoufness,
And speak off half a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
And this is all.

No Valour in a bad Cause.

In a false quarrel there's no true valour.

Villain to be noted.

Which is the villain ? let me see his eyes ;
That when I note another man like him,
I may avoid him.

Dirge on Hero's Death by Slander.

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies :

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies !

So the life that did with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame !

Day-break.

The wolves have prey'd ; and, look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus round about
Dapples the drowy east with spots of grey.

Time of Slander a temporary Doubt.

She died, my lord, but whiles her Slander liv'd.

§ 10. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. SHAKSPEARE.

Hounds.

THY hounds shall make the welkin answer
them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Painting.

Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee
Adonis, painted by a running brook ; [straight
And Cithæra all in sedges hid ;
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Mirth and Merriment, its Advantage.

Seeing too much sadness hath congel'd your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,
Therefore, thy thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

The Uses of Travel and Study.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts—

I am arriv'd from fruitful Lombardy,

The pleasant garden of great Italy ;

And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd

With his good will, and thy good company,

My trusty servant, well approv'd in all ;

Here let us breathe, and happily institute

A course of learning and ingenious studies.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

Gave me my being, and my father first,

A merchant of great traffick thro' the world,

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,

It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds

And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

Virtue, and that part of philosophy

Will I apply, that treats of happiness

By virtue 'pecially to be achiev'd.

Tell me thy mind : for I have Pisa left,

And am to Padua come ! as he that leaves

A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,

And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,

I am in all affected as yourself ;

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we do admire

This virtue, and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray ;

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd :

Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure taken;
In brief, Sir, study what you most affect.

Love at first Sight.

Tra. I pray, Sir, tell me,—is it possible,
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum quem quaes munim.

Travel.

Such wind as scatters young men thro' the
world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows.

Woman's Tongue.

Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard [clang?
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Extremes cure each other.

Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

Beauty.

Say that the frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

Music.

Preposterous as! that never read so far,
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, ~~leave~~ be in your harmony.

Wife married to all her Husband's Fortunes.

To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

Description of a mad Wedding.

—When the priest
Should ask if Catharine should be his wife; [loud,
"Ay, by gogs-woons," quoth he, and swore so
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd budgegroom took him such a
cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tian. What said the wench when he rose up
again? [stamp'd and swore,

Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:

"A health," quoth he; as if he had been aboard,
Carousing to his mates after a storm:

Quiff'd off the muscadell, and threw the sops
All in the sexton's face; having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask his sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

Petruchio's Trial of his Wife in the Article of Dress.

Hub. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the
time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one
And not till then. [re-

Hor. That will not be in haste. [speak;

Cath. Why, Sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a filken pye:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none. [see't.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay, come, taylor, let us
O, mercy, God! what making stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cur, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what, o' devil's name, taylor, call'st thou
this? [gown.

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
lacy. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Mary, and did; but, if you be remem-
I did not bid you mar it to the time. [ber'd,

Go hop me over every kennel home,

For

For you shall hop without my custom, Sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

The Mind alone valuable.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse,
For this poor furniture and mean array.

A lovely Woman.

Fair, lovely maiden, young and affable,
More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
Than precious sardonyx, or purple rocks
Of amethysts, or glistering hyacinth:

—Sweet Catherine, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-train'd bird;
As glorious as the morning wash'd with dew,
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy beauty make this stately town
Unhabitable as the burning zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Happiness attained.

Happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wish'd haven of my bliss.

Others measured by ourselves.

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Greyhound.

O Sir, Lucentio slipp'd me for his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Wife's Submission.

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie! fie! unknit that threat'ning, unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes a prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bind word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare;
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least

are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;
And place your hands beneath your husband's
In token of which duty, if he please, [foot:
My hand is ready—may it do him ease!

§ 11. THE TEMPEST. SHAKSPEARE.

Minerva and Prospero.

Min. O, I have suffer'd [vessel,
With those that I saw suffer! A brave
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pros. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Caliban's Curses.

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou comest
first, [wouldst give me
Thou stroak'd'st me, and mad'st much of me;
Water

Water with berries in't, and teach me how
To name the bigger figs, and how the lefs,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle, [thee,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and
fertile;

Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have, [me
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

*Caliban's Exultation after Prospero tells him he
sought to violate the Honour of his Child.*

Oh, ho, ho, ho! '—would it had been done,
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Prof. Abhorred slave!

Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble
like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile
race, [good-nature

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,

Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison. [en't
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit
Is, I know how to curse. the red plague rid you,
For leav'ning me your language!

Mus.

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon
Some God of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies;

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change,

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.

*Amiable Simplicity of Miranda on first View of
Ferdinand.*

Prof. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something
stain'd [call him
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
A goodly person.—

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair a house, [temple:
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

A Lover's Speech.

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but thro' my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let Liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Resignation and Gratitude.

Beseech you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he stung aside, and breast'd
The surge most twoln that met him: his bold
head

'Bove the contentious wave he kept, and cer'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

To severe Reproof inadvertently upon.

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should find the plaister.

Satire on Utopian Forms of Government.

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contracts, succession,
Boarn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent, and pure:
No sovereignty:
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance;
To feed my innocent people.
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sleep.

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

A fine Apostrophe.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Words

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—no more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, [and
What thou shouldst be: th'occasion speaks thee;
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Caliban's Curfies.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, [him
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with archin-shews, pinch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometimes, like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall! sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.—
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-inchs from the rock.

True and unbiassed Affection.—Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

There be some sports are painful; but their
labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, the is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
Had ne'er like executor. I forget: [baseness
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my la-
Most busy-less, when I do it. [bours,

Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

And afterwards, how innocent!

—I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Punishment of Crimes delayed, not forgotten.

For which foul deed

The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace.

Guiltily Conscience.

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!—
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prospero: it did bask my trespass.

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their
great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

Prospero's Boast of Miranda.

O Ferdinand,

Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Continence before Marriage.

Prof. If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both; therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

A Lover's Protestation.

Ferd.

As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worster genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phæbus' steeds are found-
Or night kept chain'd below. [d'er'd,

Passion too strong for Vows.

Prof. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: beware abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Ferdinand's Answer.

I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Vanity of Human Nature.

Prof. Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards inhabited by Ariel.

Ariel. I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with
drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins.

Caliban.

Prof. A devil, a horn devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humbly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.

Light of Foot.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall.

Fine Sentiment, of Humanity on Repentance.

Ariel.—The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly him
That you term'd Sir, the good old lord, Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly
works 'em,
That if you now behold them, your affections
Would become tender.

Prof. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Prof. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,

Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitents,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

Fairies and Magic.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and risted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; oped and let them forth
By my so potent art.

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night;
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason.

Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy.

Ariel's Song.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer, merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Patience.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Prof. I rather think,

You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

§ 12. TWELFTH NIGHT, or WHAT
YOU WILL. SHAKESPEARE:

Music and Love.

IF music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting;
The appetite may sicken; and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no
more;—

'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before:
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity,
Receivest

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! So full of thapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Love, in reference to Hunting.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought the purg'd the air of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart :
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

O, she, that hath a heart of that fine flame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will the love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all infections else
That live in her ; when liver, Loin, and heart,
These sovereign throats, are all supplied, and
fill'd.

(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king !

Description of Sebastian's Escape.

— I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself [sic :]
(Courage and hope both teaching him the prac-
tice a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Actions of the Great always talked of.

You know

What great ones do, the less will prattle of.

Outward Appearance a Token of inward Worth.

There is fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

A beautiful Boy.

Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man ; Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

Beauty.

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,
If you will lead these grapes to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Extreme Love.

My lord and master loves you : O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were
The nonpareil of beauty. [crown'd

Character of a noble Gentleman.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth ;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Resolved Love.

Oliv. — Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And hug them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Disguise.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !
Alas ! our frailty is the cause, not we ;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.

Serious Music most agreeable to Lovers.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night :
Methought it did relieve my passion much ;
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

True Love.

Duke. Come hither, boy ; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;
For such as I am, all true lovers are ;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is lov'd.—How dost thou like this tune ?
Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where love is thrond.

In Love, the Woman should be youngest.

Too old, by heaven ; let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways the level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent : [thyself,
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Character of an old Song.

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain ;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
bones,
Do use to chant it ; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love
Like the old age.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Concealed Love.

Duke. There is no woman's fides,
Can bide the bearing of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
In faith, they are as true of heart as we. [Love;
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history? [Love,

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: the pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

A Jestler.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wife man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Flattery, its ill Effects.

My servant, Sir! 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly-flattering was called compliment.

Unfought Love.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For hat I woo, thou'therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love fought is good, but giv'n unfought is better.

Ingratitude.

Ant. Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unfound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vanities, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whole strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Deformity in the Mind.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this
god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

*Ignorance of ourselves:—One Drunkard's Re-
flection on another.*

'Then he's a rogue, and a pally-measures pavin:
I hate a drunken rogue.

§ 13. THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF
VERONA. SHAKESPEARE.

The Advantages of Travel, &c.

Val. CEASE to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
Wer't not affection chains thy tender days [wits:
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein;
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
With me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good-hap; and, in thy
If ever danger do environ thee, [danger,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy head's-man, Valentine.

The Evils of being in Love.

To be in love, where harm is bought with
groans. [moment's mirth,
Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Love commended and dispraised.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the sweetest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart-sick with thought.

Love froward and dissembling.

Maids, in modesty, say No, to that [Ay.
Which they would have the profliter construe,
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

The Advantages of Travel.

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet:
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need't thou much importune me
to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April Day.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

An accomplished young Gentleman.

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow),
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Contempt of Love punished.

I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's
sorrow.

O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
'There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love sed by Praise.

—Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Lover's Wealth.

Not for the world: why, man, the is mine own:
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

True Love jealous.

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Love compared to a waxen Image.

Now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Unheedful Vows to be broken.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better:

Opposition to Love increases it.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall he that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make re-
turn. [soul's food]

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more
it burns:

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love's
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A faithful and constant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Gifts prevalent with Woman.

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels, often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's
mind.

Flattery prevalent with Woman.

Flatter and praise, commend, extol their
graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

A Lover's

A Lover's Banishment.

And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself. Banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to her,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain).

Ay, ay; and the high offer'd to the doom
(Which unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet the tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-tingling tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

Hope.

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that;
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Love compared to a Figure on Ice.

This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated by Women.

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it: [hate.
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:—
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Porpoise unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens doth grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she the kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us gallands bring.

A Lover's Rest.

Jul. And so, good rest.
Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

True Love.

Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.

Beauty neglected and lost.

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face.

The Power of Action.

And, at that time I made her weep a-ood,
For I did play a lamentable part:
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Women sacred, even to Banditti.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

A Lover in Solitude.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than sloping peopled towns;
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

Love unreturned.

What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend, and Reconciliation on Repentance.

Val. Treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest.

Pro. My shame, and guilt, confounds me—
Forgive me, Valentine: I hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:

And once again I do receive thee honest.—
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

O heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults.

A worthy Gentleman.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Knew'st thou, I here forgot my former griefs,
Came to my grudge, open thee home again.
Plead thou thy state in th' universal merit,
To which, I feel, I subscribe—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy suit, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Reformed Exiles.

These banished men

Are men endued with worthy qualities;
They are not used, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

§ 14. THE WINTER'S TALE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Youthful Friendship and Innocence.

WE were, fair queen,
I would, that thought there was no more be-
But such a day to-morrow as to-day, [hind,
And to be boy eternal.
We were as twin'd lambs, that did frisk i' th' fun,
And like it the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; nor dream'd,
That any did: had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd,
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Heaven.

Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Praise, its Influence on Women.

Cram us with praise, and make us
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that,
Our praises are our wages: you may ride us
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre.

Nature.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

A Father's Fondness for his Child.

Leon. Are you so fond of your young prince,
Do seem to be of ours? [as we

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Faithful Service.

Cam. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if indutiously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubred,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of.

Jealousy.

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with infidel lip? Stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (A note infallible
Of breaking honesty;) Horning foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Withing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then, the world, and all that's in't, is no-
thing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-
If this be nothing. [things,

King-killing detestable.

—To do this deed
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear it.

The Effects of Jealousy.

This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent: and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man, which ever
Professed to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts.

Calumny.

Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on your faith, deserves high speech), and
straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O! I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear

Virtue

Virtue itself—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest.

Fortitude and Innocence.

Her. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your
mistress
Has desert'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.

Honesty and Honour.

Here's a do,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors.

The Silence of Innocence eloquent.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Affirmative Child.

To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.

Child resembling its Father.

Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; may the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

An Infant to be expos'd.

Come on, poor babe!
Some pow'ful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.

Hermione pleading her Innocence.

If pow'r's divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take spectators: for behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so incurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, tie, upon my grave!

*A Wife's Loss of all Things dear, and Contempt
of Death.*

Leo. Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;

The bug, which you would fight me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder. Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a trumpet; with inmost heart,
The child-bed privilege denied, which longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, in the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die: therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no! life,
I prize it not a straw: but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemned
Upon fumes; all proofs sleeping off,
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.

Despair of Pardon.

But, O thou trait!

Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits of
the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So all d, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay—thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two fountains: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep, and leave it crying : and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call it : for this ungente busines,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more."—And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

An Infant exposed.

—Poor wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds : and most accurit am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel !
The day frowns more and more ; thou art like to
A lullaby too rough : I never saw [have
The heavens so dim by day.

Deities transformed for Love.

The Gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated ; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now : their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer ;
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honour ; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Mistress of the Sheep-shearing.

Shep. Fic, daughter ! when my old wife liv'd,
upon

This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook ;
Both dame, and servant ; welcom'd all ; serv'd all ;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn : now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle ;
On his shoulder, and his : her face o' fire
With labour ; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip : you are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting. Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome ; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes ; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast. come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

A Garland for old Men.

Per. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue ; these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long :
Grace, and remembrance, be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing !

Pol. Shepherds,
(A fair one are you) well you sit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flow'rs o' the season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flow'rs,
Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren ; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their pickness, shares,
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be :
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That natures makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentle cyon to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race : This is an art
Which does mend nature—change it rather : but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
And do not call them bastards. [flowers]

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

Per. —I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well ; and only
Desire to breed by me.— [therefore]

Here's flowers for you ;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping ; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now,
my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours ;
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing :—O, Proserpina,
For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; hold oxlips, and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.

A Lover's

A Lover's Commendation.

What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Honest Wooing.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray:—
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

True Love.

They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter;
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,
Who loves another best.

Presents little regarded by real Lovers.

Pol. —How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was
young,
And hand'd love as you do, I was wont
To load my life with knacks: I would have
ransack'd
The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing parted with him. If your last
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Tender Affection.

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye slave; had force, and
knowledge
More than wasever man's—I would not prize them
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest,
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid [hear?
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir!
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offend him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Real Simplicity.

I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.

Selfish old Man.

O, Sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.

Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the Looser, of Love.

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Self-Conceit.

Ant. How blessed are we, that are not simple
men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are;
Therefore I will not disdain.

Self-reproach, and too severe Reproof.

Cle. At the last,
Do, as the Heavens have done; forget your evils;
With them, forgive yourself.

Lco. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweetest companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman ; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ! I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did ; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought : now, good
Say so but seldom. [now,

Cle. Not at all, good lady :
You might have spoke a thousand things, that
would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Love more rich for what it gives.

Leo. I might have look'd upon my queen's full
eyes ;

Have taken treasure from her lips—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

A captivating Woman.

—This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else ; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Anguish of Retaliation for a lost Friend.

Pr'ythee, no more ; cease ; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.

Effects of Beauty.

The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here !

A Statue.

What was he, that did make it ? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd ? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood ?

Matterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip,

The fixture of her eye has motion in't,

As we were mock'd with art.

—Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her : What fine child
Could ever vet out breath !—Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Affliction to a penitent Mind, glowing.

Paul. I am sorry, Sir, I have thus sin'd you ;
But I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.

Widow compared to a Turtle.

I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

§ 15. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SHAKESPEARE.

Antony's Soliloquy.

HIS captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath buff'd
The buckles in his breast, reneges all temper ;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a giply's lust.

Love, the Nobleness of Life.

Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the little arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! here is my space ;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Lover's Praise.

Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !

Great Minds respect Truth.

Met. The nature of bad new, infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

On ;

Things, that are past, are done, with me—'tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Speak to me home, since not the general ~~top~~ ;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have pow'r to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.

Things best valued.

Forbear me.—

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempt do when hurl from us,
We with it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

The Muddiness of the People.

Our slippery people

(Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son ; who, high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier.

Cleopatra's contemptuous Railery.

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you feed staving,
Then was the time for words : no going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;
Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : they are so still,

Or

Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Cleopatra's anxious Tenderness.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it;—
That you know well: something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Cleopatra's Wishes for Antony on parting.

Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpy'd folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sir laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Antony's Vices and Virtues.

Leop. I must not think
There are evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Clef. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it
is not

Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this be-
comes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a foldier, that thy cheek
So much as lack'd not.

Cleopatra on the Absence of Antony.

O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? stands he? or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou, whom thou
mov'st?

The demi Atlas of this earth, the arm
And bulwark of man. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me; now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: think on me
That am with Phæbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Messengers from Lovers, grateful.

How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his sinet gilded thee.

Antony's Love and Disposition.

Alc. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
Was beastly dumb'd by him. [spoke

Cle. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alc. Like to the time o' th' year, between the
extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cle. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him,

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
The thing we sue for. [decays

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise pow'rs
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pompey's Wish for Antony's Captivity in Pleasure.

Pom. I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: but all the charms of love,
Salt

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip !
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
 Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurcan cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness.

Antony's Soldiership.

Pomp. — Menas, I did not think,
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm,
 For such a petty war : his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Antony's ingenious Acknowledgment.

Ant. The article of my oath—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid, when I re-
 quired them ;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;

And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
 From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
 I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
 Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my pow'r
 Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
 To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them : th'oats
 were silver ;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description : she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Ag. O rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' th' eyes,
 And made their bends adornings. At the helm,
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air ; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety : other women cloy
 The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.

The unsettled Humour of Lovers.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music ; music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

Omnes. The music, ho !

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone : let's to billiards : come,
 Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an cunuch play'd,
 As with a woman ; come—you'll play with me, sir ?
Mard. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho' it
 come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now :—
 Give me mine angle—we'll to the river : there,
 My music playing far off, I will betray
 Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
 I'll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, Ah ha ! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wagger'd on your angling ; when your dicer
 Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
 With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !

I laugh him out of patience ; and that night
 I laugh him into patience : and next morn,
 Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
 Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
 I wore his sword Philippan.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

O Silius, Silius !

I have done enough : a lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act : for learn this, Silius,
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed
 Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Octavia's Entrance, what it should have been.

Why have you stol'n upon us thus ? You come
 Like Cæsar's sister : the wife of Antony [not
 Should have an army for an usher, and
 The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
 Long ere she did appear : the trees by th' way
 Should have borne men ; and expectation faint'd,
 Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
 Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come
 A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
 The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
 Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
 By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Women.

Women are not

In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal.

Fortune

Fortune forms our Judgment.

I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

Loyalty.

Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can;
No chance may shake it.

Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.

When we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wife gods feel our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut [us
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outface the lightning. To be furious
Is, to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.

A Master taking Leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,—
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

Early rising the Way to Eminence.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.

O, thou day o' th' world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Thro' proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Locuted Life.

O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

Antony's Dependency.

Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do disdain, melt their twines
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topp'd them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Antony on his faded Glory.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air:—Thou hast seen
these signs;

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought

The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen,
Whose heart thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake [do,
Was Antony's most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.

It were for me
To throw my sceptre at th' injurious gods:
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is fottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah women, women! Look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good firs, take
heart: [noble,

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Death.

My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds.

Which

Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

Cleopatra's Dream, and Description of Antony.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,— [in truck

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and there—
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
The little O, the earth. [lighted

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
As plates dropt from his pecker. [were

Firm Resolution.

What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Cleopatra's Speech, on applying the Asp.

—Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick—methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my courage, prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to base life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips:
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may
The gods themselves do weep. [say,

Cleo. This proves me base:—

If the first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal
wretch, [To the Asp, which she applies to her breast]
With thy sharp teeth, this knot intrinsecate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar a's,
Unpolicy'd!

Char. O, eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! [gentle,—

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
O Antony! Nay, I will take thee too:—

[Applying another Asp.

What should I stay—

[Dies.

Char. In this wide world? so, fare thee well.
Now, boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd.

§ 16. CORIOLANUS. SHAKSPEARE.

Mob.

WHAT would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one
affrights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hail-stone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hies down ~~with~~ with rushes. Hang ye!—
trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind.
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your gaul and.

Aufidius's Hatred to Coriolanus

—Not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capital,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, ev'n there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

An imaginary Description of Coriolanus waving.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsci thunning
him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus,—and call thus,—
“Come on, ye cowards; ye were got in fear,
Though ye were born in Rome:” his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Ving. His bloody brow! Oh, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When the did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.

Doing our Duty merits not Praise.

Pray, now no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,

When

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that's what I can; induced
As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Popularity.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are 'spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: field-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Cominius' Speech in the Senate.

I shall lack voice, the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the bearer: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others; out then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consuls view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entr'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the gauland. For this last,
Before, and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the flyers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp]
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny; aidless came off,
And with a sudden reinforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and till we call'd

Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

The Mischiefs of Anarchy.

My soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up;
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Character of Coriolanus.

His nature is too noble for this world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Honour and Policy.

I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and
tell me

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?

The Method to gain Popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them)

Thy knee buffing the stones (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learn'd than the ears), waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Coriolanus his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys tears take up
The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue
Make motion thro' my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honour my own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inferent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his Stubborn Pride.

At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'd'st it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.

His Detestation of the Vulgar.

You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! have the power still
To banish your defenders: till at length
Your ignorance (which finds nor, till it feels),
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you, as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That wou you without blows!

Precepts against Ill-fortune.

— You were us'd
To say, extremities were the triers of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
crave
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that cou'd them.

On common Friendships.

O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love,
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,
And interjoin their issues.

Martial Friendship.

— Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever, in ambitious strength, I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, sitting each other's throat,
And wak'd half-dead with nothing.

The Season of Solicitation.

He was not taken well; he had not din'd:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unsapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
Till he be dieted to my request. [him]

Obstinate Resolution.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd
mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood—But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sie worth? or those dove's eyes;
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others;—my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, Deny not.—Let the Voices
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a galling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Reluctant Tenderness.

— Take a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as thy exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unaluted: sink, my knee, i' th' earth;
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Chastity.

— The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curdied by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

— The god of soldiers,
With the consent of the supreme Jove, informant
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Coriolanus's Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

— Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts, [sorrow;
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out, And to poor we

Thine

Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'it us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. - - -
- - - We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee,
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Peace after a Siege.

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted thro' th' gates. Why, hark
you;
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and sifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance.

§ 17. CYMBELINE. SHAKSPEARE.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. THOU shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broken mine eye-strings;
crack'd 'em, but

To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
'The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then [no,
Have turn'd mine eye and wept. But, good Pis-
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think of him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The gods of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd

him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

The Buffets of Falsehood to a Wife.

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than can be sure they do: for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born, discover to me
What both you spur and stop

Iach. Had I this check

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damu'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stai's
That mount the capitol, join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (as
With labour), then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlitrous as the sinoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow: it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imogen's Bedchamber; in one Part of it a large Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo. — Mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' th' clock,
I pry'thee, call me.—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me beseech ye! [Sleep.]

[Iachimo rises from the Trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tint—but my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and such, pictures; there the window: such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the
story.

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, t'enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou eye of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off;

[Taking off her Bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and
taken [end?
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The

The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up:—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawn—
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear; [ing
Tho' this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*He goes into the Trunk; the Scene closes.*

Gold.

'Tis gold

Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true man: what
Can it not do, and undo?

A Satire on Women.

Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian o' that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure the restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;—that I
thought her

As chaste as unfurn'd snow.

— Could I find out

The woman's part in me!—for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's, flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenge, hers;
Ambitions, coverings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longings, slanders, mutability;
All faults that name, nay, that he knows, why, hers,
In part, or all; but, rather, all: for even to
vice

They are not constant, but are changing still;
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Nor halt so old as that. I'll write against them.
Durst them, curle them:—yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear't thou,
Pisani?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Pisani,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O, let me bare—but not like me:—yet long 'it
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond)—say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense)—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by th' way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' inherit such a haven: But, first of all,

How may we steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, t' excuse: but first, how get hence?
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too,
Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where hounds have been nimble than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf. But this is foolery:
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me presently
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, no here, nor here,
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'. A way, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way.

A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys!—
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens; and bows
you

To morning's holy office. The gates of monarch's
Are such'd to high that giants may jet thro'
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven!

Ar. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport up to yon
hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Con-
sider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I've told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find—

The thardest beetle in a faster hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book unroll'd: no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak; we, poor,
unlucky d, know not
Have never wing'd from view of the nest; nor
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
It quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;

A prison

A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are as old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey:
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chafe what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: The toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the
And hath as oft a slau'drous epitaph, [search;
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve, by doing well; what's worse,
Must cut sic at the censure: O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree [night,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
I took down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour! [you oft)
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' moun-
tains;

This is not hunters language: he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The Force of Nature.
How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to th' king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say—thus mine enemy fell;

And thus I set my foot on his neck;—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,
(Once, Arrivagus) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving.

Slander.

—No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: Kings, queens, and
states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock?—If sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That's false to's bed?

Woman in Man's Dress.

You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self), into a waggish courage,
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common kissing Titan; and forget
Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisano shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O, Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars
told me,

I could not miss my way: will poor folks lye
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lye for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?

[Seeing the Cave.

Here is a path to it:—'tis some savage hold;
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, make it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.

Labour.

—Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Harmless Innocence.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:
good troth, [found
I have stolen nought; nor would not, tho' I had
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arw. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Braggart.

To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

Fool-hardiness.

—Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

—O, thou goddess,

Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible spirit should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd!

*Enter Arrauagus, with Imogen dead, bearing
her in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arw. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age, to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. O, sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care
Might easi'liest harbour in? Thou blest thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,
Thou did'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

Arw. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [check

Guid. Where?

Arw. O' the floor: [put
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
Answer'd my steps too loud. [Refs

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arw. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fido,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flow'r, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath; the ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill fore-flaming
Those rich-lust heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are
To winter-ground thy case — [none,

Bel. Great griefs, I see, med'cine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty,
Together have one dust; yet reverence [rotting
(That angel of the world) doth make distinct:
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was
princely;

And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you fetch him hither.
Therites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Colden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arw. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning flash,
Arw. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash;
Arw. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen awaking.

Yes, Sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the
way:—

I thank you—by yond bush?—pray, how far
thither?—

'Ods, pitikins!—can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night—faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But

But soft ! no bedfellow :—O gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*]

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man, the care on 't. I hope I dream ;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures : but us not so ;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes : our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
I tremble still with fear : but if there be [faith,
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !
The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.

Routed Army.

No blame be to you, Sir ; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought : the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Thro' a straight lane ; the enemy full-heat'd,
Lolling the tongue with slaughter'ing, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear ; that the straight pass was
damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Death.

I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him, where he struck : being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i' the war.

§ 18. HAMLET. SHAKESPEARE.

Prologues.

IN the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves flood tenantless, and the shetted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets ;
Stars shone with trains of fire ; dews of blood fell ;
Disasters veil'd the sun ; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

*Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock, and the
"a : Reverence paid to Christmas-Time.*

Her. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Her. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day ; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine : and of the truth herein,
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long :
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad ;

The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath pow'r to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Morning.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Real Grief.

Seems, madam ! nay, it is ; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitf'ul river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play ;
But ! have that within, which passeth show ;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
But, you must know, your father lost a father ;
That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven ;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient ;
An understanding simple and unschool'd :
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
But two months dead ! nay, not so much, not two :—
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
That he might not betem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
Must I remember ?—why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on : and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—frailty, thy name is
woman !

A little month ;—or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears ;—why, she, even she—

O Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married: O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

A complete Man.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Cautions to young Ladies.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The charest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep
As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unsledg'd comrade. Be-
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, [ware
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Hamlet, on the Appearance of his Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable, [hell,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearf'd in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischief it might tempt him to.

What if it tempt you towards the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain.
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I!

Ghost. Mark me. [go no further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood: List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O Heaven! [murder.

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole car of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
The soul's sanctity court it in a shape of Heaven;
So lust, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage.—

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;—
Brief let me be: sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The lecherous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most larva-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother's sight; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth!
what else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold my
heart:

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven,
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables—next it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, Adieu, adieu! Remember me.

*Opheia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address
to her.*

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Ophe. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go;
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Old Age.

Beshrew my jealousy!

It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

Happiness consists in Opinion.

Why, then 'tis none to you;
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so:
To me it is a prison.

Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd ;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !—
For Hecuba !

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have ? he would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I—

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
Ha ! why, I should take it :—for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal : bloody, bawdy villain !
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain !

Why, what an ass am I ? This is most brave ;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-curling like a very drab—
A scullion !

Fie upon't ! foh ! About my brains ! Humph !
I have heard,

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions :
For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil : and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
More relative than this ; the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Hypocrisy.

We are oft to blame in this—

'Tis too much prov'd—that, with devotion's vi-
sage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true ! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience !
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
'Than is my deed to my most painted word.

Life and Death weigh'd.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—
No more ; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to :—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance, to dream ;—ay, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause :—here's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life ;
For who would bear the whips and stings of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Calumny.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A noble Mind disordered.

O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue,
fellow ;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy.

On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.

Nay, do not think I flatter :
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee ? Why should the poor be
flatter'd ?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp ;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear ?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself : for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing ;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks : and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please : Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

Midnight.

'Tis now the very witching time of night ;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world : Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on. Soft ; now to my mo-
O heart, lose not thy nature ; let not ever [ther.
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom :
Let me be cruel, not unnatural :
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*The King's departing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's
Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven ;
'T hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder ! Pray can I not,
'Tho' inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeat my stronger intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? Wherefore serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above ;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
'Tis what repentance can : what can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul ! that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well ! [The King kneels.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do it ;—and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd :—that would be scann'd :—
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven !

Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
Heaven ?

But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him :—and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid lent,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven ;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell whereto it goes.

Hamlet and his Mother.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
In noise so rude against me ? [thy tongue

Ham. Such an act,
That flurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul ! and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act ?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man : [lows :
This was your husband. Look you now, what fol-
Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And hatten on this moor ?

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more :
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham: Save me, and hover o'er me with your
wings,
You heavenly guards !—What would your gra-
cious figure ?

Queen.

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O, say—

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end—O, gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! look you, how pale
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Left, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals
My father, in his habit as he liv'd! [away!]
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.—Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of calms.

To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his moult;
And let him, for a pair of scabby kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot;

'Tis so concluded on.

[*fellows.*]

Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two school-
Whom I will trust, as I will adders' fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work;—
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.

Hamlet's Reflection on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd: now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event, [wisdom,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
And ever three parts coward—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me;
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot tell the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,

To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Solosus rarely single.

O, Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

The Divinity of Kings.

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Aet little of his will.

Description of Ophelia's Drowning.

There is a willow grows afaunt the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did he make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

A spotless Virgin buried.

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Melancholy.

This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Feast.

Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth;
"Now the King drinks to Hamlet."

§ 19. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV. SHAKESPEARE.

Peace after Civil War.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in stroads afar remote,

No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields;
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: Those oppos'd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beeeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master.

*King Henry's Character of Percy, and of his Son
Prince Henry.*

Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry.

Prince Henry's Soliloquy.

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may more be wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised;
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

Hotspur's Description of a finical Courtier.

But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff:—And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly.

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the
mark!)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacuti, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for this vile gun,
He would himself have been a soldier.

Danger.

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Honour.

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corral all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Lady Percy's pathetic Speech to her Husband.

O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I, thus fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?
And giv'n my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick eyed musing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" and thou hast talk'd
Of fallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see, when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Prodigies ridicul'd.

I cannot blame him for any nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,
The frame and face of conflagration of the earth
Shak'd like an eward.

Why to it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had but kitten'd, tho' yourself had ne'er been born.

Diseas'd nature, oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pluck'd, and vex'd,
By the impish and uncounting wind [ing,
Within her womb, that foetus of hergement stirr'd,
Shakes the old bottom, and the toppling down
Steeple, and mansion-town towers.

On miserable Rhymers.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen cannon turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth aching on edge,
Nothing so much as miming poetry.
'Tis like the fore'd gait of a limping nag.

Punctuality in Begging.

I'll give thee as much land
To as well-defenc'd frontier;
But, in the way of begging, give me,
I'll call on the north part of a letter.

A Husband's jest to his fair Wife.

She takes you
Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

King Henry the Fifth to his Son.

Had I so leav'd of my patience been,
So common had I ney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had full kept loyal to possession;
And left me no reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
Then men would tell their children, "This is he,"
Others would say, "Where? which is Boling-
broke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;

My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and to my state,
 Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast ;
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled, and soon burn'd : 'carded his state ;
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools ;
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
 Of ev'ry heedless vain comparative :
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Ensoff'd himself to popularity :
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey ; and began
 To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckow is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
 As clouds then use to their adversaries ;
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

Prince Henry's modest Defence of himself.

—God forgive them, that so much have
 sway'd

Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me !
 I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
 And, in the closing of some glorious day,
 Be bold to tell you, that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood,
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame
 with it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought of Harry, chance to meet :
 For ev'ry honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes : and on my head
 My shame redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my vector, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render ev'ry glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
 I do beseech your Majesty, may save
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bonds :
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

A gallant Warrior.

I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd—
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hotspur's Impatience for the Battle.

—Let them come ;

They come like sacrifices in their tim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours : Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—
 O, that Glendower were come !

Prince Henry's modest Challenge.

—Tell your nephew,

The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes—
 This present enterprise set off his head—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too :
 Yet this before my father's majesty—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation ;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Tiy fortune with him in a single fight.

Prince Henry's pathetic Speech on the Death of Hotspur.

—Brave Percy :—fare thee well, great heart !
 Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
 When that this body did contain a spirit,
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth
 Is room enough :—This earth that bears thee dead,
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
 I should not make so dear a show of zeal :—
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

Life demands Action.

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
 To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
 If life did ride upon a dial's point,
 Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

§ 20. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.—Rumour.

I FROM the orient to the drooping west,
 Making the wind my posthorse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
 Upon my tongue's continual standers ride;
 The which in ev'ry language I pronounce;
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whilst the big year, swollen with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it.

Contention.

—Contention, like a horse
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And bears down all before him.

Post-Messenger.

After him, came, spurring hard,
 A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse:
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
 I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
 He told me, that rebellion had ill luck,
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel head; and, starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

Messenger with ill News.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a rattle-leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
 So looks the stroud, whereon th' imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him, half his Troy was
 burn'd:

I see a strange confession in thine eye:
 Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
 The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
 Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd knolling a departed friend.

Greater Grievs destroy the less.

As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves: Hence, therefore, thou nice
 crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
 Must glove his hand: and hence, thou sickly quoin,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, fleth'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
 The rugged 'st hour that time and spite dare bring
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!
 Let heaven kiss earth! now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! Let order die!
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act;
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

The Fickleness of the Vulgar.

An habitation giddy and unsure
 Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
 O thou fond man! with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
 And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, basely feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

On Sleep.

—O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And sleep my senses in forgetfulness!
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfume'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O then dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common lullaby-bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?

The Character of King Henry V. by Mr. Faber.

He is gracious, if he be observ'd;
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity:

Yet

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Hide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working.

On Fortune.

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach;—such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Dialogue between Prince Henry and his Father.

—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Ex. Lords.*]

P. H. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy with was father, Harry, to that
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. [Thought:
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou fearest the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which after some few hours
Were thine without offence: and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'd'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou had'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity:
Down, royal state! All you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour-countries, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the new'st kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curl'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in ev'ry innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my
tears, [Kneeling.

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise
(Which my most true and inward-dutious spirit
Teacheth), this private and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. "The care on thee de-
pending,

"Hath fed upon the body of my father;

"Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.

"Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,

"Preserving life in medicine potable: [crown'd,

"But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-

"Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal

Accusing it, I put it on my head; [liege,

To try with it—as with an enemy

That had before my face murder'd my father—

The quarrel of a true interior.

But if it did infect my blood with joy,

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did, with the least affection of a welcome,

Give entertainment to the might of it, '—

Let God for ever keep it from my head!

And make me as the poorest wretch is,

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,

That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel

That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crack'd ways,

I met this crown; and I myself know well,

How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quict,

Better opinion, better confirmation;

For all the toil of the achievement goes

With me into the earth. It seem'd, in me,

But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;

And I had many living, to upbraid

My gain of it by their assistances;

Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace: All these bold fears,

Thou seest, with peril I have answered:

For all my reign hath been but as a scene

Acting

Acting that argument ; and now my death
Changes the mode : for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort :
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, tho' thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
By whose fell-working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd : which to avoid,
I cut them off ; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land ;
Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne
May waste the memory of the former days. [out,
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be :
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Reflections on a Crown.

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !
That keeps the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now !
Yet not so found, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggish bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majesty !
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

Gold.

How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object !
For this, the foolish, over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,
Their bones with industry ;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange achieved gold ;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises :
When like the bee, tolling from ev'ry flower
The virtuous sweets, [honey,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains.

*The Chief Justice to King Henry V. whom he
had imprisoned.*

—If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person :
Nay, more ; to spurn at your most roval image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the care yours,

Be now the father, and propose a son :
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd :
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, for silencing your son.

§ 21. THE LIFE OF HENRY, V.

SHAKESPEARE.

Prologue.

O, FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention !
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in, like hounds, should famine, sword, and
Crouch for employment. [fire,

Consideration.

Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipt th' offending Adam out of him :
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.

King Henry V. his Professions.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate :
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study :
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to a y cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

The Common-wealth of Bees.

So work the honey-bees :
Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts :
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor :
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons, building roofs of gold ;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate ;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

Warlike Spirit.

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of ev'ry man :
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air ;

And

And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.

England.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A host of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns.

False Appearances.

O! how thou hast with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! shew men dutiful?
Why, to didst thou: seem they grave and
learned?
Why, to didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, to didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, to didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger:
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely boulted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mar the full fraught man, and best endued,
With some suspicion.

King Henry's Character, by the Constable of France.

You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors—
With what great state he heard their embassy:
How well supplied with noble counsellors—
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution—
And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Description of a Fleet setting Sail.

Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fan-
ning.
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.

Description of Night in a Camp.

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their pale flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dark ear; and from the tents,

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gated night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Invelling lank lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;
And callsthem—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrouned him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and over-beris attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

The Miseries of Royalty.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy;
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is the soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, fargree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing?
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balin, the sceptre, and the ball, The

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The far'd title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
 That beats upon the high shore of this world—
 No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horie;
 And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

A Description of the miserable State of the English Army.

You island carrions, despoil'd of their bones,
 Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
 Big Mair seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
 Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand: and the poor
 jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and
 hips;
 The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gum'd bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the livery crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

King Henry's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.

He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbour,
 And say, to-morrow is Saint Crispian!
 Then will he stich his sleeve, and show his scars:
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What fears they did that day: then shall our
 names,
 Familiar in their mouths, as household words,
 Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

Description of the Earl of York's Death.

He smil'd me in the face, rought me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
 "Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, spous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

The Miseries of War.

Her vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies: her hedges even pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
 Tie darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate such savagery:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
 Conveys by idleness; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.

§ 22. THE FIRST PART OF HENRY VI.
 SHAKESPEARE.

Glory.

GLORY is like a circle in the water;
 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Marriage.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife;
 Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.

§ 23. THE SECOND PART OF HENRY VI.
 SHAKESPEARE.

A resolved ambitious Woman.

FOLLOW I must, I cannot go before,
 While Gloucester bears this base and humble
 mind.
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks.
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack,
 To play my part in fortune's pageant.

The Lord ever to be remembered.

Let never day or night unhallow'd pass,
 But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Eleanor to the Duke of Gloucester, when doing Penance.

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans.
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
 And, when I start, they laugh, and laugh,
 And bid me be advis'd how I tread.

Silent

Silent Repentment deepest.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

A guilty Countenance.

Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.

Description of a murdered Person.

See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er re-
turneth

To bluish and beautify the cheek again.
But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man:
His hair upre'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets: his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
'T cannot be but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

A good Conscience.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart un-
tainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Remorseless Hatred.

A plague upon 'em! wherefore should I curse
them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curs'd, as harsh, as horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
Mine hair be fix'd on end like one distract;
Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban;
And even now, my burden'd heart would break,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!
Their softest touch, as smart as lizards stings;
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-scared hell—

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow.

Parting Lovers.

And banish'd I am, if but from thee.
Go, speak not to me, even now be gone—
O, go not yet! even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.—
Yet, now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suff. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banish'd,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence,
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.

Dying, with the Person beloved, preferable to parting.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live:
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips.

The Death-bed Horrors of a guilty Conscience.

Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? Then shew me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him—
He hath no eye, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stand
upright,
Like lime twigs set to catch my winged soul!
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

Night.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bottom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowly, slow, and flagging wings,
Clip dead men's graves, and from their mity
jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Kent.

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy.

Lord Say's Apology for himself.

Justice, with favour, have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could
never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks
Because my book prefer'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven—
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

§ 24. THE THIRD PART OF HENRY VI.
SHAKESPEARE.

The Transports of a Crown.

—DO but think

How sweet a thing 'tis to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

A hungry Lion.

So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

The Duke of York on the gallant Behaviour of his Sons.

My sons—God knows what hath bechanc'd them:
But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion pointed to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, "Charge! and gave no foot of ground!"

And end, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
"A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
With this we charg'd again: but out, alas!
We lodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with ever-matching waves.

A Father's Passion on the Murder of a favourite Child.

O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be keen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, stony, rough, remorseless.

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—
O, ten times more than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"

The Duke of York in Battle.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

The Morning.

See how the morning opens her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!

How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Triumphant like a yokner prancing to his love?

The Morning's Dawn.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dving clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nail,
Can neither call it perfect day or night.

The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.

O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days, my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks, ere the poor foals will yearn;
So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His worned sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His lady couch'd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Mob.

I look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind, when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of your common men.

A Simile on ambitious Thoughts.

Why, then I do but dream on foreign things;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye!
And chides the sea that funders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry, to have his way.

Gloucester's Deformity.

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft law,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be below'd?

Gloucester's Diffimulation.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears;
And frame my face to all occasions:
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Simon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the carnation;
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And fit the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Henry VI. On his own Lenity.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor must oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, tho' they much err'd.

The Earl of Warwick's dying Speech.

Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? My mangled body shews;
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were likend oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory sinear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
E'en now forsake me: and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.

Roxen Margaret's Speech before the Battle of Tewkesbury.

Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should
My tears gain say; for every word I speak, [say,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Prisoner to the foe, his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His stature cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil:

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, Lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Omens on the Birth of Richard III.

The owl shriek'd at the birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding lack-lust tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung:
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit—an indigest, deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify—thou canst not bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou canst not go into the world with thy legs for-
ward."

§ 25. THE LIFE OF HENRY VIII.

SHAKESPEARE.

Anger.

—TO climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Action to be carried on with Resolution.

—If I am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not flout
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ray'nous lissus, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear, our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or fit
State-statues only.

New Customs.

—New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

The Duke of Buckingham's Prayer for the King.

—May he live

Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever below'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Dependents not to be too much trusted by great Men.

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye.

A good Wife.

A loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king.

The Blessings of a low Station.

I is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be peck'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Queen Catharine's Speech to her Husband.

Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
'Tis that thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yes, subject to your countenance; glad or sorry
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? Nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
'That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been blest'd
With many children by you. If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice.

Queen Catharine's Speech to Cardinal Wolsey.

You are meek, and humble mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is crum'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are
mounted,

Where pow'rs are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual.

King Henry's Character of Queen Catharine.

That man is the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious self, could but speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.

On her own Merit.

Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion? [him?
Have I with all my full affection
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven? obey'd
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his plea-
sure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Queen Catharine compared to a Lily.

Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Obedience to Princes.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Horror, its outward Effects.

Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

Firm Allegiance.

Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms as horrid; yet my duty,
As dorth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

Anger, its external Effects.

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin [it?
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing.

Falling Greatness.

Nay, then farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

The Vicissitudes of Life.

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good gay man, full of glory,
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wan on boys, that with on bladders,
This

This many summers in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Worn, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus farewell, Cromwell;
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Lovethyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
 Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And, pray thee, lest me in:—
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Applause.

—Such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a still tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
 (Doubters, I think), flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say, "this is my wife," there; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

Cardinal Wolsey's Death.

At last, with caly roads, he came to Leicester,
 Lodg'd in the abbey; where the rev'rend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
 To whom he gave these words: "O father abbot,
 "An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 "Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;

"Give him a little earth for charity!"
 So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight (which he himself
 Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

His Vices and Virtues.

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, gave me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity—he was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
 His own opinion was his law: 'T' the presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
 But where he went to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Griff. Noble Madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water.

— 'Tis his cardinal,
 Tho' from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
 Lefty, and four, to them that lov'd him not;
 But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting
 (Which was a sin), yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: ever witness for him
 Those twigs of learning that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford: one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Malicious Men.

—Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
 Dare bite the best.—

A Church-Man.

—Love and meekness, Lord,
 Become a church-man better than ambition:
 Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away.

Inhumanity.

—"Tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.—

Archbishop Cranmer's Prophecy.

—Let me speak, Sir,
 For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant (Heaven still move about her!),
 Tho' in a cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still bedouble on her. Truth shall nurse her;
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.
 She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, [her;
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
 with her.

In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by their claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one
 (When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of
 darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,
 terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him: our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

§ 26. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN. SHAKESPEARE.

New Titles.

"GOOD-den, Sir Richard—God a' mercy,
 fellow,"

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:
 For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
 'Tis too respectful and too sociable
 For your conversion. Now your traveller—
 He and his toothpick at my worship's mess:
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries:—"My dear Sir,
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
 "I shall beseech you"—that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an A B C book:—
 "O Sir," says answer, "at your best command,
 "At your employment, at your service, Sir:—"
 "No, Sir," says question, "I, sweet Sir, at yours."
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po),
 It draws toward supper in conclusion, so
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:
 For he is but a bastard to the time,
 That doth not smack of observation.

A Description of England.

That pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders;
 Even till that England, hedge'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king.

Description of an English Army.

His marches are expedient to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother queen,
 An Aré stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
 With them a bastard of the king decreas'd;
 And all the unsettled humours of the land—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens—
 Have fold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand.

Courage.

By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence;
 For courage mounteth with occasion.

A Boaster.

What cracker is this name, that dares our ears
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?

Description of Victory, by the French.

You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
 And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors.

By the English.

Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King John, your king, and England's, doth ap-
 proach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day!
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver bright,
 Hither return all gilt with French blood;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,

That

That is removed by a staff of France;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That thus display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

A complete Lady.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

On Commodity, or Self-Interest.

—Rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word *maid*—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodi-
dity—

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent;
And this same bias, &c.

A Woman's Fears.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And tho' thou now confests thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.

Tokens of Grief.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

A Mother's Fondness for a beautiful Child.

If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and signetless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature, for thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose,

Grief.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.

Constance to Austria.

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight,
But when her humorous ladyship is by,
To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,
And foot'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool! to brag, to stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! dost it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

The Horrors of a Conspiracy.

I had a thing to say,—but, let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brzen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that truly spirit, inelancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick
(Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot laughter keep men's eyes,
And stain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes);
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not.—

A Mother's Ravings.

I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad—I would to heaven I were!
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel,
The different plague of each calamity.

Asoprophe to Death.

—O amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoniferous stench! sound reticence!

Arise

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones:
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smilest,
And buse thee as thy wife! misery's love,
O, come to me!

A Mother's Grief.

Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday expire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

Despondency.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man,

Departing Diseases.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.

Danger lays hold of any Support.

He that it ends upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

Arthur's pathetic Speeches to Hubert.

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.

Have you the heart? when your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and, where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty;
And call it, cunning: do, and if you will;
If Heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?—

Alas, what need you be so blith'rous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor lock upon the iron angrily:
I thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Wherever torment you do put me to.—
Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [yours,
Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a moth in
A gram, a dult, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are but rough there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

To add to Perfection, superfluous, and suspicious,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on to new a fashion'd robe.

Murderer's Look.

This is the man should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast.

Struggling Conscience.

The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds' twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

News-tellers on the Death of Arthur.

Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they shake their heads;
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth, swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble hand

falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattell'd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwath'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*Kings evil Purposes too servilely and basily
executed.*

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know a meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

A Villain's Look, and wicked Zeal.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow, by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
off, [mc.
And those my fears might have wrought fears in

Hypocrisy.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocence.

Despair.

If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the finest thread
That ever spider twitted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

A Man's Tears.

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.

Drums.

Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest.

Do but start

An echo with the clamour of thy drum,

And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder.

The Approach of Death.

It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Madness, occasioned, by Poison.

Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room,
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Poison'd—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off:
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Thro' my burnt bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.

England invincible, if unanimous.

England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her priaces are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them:—Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [rue,

§ 27. JULIUS CÆSAR. SHAKSPEARE.

Patriotism.

WHAT is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius, in contempt of Cæsar.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain ;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried—" Give me some drink, Titinius"—

As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of this majestic world,
And hear the palm alone. [*Shout, flourish.*]

Brutus. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cæsar. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar : what should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?

Cæsar's Dislike of Cassius.

Would he were fatter !—but I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid,
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.

Spirit of Liberty..

I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;

Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Ambition, covered with specious Humility.

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face :
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scornng the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

Conspiracy dreadful till executed.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or hideous dream :
The genius, and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Conspiracy.

O, conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, con-
Hide it in smiles and affability. [*Spiracy ;*]
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Against Cruelty.

Gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them.

Sleep.

Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Portia's Speech to Brutus.

You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across :
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungently looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry westure of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but a gust of humour,
Which sometimes hath his fall with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Calphurnia to Cæsar, on the Prodigies seen the Night before his Death.

Cal. I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæsar. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Against the Fears of Death.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Danger.

Danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible.

Envy.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Antony to the Corpse of Cæsar.

O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? fare thee well.

His Address to the Conspirators.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Revenge.

Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,

With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.

Antony's Funeral Oration.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I am come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, nor without cause;
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for
him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Be it with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do their wrong; I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will;
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark
Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will!
Ant.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should—O, what would come of it!

4 Pleb. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear, I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar—I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors:—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 Pleb. Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit*

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:—
See what a rent the envious Casca made:—
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
'This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Pleb. O piteous spectacle!

2 Pleb. We will be reveng'd: revenge;
About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise, and hon-
ourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood; I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb,
mouths!

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
'And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In ev'ry wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Ceremony in sincere.

—Ever note, Lucilius,

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such
a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To under-servers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this cor-
ruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bait not me.

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urg. me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted, when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all
this? [heart break;

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud
Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your petty humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Tho' it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong me,
I said an elder soldier, not a better. [Brutus;
Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.

Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted

Cas. I durst not? [him.

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd to strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts
To dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;

Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast;—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be't a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius. [better

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.
Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Bru. O, Cassius. I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is
Cas. Ha! Portia? [dead.

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
O, inopportable and touching loss!— [so?

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her
death

That tidings came—with this the fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.
Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl
of wine:

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Opportunity to be seized on all Affairs.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Parting of Brutus and Cassius.

Brut. No, Cassius, no; think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March began:
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Brut. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.

Melancholy the Parent of Error.

O, hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Antony's Character of Brutus.

This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did, that they did, in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

§ 28. KING LEAR. SHAKSPEARE.

An alienated Child.

LET it be so—thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Bastardy.

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I

Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen months
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth within a dull, stale, tired, bed,
Go to creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'twixt asleep and wake?

A Father cursing his Child.

Hear, Nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

Ingratitude in a Child.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Flattering Sycophants.

That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty! such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Which are too intrinse to unloose: loose the ev'ry
passion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:
Bring oil to fire, show to their colder mops:
Reneg, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their masters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.

Plain, blunt Men.

—This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth,
An they will take it so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Description of Bedlam Beggars.

While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity.

The Faults of Infirmary pardonable.

Fiery: the fiery duke? tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmary doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.

Unkindness.

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture, here.
[Points to his heart.]

Offences mistaken.

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms, so.

Rising Passion.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-fore, an imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.

The Necessaries of Life few.

O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

Lear on the Ingratitude of his Daughters.

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such
things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep.
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

Wild Men.

O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters.

Description of Lear's Distress amidst the Storm.

Kent. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf [couch,
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Lear's passionate Exclamations amidst the Tempest.

Blow, wind! and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataraets, and hurricanos, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

Rumble thy belly-full! spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription. Why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! tis foul!

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was a man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake
That under covert and convenient seeming,
Hast practis'd on man's life! Close pent-up guils,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry

These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the
tempest.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this
contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When
the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Fili! ingratitudo!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home.
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night,
To shut me out!—pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this!—O Regan, Goneril!
You, old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in:
In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Enter Edgar, disguised like a Madman.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Didst thou give them all?

Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have sub-
dued nature

To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

The Justice of Providence.

That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
I get the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power
quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.

Patience and Sorrow.

Patience and sorrow strove

Which should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most lov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Description of Lear distracted.

Alack, 'tis he! why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlots, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.

Description of Dover-Cliff.

Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still:—
how fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on th'unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Gloster's Farewell to the World.

O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your fights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposel's wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!

On the Abuse of Power.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand;
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own
back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozened.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtle breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigny's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Out thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Cordelia

Cordelia on the Ingratitude of her Sisters.

O, my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
Within this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.

Scene between Lear and Cordelia.

Cord. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cord. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; where did you die?

Cord. Still, still far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I?—
Fair day-light!

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I will not swear
These are my hands.

Cord. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remember not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cord. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray
Weep not:

you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cord. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Gent. If your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted, good madam; the great
rage,

You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cord. Will 't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and
foolish.

Lear to Cordelia, when taken Prisoners.

No, no, no, no! come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense.

The Justice of the Gods.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

*Edgar's Account of his discovering himself to his
Father, &c.*

Lift a brief tale:—

And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would
burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near (O our lives sweetness!
That with the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!), taught me to shift
Into a madman's rage; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father, with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, fav'd him from de-
spair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, tho' hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst state,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father:
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack:—twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Lear on the death of Cordelia.

Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O you are men of
stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone
for ever!

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead at earth: lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master!

Lear. Pr'ythee away.—

A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; but she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low.

Lear dying.

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no
more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

§ 29. MACBETH. SHAKSPEARE.

Witches described.

—WHAT are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth's Temper.

Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
highly,
wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
d'yet wouldst wrongly win.

Lady Macbeth, on the News of Duncan's Approach.

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my full purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering min-
ist'ers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep thro' the blanket of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"—

Macbeth's Irresolution.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.—

True Fortitude.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

The murdering Scene. Macbeth alone.

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw—

Thou

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the welf, [pace,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he
lives— [A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [Exit.

Enter Lady.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—
Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about
it:—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd
their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My
husband?

Macb. I have done the deed:—didst thou not
hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owls scream and the crickets
Did not you speak? [cry.

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descend?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! 'who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight!

Lady. A foolish thought! to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and
one cried "murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and
"Amen!" the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen?

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep
no more!"

"Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
"Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
"The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
"Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
"Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Lady. What do you mean? [house:

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore
Cawdor [more!"

"Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more."
Lady. Who was it, that thus cried? Why,
worthy Thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things: go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them; and linear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.
How is 't with me, when ev'ry noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.—

Re-enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame [Knock.

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark! more knocking:

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts. [myself.

Macb. To know my deed—'twere best not know
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would thou
couldst!

Macbeth's guilty Conscience, and Fears of Banquo.

Enter Macbeth to his Lady.

Lady. Now now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of forriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
rouse.

Scene a Room of State. Banquet prepared.

*Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenax. Lords, and
Attendants.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed, were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

*[The ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in
Macbeth's place.]*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full! *[Starting.]*

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends.—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[To Macb. aside.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
Which might appal the devil. *[that]*

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear: *[aside.]*

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O these flaws and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Author'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? when all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!

Behold! look! lo! how fair you?

[Pointing to the ghost.]

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those, that we bury, back—our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. *[The ghost vanishes.]*

Lady. What! quit unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

[time]

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, the hidden

Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end: but now they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, love and health
to all;

Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full:—

I drink

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[The ghost rises again.]

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! Why, so—being gone,

[The ghost vanishes.]

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

[The lords rise.]

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all! *[Exeunt lords.]*

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
have blood:

My bones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Angels and understood relations, have
By magpies, and crows, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.

Witches, their Power.

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and treas blown
down;

Though castles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to our foundations; though the trea-
Of nature's germins tumble altogether, *[sure]*
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

Malcolm's Character of himself.

Mal. But I have none; the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I pow'r, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Upbraid the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak;
I am as I have spoken.

Mud. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died ev'ry day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false-speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command.

An oppressed Country.

Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where no-
thing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent
the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce sild, for who: and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps, *[lives]*
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macduff, on the Murder of his Wife and Children.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?

The general cause? or is it a sec-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
ever,

Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guff at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and
babes

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could
be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife

Rosse. I have said. [kill'd too?

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children!—All my pretty
ones?

Did you say all? what, all? O hell-kite! all?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven
look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Full slaughter on their souls; heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine
eyes,

And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle Heaven,
Cut short all intermission; frownt to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our pow'r is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer
you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exit.*

Despised Old Age.

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the year, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare
not.

Diseases of the Mind incurable.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Reflections on Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

§ 30. OTHELLO. SHAKESPEARE.

Preferment.

'TIS the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first.

In dispraise of Honesty.

We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
casher'd:

Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them; and, when they have lin'd
their ears,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul,

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, Sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myself;

Heaven if my judge, not I for love and duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,

For doves to peck at: I am not what I seem.

Love

Love the sole Motive of Othello's marrying.

For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would bet my unoutletted free condition
Put into circumscription and confine,
For the sea's worth.

Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine moons wadded, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Her father

Lov'd me; oft invited me; still question'd me
The story of my life, from year to year;
The battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it,
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the inselent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;
And portance in my travel's history.

These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intensively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful—
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man:—she
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

Perfect Content.

O my soul's joy!

If after ev'ry tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

A Lover's Exclamation.

Excellent wretch! perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Othello's first Suspicion.

Think, my lord! by Heaven he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean some-
thing;

I heard thee say but now—thou lik'st not that—
When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
And when I told thee—he was of my counsel,
In my whole course of wooing: thou criest,
“Indeed!”

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iag. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them
breath—

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements working from the
That passion cannot rule. [heart,

Reputation.

Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello's Soliloquy after having been worked up to Jealousy by Iago.

This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: if I prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;

And

And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have : or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ; yet that's not much—
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage !
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungcon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses.

Jealousy.

Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.

The Tortures of Jealousy.

Enter Othello.

Iago. Look where he comes ! not poppy, nor
mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha ! ha ! false to me ? to me ?

Iago. Why, how now, general ! no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt ! begone ! thou hast set me on the
rack :

I swear 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord ?

Oth. Whatfence had I of her stolen hours of lust ?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, was free and merry ;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips ;
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known : O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind ! Farewel content !
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue ! O farewell !
Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner ; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel ! Othello's occupation's gone !

Iago. Is't possible, my lord ?

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a
whore ;

Be sure of it ; give me the ocular proof ;

[*Catching hold on him.*

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this ?

Oth. Make me to see it ; or, at the least, to prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on : or, woe upon thy life !

Iago. My noble lord—

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more : abandon all remorse ;

On horror's head horrors accumulate :
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace ! O Heaven defend me !

Are you a man ? have you a soul, or sense ?
God bewi' you : take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !
O monstrous world ! take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit ; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay :—thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise ; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not ;
I'll have some proof. My name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

Othello's Story of the Handkerchief.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love ; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;
And bid me, when my state would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did so ; and take heed of 't,
Make it a darling, like your precious eye ;
To lose 't or give 't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.—

—There's magic in the web of it :
A Sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury few'd the work :
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

A Lover's Computation of Time.

What ! keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?
Eight-score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight-score times ?
O weary reckoning !

*Othello's Speech, after having received the Man-
date when confirmed in his Suspicions.*

Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn ;
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again ; and she can weep, Sir, weep ;
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient—
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, Sir—O well painted passion !—
I am commanded home :—get you away.
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate.
And will return to Venice—hence, avant !

[*Ex. Des.
Cassio*

Cassio shall have my place. And—Sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—
Goats and monkeys! [Exit Othello.]

His pathetic Upbraiding of his Wife.

Def. Upon my knees, what doth your speech
I understand a fury in your words, [import?]
But not your words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal
wife.

Oth. Come, swear it; damn thyself;
Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
Swear thou art honest. [damn'd;]

Def. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows
That thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom, my lord?
With whom? How am I false?

Oth. O, Desdemona, away! away! away!

Def. Alas the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect,
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd Heaven,
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn
To point his slow, unmoving finger at—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion
there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Def. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer-flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with their wings. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense akes at thee; would thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Def. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what committed!
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks
That would to cinners burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it: what committed!
Impudent strumpet!

Def. By Heaven, you do me wrong!

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other soul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Def. O Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.

Desdemona's Faithfulness,

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel—

[Kneeling.]

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort, forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.

*A Bed-chamber: Desdemona is discovered asleep
in her Bed.*

Enter Othello, with a Light and Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[Lays down the sword.]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light re-lume.

[Sets down the sword.]

When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither.—I'll smelt it on the tree,

[Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, thou dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword! One more.
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kiss thee,
And love thee after; one more, and this the last;
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.

Othello's Confusion after having murdered his Wife.

Yes, 'tis Emilia:—by and by—she's dead.
'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high. Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? were't good
I think she stirs again:—no.—What's the best?
If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
O insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

His Love, for her.

Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

His bitter Remorse.

Behold! I have a weapon:
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd.
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost fail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—where should Othello go?
Now—how dost thou look now? O ill-farr'd
wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl
E'en like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

His last Speech.

Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued
eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this:
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.]

§ 31. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING
RICHARD II. SHAKSPEARE.

Reputation.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

Cowardice.

That which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Banishment, Consolation under it.

All places that the eye of Heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say, I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee:—Or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing-birds musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance:
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Thoughts ineffectual to moderate Affliction.

O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Popularity.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knees.
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my loving
As were our England in reversion his, [friends;
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

England.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradise,
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This

This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds ;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

Grief.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
Like perspective, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion ; eyed awry,
Distinguisheth form.——

Hope deceitful.

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope ; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

• • *The Prophecies of War.*

The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth ;
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.

Richard to England, on his Arrival.

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting ;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Freed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense :
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way ;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flow'r,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

The Sun rising after a dark Night.

— Know'st thou not,
That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He sets the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves !

On the Vanity of Power, and Misery of Kings.

No matter where ; of comfort no man speak ;
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills ;
And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposited bodies to the ground :
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's ;
And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
All murder'd :—I'or within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits,
Scuffling his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewel king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends :—subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Melancholy Stories.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire,
With gold old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woful ages long ago betid :
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

A Description of Bolingbroke's and Richard's Entry into London.

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course ;
While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke !

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,
Jesu preserve thee ! welcome Bolingbroke !
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespoke them thus—I thank you, countrymen !
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard ! where rides he the while ?

York. As in a theatre the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried, God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perceive have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Violets.

Who are the violets now,
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

King Richard's Soliloquy in Prison.

I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world :
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it—yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
My soul, the father : and these two begot
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world ;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented—

Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame—
That many have, and others must sit there :
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one prison, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I a king ;
Then treason makes me with myself a beggar ;
And so I am : then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I king'd again : and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But, whatever I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be cas'd
With being nothing.—

§ 32. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD III. SHAKESPEARE.

Richard, on his own Deformity.

NOW are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings ;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
front ;

And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambli'g nymph ;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them—
Why I, in this meek piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And desert on my own deformity :
And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days—
I am determin'd to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.

Richard's Love for Lady Anne.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
Not, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford took his sword at him ;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death ;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep—
I never sued to friend, nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to
speak.

On his own Person, after his successful Addresses.

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while :
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body :
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.

Queen Margaret's Execration.

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be when some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !

Thou

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou flapper of thy heavy mother's womb !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

High Birth.

I was born so high,
 Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
 And dallies with the wind, and scorns the fun.

Richard's Hypocrisy.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ,
 And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

Clarence's Dream.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray
 you tell me. [Tower,

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
 And, in my company, my brother Glo'ter ;
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward
 England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Glo'ter stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in my ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cried aloud—“ What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud—
 “ Clarence is come, false, fleeing, perjur'd Cla-
 “ rence—

“ That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
 “ Seize on him, furies, take him to your ter-
 “ ments ! ”

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Invir'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise
 I trembling wak'd ; and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done those things
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :
 O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !

Sorrow.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Greatness, its Cares.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And, for unselt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that, between their titles and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Duchess of York on the Misfortunes of her Family.

Accur'd and unquiet wrangling days !
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
 My husband lost his life to get the crown,
 And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
 For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
 And being seated, and domestic broils
 Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
 Blood to blood, self against self :—O preposterous
 And frantic outrage ! end thy damned spleen ;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Deceit.

Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shapes ;
 And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice !

Submission to Heaven, our Duty.

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more, to be thus opposite with Heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Contemplation.

When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Description

*Description of the Murder of the two young Princes
in the Tower.*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch-deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes;"
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one ano-
" Within their alabaster innocent arms; [ther
" Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
" Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
" A book of prayers on their pillow lay; [mind;
" Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my
" But, O the devil!—there the villain stopt.
When Dighton thus tolt on—" We smothered
" The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
" That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with confidence and remorse:
They could not speak; and so I left them both
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

Expedition.

Come—I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Queen Margaret's Imprecation.

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
One heav'd alight to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a gaudy flag,
To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sies, and kneels, and says, God save the
queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very cairiff crown'd with care;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

His Mother's Character of King Richard.

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild, and
furious; [turous;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ven-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly, and bloody..

Hope.

True Hope is swift, and flies with swallows
wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

A fine Evening.

The weary sun hath made a golden set;
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Day-break.

The silent hours steal on,
And slaky darkness breaks within the east.

Richmond's Prayer.

O thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O defend me still!

Richard starting out of his Dream.

Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft, I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by!

Confidence.

Confidence is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

Richard before the Battle.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! victory sits on our helms.

Alarm. Enter King Richard.

K. Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom
for a horse!

Cutsb. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to
a horse.

K. Richard. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye:
I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

§ 33. ROMEO AND JULIET.
SHAKESPEARE.

Love.

LOVE is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers tears:
What is it else? a madness most discrete,
A choaking gall, and a preserving sweets

On Dreams.

O then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate stoue
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon spokes made of long-spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers knees, that dream on courtiers
straight;

O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which off the angry Mab with blisters plaques,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as he lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul fluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mab. True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wows
Ev'n now the frozen bosom of the north,
And being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

A Beauty described.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows

The Courtship between Romeo and Juliet, in the Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

[Juliet appears above at the window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off—
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those

stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eye in heaven,
Would thro' the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven,
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo!—wherefore art thou?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name: [Romeo?]
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this? *[Aside.]*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy—

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd
in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had it it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
words

Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee I like.

h

Jul.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;

For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their And; but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to entice lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes. [Quire;
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell, compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say Ay,
And I will take thy word:—yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my 'haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all—

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: altho' I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, it lightens—sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flow'r when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night!—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? For what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[Nurse calls within.]

Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit.]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
All this is but a dream I hear and see;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[Within:] Madam!

I come anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—[Within:] Madam!] By and by I come—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good-night! [Exit.]

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O, for a fauleoper's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. Madam.

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there, Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone: And yet no further than a wanton's bird; Who lets it hop a little from her hand, Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves, And with a silk thread plucks it back again, So loving jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I; Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing. Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow,

That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.

[Exit.

Love's Heralds.

Love's heralds should be thoughts, Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams, Driving back shadows over lowering hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Violent Delights not lasting.

These violent delights have violent ends, And in their triumph die; like fire and powder, Which, as they kiss, consume.

Lovers light of Foot.

O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint: A lover may bestride the gossamours, That idle in the wanton summer air, And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

A Lover's Impatience.

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds, To Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner As Phaeton would whip you to the west, And bring in cloudy night immediately. Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night! That shutt'ns eyes may wink; and Romeo Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen! Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites By their own beauties: or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night.

Romeo, on his Banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death: For exile hath more terror in his look Than death, much more: do not say banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished: Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls, But purgatory, torture, hell itself. Hence banished, is banish'd from the world, And world's exile is death; then banishment Is death misterr'd: calling death banishment, Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe, And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankful! Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince, Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law, And turn'd thy back word death to banishment: This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here, Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog, And little mouse, every unworthy thing, Live here in heaven, and may look on her, But Romeo may not. More validi v, More honourable state, more courtship lives In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand, And steal immortal blessing from her lips; But Romeo may not, he is banished! Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death, though near so mean, But—banished—to kill me; banished? O friar, the damned use that word in hell; Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, A sin absolver, and my friend profest, To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond madman, hear me but speak a word

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment!

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word; Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy, To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished? hang up philosophy! Unless philosophy can make a Juliet, Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom, It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

Fri. O then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love, An hour but married, Tybalt murdered, Doting like me, and like me banished, Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair, And fall upon the ground, as I do now, Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Juliet's Chamber, looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark; That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree: Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops; I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it; It is some meteor that the sun exhales, To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua: Therefore stay yet, thou needst not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; I am content, so thou wilt have it so. I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Juliet's Resolution.

O bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a channel-house;
O'ercover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;
And hude me with a dead man in his shroud—
Things that to hearten him told have mad me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Juliet's Soliloquy on drinking the Potion.

Farewel—God knows, when we shall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—what should she do here?
My dismal scene I need must act alone:
Come, phial—what if this mixture do not work
at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?
No, no! this shall forbid it—he thou there.

[Pointing to a dagger.]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd, to have me dead;
Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack! alack! is it not like that I
So early waking—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Invironed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desp'rate brains?
O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point!—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.]

Joy and Mirth turn'd to their Contraries.

All things that we ordained festival;
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad' d'rial feast;
Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flow'rs serve for a burial cort;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Romeo's Description of, and Discourse with, the Apothecary.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuit, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
And if a man did need a poison now,
Whole sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff witch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art
Held, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear,
As will dispatch itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead:
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal dugs I have, but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing

Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not
sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast fold me none—
Farewel ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Romeo and Paris.

Par. Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Mountague ;
Can vengeance be pursued further than death ?
Condemned villain ! I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed ; and therefore came I
hither.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desp'rate man ;
Fly hence and leave me—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury.—O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight. Paris falls.*]

Par. O, I am slain ! if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*]

Rom. In faith I will :—let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris :—
What said my man, when my betroffed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ?—I think
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so :—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book !

Romeo's last Speech over Juliet in the Vault.

O my love ! my wife !

Death, that has suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet !
Why art thou yet so fair ? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous ;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee ;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again ; here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chambermaids—O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest ;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars [*last*]
From this world-weari'd flesh.—Eyes, look your
Arms, take your last embrace ! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death !—
Come, bitter conduct ! come, unsav'ry guide !
Thou desp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick, weary bark !

Here's to my love ! O true apothecary !

[*Drinks the Poison.*]

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

§ 34. TIMON OF ATHENS.

SHAKSPEARE.

Painting.

THE painting is almost the natural man ;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside : these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.

The Grace of a Cynic Philosopher.

Immortal gods ! I crave no pelr ;
I pray for no man but myself :
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond ;
Or a harlot, for her weeping ;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping ;
Or a keeper, with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen ! so fall to't.
Rich men sin, and I eat rot.

A faithful Steward.

So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders ; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spulch of wine, when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy ;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

The Ingratitude of Timon's Friends.

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are ho-
nourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them !—

Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.

Against Drudging.

Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd
To bring manlaughter into form, and set quarrel-
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed, [*ing*]
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world,
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his
wrongs [*lefsly* :
His outdies, to wear them, like his raiment, care-
h 3 And

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

Without the Walls of Athens.

Timon's Execrations on the Athenians.

Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves' dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;

Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filth
Convert o' the infant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters throats! Bound servants,
steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law! Misd, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Pity and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet confusion live!—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town!

A Friend forsaken.

As we do turn our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his families to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.

On Gold.

What is here?

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle voparist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul,
fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods?
why, this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; blest the accurs'd;
Make the poor leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spitalhouse and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, dried earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Timon to Alcibiades.

Go on—here's gold—go on.

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's cyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not
the babe.

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Spak not, begone.

To the Courtezans.

Consumptions slow

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foretell,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald,

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Deive some pain from you.

Timon's Restrictions on the Earth.

That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crying heaven,
Whereon Hyerion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth rear,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one prodigal!
Enfear thy fertile and conceptionous womb!
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marble mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root—dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,
 Whereof in careful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels of stuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

Timon's Discourse to Apemantus.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected:
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
 place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
 Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
 That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
 By putting on the cunning of a carper.
 Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
 By that which hath undone thee: hnge thy knee,
 And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe
 Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,
 And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
 Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapters, that bid
 welcome

To knaves, and all approachers: 'tis most just
 That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
 Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
 thyself,

A madman so long, now a fool: what, think'st
 That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
 Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
 That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold
 brook,

Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the crea-
 tures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhou'd trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 And 'twix mere nature—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find—

Tim. Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender
 arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
 Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
 The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thy-
 self in general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary, [men
 The mountains, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;
 Whence numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak—have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,
 For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,

That never knew but better, is some burthen.
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance; time
 Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou
 hate men?

They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag
 Must be thy subject; who in spite put stuff
 To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone.
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

On Gold.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*
 'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
 Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
 Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
 That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
 That soldier'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kils! that speak'st with every
 tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
 Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

Timon to the Thieves.

Why should you want? behold, the earth hath
 roots!

Within this mile break forth an hundred springs;
 The oaks bear masts, the briers scarlet lips;
 The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush
 Lays her full melfs before you. Want! why want'st
 a Thief? We cannot live on grass, on berries,
 water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
 fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
 That you are thieves profess; that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold: go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
 Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives to-
 gether:

Do villany; do, since you profess to do 't,
 Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief;
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough pow'r
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: to Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it,

36. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SHAKESPEARE.

Love in a brave young Soldier.

CALL her my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That fight such civil battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is in her of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, ~~also~~ hath none.

The checks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleek fondler than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse—O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Success not equal to our Hopes.

The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and dis-
asters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Devotive and errant from his course of growth.

On Degree.

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should list their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a top of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And, hence, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up itself.

Conduct in War superior to Action.

The still and mental parts;
What do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure—
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this, bed-work, mapp'ry, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Adversity the Trial of Man.

—Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them flames, which are, indeed, nought
But the protractive trials of great Jove, [Life
To find permissive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all assid and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and pow'ful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Achilles described by Ulysses.

The great Achilles—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the fore-hand of our host—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy tolepis deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
"Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage—
Such to-be-pitied and o'erwrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
"Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,
Would seem hyperbolos. At this fustly stuff,
The large Achilles, on his prest bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries—"Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon jilt!
Now play me Nestor—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being dress'd to some oration."
"I hat's done—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries—"Excellent!
"Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forthwith, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries—"O! enough, Patroclus,
"Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
"In pleasure of my spleen." And, in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Respect.

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when the coldy eyes
The youthful Phœbus.

Doubt.

The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the world.

Pleasure and Revenge.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

The Subtlety of Ulysses, and Stupidity of Ajax.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is it not strange?

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only,

He makes important: possess he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, "No recovery."

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you, and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by any will, affubigate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go him! Jupiter forbid!

And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
[Aside.]

Dio. And how his silence drinks up
pause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arms
I'll path him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll please his
pride: let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. Now he describes himself! [Aside.]

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness [Aside.]

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician that should be the
patient. [Aside.]

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.]

Ajax. He should not bear it so;

He should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [Aside.]

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [Aside.]

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

Nest. He is not yet through warm; force him
with praises, pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
[Aside.]

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
Hurt: here is a man—but 'tis before his face—[harm.]
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog! that shall palter thus
with us!

Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half—and, for his vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times—
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor ; were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the emineñce of him,
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Ulyss. Ay, my good son.

Diomedes. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
That there is no crying here; the hart Achilles
Each Trojan; please it great general
Let him gather all his state or war;

They are come to Troy : to-morrow, friends,
We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast,
And here's a lord—come knights from east to west,
And cut their flow'r, Ajax shall cope the best.

Achilles. Go with council. Let Achilles sleep :
Light boats fail swift, tho' greater hulks draw
deep. [Exeunt.]

An expecting Lover.

No, Pandarus : I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transporance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer ! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulders pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creffid !

I am giddy ; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense ; what will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar ? death, I fear me ;
Swooning destruction ; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers ;
I fear it much ; and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys ;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse ;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Constancy in Love protested.

Troilus. True swains in love shall in the world
to come [rhimes,
Approve their truths by Troilus : when their
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want smiles : truth tried with iteration—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus, shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cressida. Prophet may you be !

If I be false, I deserve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
When blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,

Upbraid my falsehood 'when they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son—
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Creffid.

Pride cures Pride.

Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Greatness contemptible when it declines.

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall : for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer :
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit ;
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Honour, continued Acts necessary to preserve its Lustre.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude : [your'd
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are de-
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost—
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in
present,
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours.
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past ;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object.

Love shook off by a Soldier.

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak, wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Lovers parting in the Morning.

Troil. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee

Cress. Night hath been too brief.

Troil. Behrew the witch! with venomous wights
the stays,

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary swift than thought.

Lovers Farewel.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and assign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu:
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distafted with the salt of broken tears.

Troilus's Character of the Grecian Youths

The Grecial youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

A Trumpeter.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy splinter'd bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes pour blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Diomedes's Manner of val'ing.

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Description of Cressida.

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coaxing welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader! set them down;
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

The Character of Troilus.

The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; arm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deadly in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd, soon calm'd
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews:
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.

Hector in Battle.

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee
Labouring for duty, make cruel war
Thro' ranks of Greekish youths: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in
Like an Olympian wrestling.

Achilles surveying Hector.

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, there.
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!

Honour more dear than Life.

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Pity to be discarded in War.

For the love of all the gods
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords!

Rash Vows.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorred
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

P A T H E T I C P I E C E S.

§ 37. *Sebastian and Dorax.* DRYDEN.

Re-enter Dorax, having taken off his Turban, and put on an Eastern Habit.

Dor. NOW do you know me?

Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.

Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,

Seb. As in a dream

I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.

Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?

Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake;
And death should give you back to answer me.

A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them open again,
And dried the dews they brought.

The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And, that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.

Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whole royal office is redress of wrongs:

If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, tho' I loathe this woman's war of tongue,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, Honour, be thou judge.

Seb. Honour befriend us both.

Beware, I warn thee yet to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:

I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls, and windy boasts;
Agl with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd even me, thy prince!

Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of Heaven in kings: for punishment
Is his own work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant (it irks me so to call my prince),
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling words; and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

Seb. How, tyrant!

Dor. Tyrant!

Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of glory, that circumscription
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaims thee traitor:
And, for a name

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade. [rant,

Dor. I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou ty-
rant, whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Eas'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,

And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell:
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee to make thy damning sure.

Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing.
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.

Dor. To well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this
Where like a statue thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes in all the gaudy round
Met nothing but a lye in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd and censur'd,
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly corrected, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answered, with a ready lye,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.

Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now by
Heaven

Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul unmanner'd scurril taunts.

Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee, that I
nam'd him,

That thing, that nothing but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.

Seb. All false as hell, or thou.

Dor. Yes; full as false

As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in those foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew, thy years grew with it.
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me;
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?

Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand
With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before):
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.

Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be
hop'd?

Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?

Seb. He had my promise, ere I knew thy love.

Dor. My services deserv'd thou shouldst re-
voke it.

Seb.

Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Even to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty,
To strike the man I lov'd!

Dor. Ev'n in the face of heaven, a place more
sacred,
Would I have struck the man, who, prompt by
pow'r,

Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provok'd by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

Seb. He du't: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd
with tears

To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.

Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.

Seb. The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.

Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me, what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face;
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dryshod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked rock.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back:
Give me revenge while I have breath to ask it.

Seb. Now by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it:
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee.
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.

Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lye.

Seb. No; to disprove that lye I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which mounting view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.

Dor. I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice:

Now draw; I should be loath to think thoudar'st not;
Beware of such another vile excuse.

Seb. O, patience, Heaven!

Dor. Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me, now 'tis base;
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight or be perjurd now; that's all thy choice.

Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst
be thank'd:

[Drawing.
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom on his wedding-night
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost,
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.

Dor. He then is my haud rival dead?
Seb. The question is beside our present purpose.
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.

Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou mayst
yet o'ertake him.

Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'st me longer.
I pry'thee let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserv'd,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death next thine I wish'd. [know:

Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never
But thou, like jealousy, enquir'st a truth,
Which found will torture thee: he died in fight;
Fought next my person, as in concert fought;
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side receiv'd my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.

Dor. I never can forgive him such a death.

Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not
bear it.
Now judge thyself who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and (durst I say?) as Heaven
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.

Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n.
And so, had I been favour'd, had I stood.

Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, ap-
Confess he justly was prefer'd to thee. [pears:

Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
O, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he receiv'd, such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side,
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king:
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate.
Ill sort'd with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his.
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

Seb.

Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit,
(For I will have it from thy very mouth)
That better, he deserv'd my love than thou.

Dor. O, wilt thou wouldst thou drive me? I must
grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love which more desert:
For you he fought and died; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
He saved your sacred life; which that I mis'd
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.

Seb. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle
name:
Thou mean'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Ask, didst thou not, Alonzo?

Can I speak?
Alas, I can't: answer to Alonzo—
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that best age I was the man you nam'd:
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax;
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.
Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst
repent:

Thou couldst not be a villain, tho' thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.

Dor. O, stop this headlong torrent of your good-
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul, [neis]
Half-drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion,
For pity spare, and say not, first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade;
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness
first,

But thou prevent'st me still in all that's noble.
I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid. [blefs'd me!]

Dor. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love!
But my is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!

Seb. Art thou so generous too, to pity him?
Then I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was—be my Alonzo.

Dor. What, my Alonzo, said you? my Alonzo!
Let my fears thank you, for I cannot speak;
And if I could, [mine.
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as

Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be
silent.

Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp without allay.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

§ 38. *Antony and Ventidius.* DRYDEN.

Ant. THEY tell me 'tis my birth-day; and I'll
keep it

With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast down—
To be trod out by Cæsar? [wards

Vent. [Aside] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

Ant. Count thy gains;
Now, Antony, wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has slav'd thy wanting age.

Vent. [Aside] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him up by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. [Having thrown himself down.]
Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou presist on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contract'd in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes: then Octavia,
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe

Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad,
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell
And burst myself with sighing—

'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot—

Vent. Methinks, I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And fearless quench their thirst while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-citizen.

More

More of this image, more; it lulls my thoughts.

Vent. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer.
[S'ands before him.]

Ant. [S'ring up.] Art thou Ventidius?

Vent. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Vent. Sir, I love you.

And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me?

Where have you learnt that answer? Who am I?

Vent. My emperor; the man I lov'd next Heaven.

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:

You're all that's good and godlike.

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;

And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?

For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a foe, too much.

Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew,

I have not wept these forty years; but now

My mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness, [he weeps]

Ant. By Heaven he weeps, poor good old man!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em Ventidius,

Or shall I blush to death; they set my shame,

That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best. [friends;

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine—nay, father—

Vent. Emperor!

Ant. Emperor! why that's the style of victory.

The conqu'ring soldier, red with unfeelt wounds,

Salutes his general so: but never more

Shall that sound reach my ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. Aetium, Aetium! O——

Vent. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;

And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,

The hag that rides my dreams.

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame—

I lost a battle.

Vent. So has Julius done. [thou think'st;

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half

For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly:

But Antony——

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. Antony——

(Well, thou wilt have it)—like a coward fled,

Fled while his soldiers fought; fled first, Ventidius.

Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou can'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, *Ventidius.*

Vent. Yes and a brave one: but—— [disg.

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd

The name of soldier, with inglorious ease.

In the full vintage of my flowing honours

Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.

Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,

And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.

When first I came to empire, I was borne

On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs;

The wish of nations, and the willing world

Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.

I was so great, so happy, so belov'd;

Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,

And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,

And turn'd her loofe: yet still she came again.

My careless days, and my luxurious nights,

At length have wear'd her, and now she's gone;

Gone, gone, ~~disgrac'd~~ for ever! He's me, soldier,

To curse this madman, this indutrious fool,

Who labour'd to be wretched. Prythee curse me.

Vent. No.

Ant. Why?

Vent. You are too sensible already

Of what you've done, too conscious of your failings;

And like a scorpion, whipt by others first

To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,

Cure your disemper'd mind, and heal your for-

Ant. I know thou wouldst. [tune.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love

Give cordials to the dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me

desperate

Without just cause? No, when I found all lost

Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,

And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do

So heartily, I think it is not worth

The cost of keeping.

Vent. Caesar thinks not so:

He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.

You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do

Hold out your throat to Caesar, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall

But fortune calls upon us now to live, [serve:

To fight, to conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius. [hours

Vent. No, 'tis you dream; you sleep away your

In desperate sloth, with idle philosophy.

Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,

And long to call you chief. By painful journey

I led 'em, patient both of meat and hunger,

Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.

'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,

Their scari'd cheeks, and chapt hands; there's

virtue in 'em:

They'll

They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I say, in Lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be life in these.

Vent. They will not come. [mis'd aids,

Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with pro-
To double my despair? They're mutinous.

Vent. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me. O trifier!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I am besieg'd. [hither?

Vent. There's but one way shut up—how came I

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cle-
opatra.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said they would not fight for Cle-
opatra.

Why should they fight, indeed, to make her con-
quer,

And make you more a slave to gain you kingdoms,
Which for a kiss, at your next midnight feast,
You'll sell to her?—Then she new names her
jewels,

And calls this diamond such or such a tax;

Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence

On all my other faults; but, on your life,

No word of Cleopatra; she deserves

More worlds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold you pow'rs,

To whom you have entrusted human kind;

See Europe, Africa, Asia put in balance;

And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!

I think the gods are Antonies, and give,

Like prodigals, this nether world away

To none but wasteful hands.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain info-
lence!

Thy men are cowards; thou, an envious traitor;

Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented

The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.

O, that thou wert my equal; great in arms

As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee

Without stain to my honour!

Vent. You may kill me.

You have done more already; call'd me traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For shewing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done. But had I been

That name, which I disdain to speak again,

I need not have fought your abject fortunes,

Come to partake your fate, to die with you.

What hinder'd me to have led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been

A traitor then, a glorious, happy traitor,

And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, soldier;

I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;

Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, Sir;

Pray kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness

Has left your sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;

I hid it in my rage: prythee forgive me.

Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery

Of what I would not hear?

Vent. No prince but you

Could merit that sincerity I us'd,

Nor durst another man have ventur'd it:

But you, ere love mist your wand'ring eyes,

Were sure the chief and best of human race,

Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.

Ant. But Cleopatra—

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

[mayst:

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou

Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.

Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart; for that

kind word.

May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do: Speak this, and this, and this.

Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,

And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;

Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Vent. And, will you leave this—

Ant. Prythee do not curse her,

And I will leave her; tho' Heaven knows I love

Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:

But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my royal master.

And shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier:

Thou shalt behold me once again in iron;

And, at the head of our old troops, that beat

The Parthians, cry aloud, Come, follow me!

Vent. O, now I hear my emperor! In that word

Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day;

And, if I have ten years behind, take all;

I'll thank you for the exchange.

Ant. O, Cleopatra!

Vent. Again!

Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;

Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover

From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe

Another soul; your looks are more divine;

You speak a hero, and you move a god.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me! my soul's up in arms,

And mans each part about me. Once again

That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;

That eagerness, with which I darted upward

To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill

Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears

Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;

I won the trenches, while my foremost men

Lagg'd on the plain below.

Vent.

Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once thore to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our
troops,

May taste fate to 'em; mov' 'em out a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

§ 30. *Theodotus and Marcian.* LEE.

Theo. HA! what rash thing art thou, who
sett'st so small

A value on thy life, thus to presume
Against the fatal orders I have given,
Thus to entrench on Cæsar's solitude,
And urge me to thy ruin?

Mar. Mighty Cæsar,
I have transgress'd; and for my pardon bow
To thee, as to the gods, when I offend:
Nor can I doubt your mercy, when you know
The nature of my crime. I am commission'd
From all the earth to give thee thanks and praises,
Thou darling of mankind! whose conqu'ring arms
Already drown the glory of great Julius;
Whose deeper reach in laws and policy
Makes wise Augustus envy thee in heaven!
What mean the Fates by such prodigious virtue?
When scarce the manly down yet shades thy face,
With conquests thus to over-run the world,
And make barbarians tremble. O ye gods!
Should Destiny now end thee in the bloom,
Methinks I see thee mourn'd above the loss
Of lov'd Germanicus; thy funerals,
Like his, are solemniz'd with tears and blood.

Theo. How, Marcian!

Mar. Yes, the raging multitude,
Like torrents, set no bound to their mad grief;
Shave their wives heads and tear off their own
hair:

With wild despair they bring their infants out,
To brawl their parents sorrow in the streets:
Trade is no more, all courts of justice stop;
With stones they dash the windows of their tem-
ples,

Pull down their altars, break their household gods;
And still the universal groan is this—

"Constantinople's lost, our empire's ruin'd;
Since he is gone, that father of his country,
Since he is dead, O life, where is thy pleasure?
O Rome, O conquer'd world, where is thy glory?"

Theo. I know thee well, thy custom and thy
manners.

Thou didst upbraid me: but no more of this,
Not for thy life—

Mar. What's life without my honour?
Could you transform yourself into a Gorgon,
Or make that beardless face like Jupiter's,
I would be heard in spite of all your thunder:
O pow'r of guilt! you fear to stand the test
Which Virtue brings; like sores your vices
shake

Before this Roman healer. But, by the gods!
Before I go, I'll rip the malady,
And let the venom flow before your eyes.
This is a debt to the great Theodosius.
The grandfather of your illustrious blood:
And then farewell for ever.

Theo. Presuming Marcian!

What canst thou urge against my innocence?
Thro' the whole course of all my harmless youth,
Ev'n to this hour, I cannot call to mind
One wicked act which I have done to shame me.

Mar. This may be true: yet if you give the key
To other hands, and your poor subjects suffer,
Your negligence to them is as the cause.

O Theodosius, credit me, who know
The world, and hear how soldiers censure kings;
In after-times, if thus you should go on,
Your memory by warriors will be scorn'd,
As much as Nero and Caligula loath'd;
They will dispute your sloth, and backward ease,
More than they hate the others' cruelty.

And what a thing, ye gods, is scorn, or pity!
Heap on me, Heaven, the hate of all mankind;
Load me with malice, envy, detestation;
Let me be horrid to all apprehension,
And the world thun me, so I scape but scorn.

Theo. Pity thee no more.

Mar. Nay, when the legions make comparisons,
And say, Thus cruel Nero once resolv'd
On Galba's insurrection, for revenge,
To give all France as plunder to the army;
To poison the whole senate at a feast;
To burn the city, turn the wild-beasts out,
Bears, lions, tigers, on the multitude;
I har to obstructing those that quench'd the fire,
He might at once destroy rebellious Rome—

Theo. O cruelty! why tell'st thou me of this?
Am I of such a barbarous bloody temper?

Mar. Yet some will say, This shew'd he had a
spirit,

However fierce, avenging, and pernicious,
That favour'd of a Roman: but for you,
What can your partial sycophants invent,
To make you room among the emperors?
Whose utmost is the smallest part of Nero;
A pretty player, one that can act a hero,
And never be one. O ye immortal gods,

Is this the old Cæsarian majesty?
Now, in the name of our great Romulus,
Why sing you not, and fiddle too, as he did?
Why have you not, like Nero, a Phonnacus?

One to take care of your celestial voice?
Lie on your back, my lord, and on your stomach
Lay a thin plate of lead, abstain from fruits;
And when the business of the stage is done,
Retire with your loose friends to costly banquets,
While the lean army groans upon the ground.

Theo. Leave me, I say, lest I chastise thee;

Hence, be gone, I say—

Mar. Not till you have heard me out.
Build too, like him, a palace lin'd with gold,
As long and large as that of th' Esquiline;
Inclose a pool too in it, like the sea,
And at the empire's cost let navies meet;

Adorn your starry chambers too with gems;
 Contrive the plated ceilings to turn round,
 With pipes to cast ambrosian oils upon you:
 Consume with this prodigious vanity,
 In mere perfumes and odorous distillations,
 Of festives at once four hundred millions:
 Let naked virgins wait you at your table,
 And wanton Cupids dance and clap their wings.
 No matter what becomes of the poor soldiers,
 So they perform the drudgery they are fit for;
 Why, let 'em starve for want of their arrears,
 Drop as they go, and lie like dogs in ditches.

Theo. Coine, you art a traitor!

Mar. Go to, you are a boy—

Or by the gods—

Theo. If arrogance like this,

And to the emperor's face, should 'scape unpunished,

I'll write myself a coward, 'lie, then, villain,

A death too glorious for so bad a man,

By 'Theodosius' hand.

[*Marcian disarms him, but is wounded.*]

Mar. Now, sir, where are you?

What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,
 Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?

Has he not cut me off from all my honours?

Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,

Banish'd the court, a vagabond for ever?

Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me?

Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge 'em?

What hinders now, but that I mount the throne,

And make, besides, this purple youth my footstool?

The armies court me: and my country's cause,

The injuries of Rome and Greece, persuade me.

Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,

They'll make me emperor whether I will or no:

Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,

Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head

Against his friend a black conspiracy,

And stab the majesty of all the world?

Theo. As thou please: I am within your power.

Mar. Did not the former Brutus, for the crime

Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?

And shall this prince too, by permitting others

To act their wicked wills, and lawless pleasures,

Ravish from the empire its dear health,

Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?

Go on in this dishonourable rest?

Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd troops

Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;

And, like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,

Feed on the haws and berries of the fields?

O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods;

Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart

Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,

Rouse him a little from this death of honour,

And shew him what he should be.

Theo. You accuse me,

As if I were some monster most unheard of!

Pris, as the ruin of the army; then

Of taking your commission: but by Heaven

I swear, O Marcian! this I never did,

Nor ne'er intended it: nor say I this

To alter thy stern usage; for with what

Thou'st said, and done, and brought to my remembrance,

I grow already weary of my life.

Mar. My lord, I take your word: you do not know

The wounds which rage within your country's bowels;

The horrid usage of the suffering soldier:

But why will not our Theodosius know?

If you entrust the government to others

That act these crimes, who but yourself's to blame?

Be witness, O ye gods! of my plain dealing,

Of Marcian's honesty, howe'er degraded.

I thank you for my banishment: but, alas!

My loss is little to what soon will follow!

Reflect but on yourself and your own joys;

Let not this lethargy for ever hold you.

'Twas rumour'd thro' the city, that you lov'd;

That your espousals should be solemniz'd;

When on a sudden here you send your orders

That this bright favourite, the lov'd Eudisia,

Should lose her head.

Theo. O heaven and earth! What say'st thou?

That I have seal'd the death of my Eudisia!

Mar. 'Tis your own hand and signet: yet I swear,

Tho' you have given to female hands your sway,

And therefore I, as well as the whole army,

For ever ought to curse all womankind;

Yet when the virgin came, as she was doom'd,

And on the scaffold, for that purpose rais'd

Without the walls, appear'd before the army—

Theo. What! on a scaffold! ha! before the army?

Mar. How quickly was the tide of fury turn'd

To soft compassion, and relenting tears!

But when the axe

Sever'd the brightest beauty of the earth

From that fair body—had you heard the groan,

Which, like a peal of distant thunder, ran

Through all the armed host, you would have thought,

By the immediate darkness that fell round us,

Whole nature was concern'd at such a suffering,

And all the gods were angry.

Theo. O Pulcheria!

Cruel, ambitious sister! this must be

Thy doing. O, support me, noble Marcian!

Now, now's the time, if thou dar'st strike, behold,

I offer thee my breast; with my last breath,

I'll thank thee too, if now thou draw'st my blood.

Were I to live, thy counsel should direct me;

But 'tis too late—

Mar. He faints! What, ho, there! Lucius!

My lord the emperor! Eudisia lives;

She's here, or will be in a minute, moment!

Quick as the thought, she calls you to the temple.

O, Lucius, help!—I've gone too far; but see,

He breathes again.—Eudisia has awaked him.

Theo. Did you not name Eudisia?

Mar. Yes, she lives:

I did but feign the story of her death,

To find how near you plac'd her to your heart:

And may the gods rain all their plagues upon me,

If ever I rebuke you thus again!

Yet

Yet 'tis most certain that you sign'd her death,
Not knowing what the wife Pulcheria offer'd,
Who left it in my hand to startle you :
But, by my life and fame, I did not think
It would have touch'd your life. O pardon me,
Dear prince, my lord, my emperor, royal master,
Droop not because I utter'd some rash words,
And was a madman.—By the immortal gods
I love you as my soul : whate'er I said,
My thoughts were otherwise ; believe these tears,
Which do not use to flow : all shall be well.
I swear that there are seeds in that sweet temper,
That atone for all the crimes in this bad age.

Theo. I thank thee first for my Eudokia's life.
What but my love could have call'd back that life
Which thou hast made me hate? But, O, methought
'Twas hard, dear Marcian, very hard, from thee,
From him I ever reverenc'd as my father,
To hear so harsh a message.—But no more ;
We're friends : thy hand. Nay, if thou wilt not
rise,

And let me fold my arms about thy neck,
I'll not believe thy love : in this forgive me.
First let me wed Eudokia, and we'll out ;
We will, my general, and make amends
For all that's past : glory and arms, ye call,
And Marcian leads me on !

Mar. Let her not rest, then ;
Espouse her straight : I'll strike you at a heat.
May this great humour get large growth within
you ;

And be encourag'd by the embold'ning gods !
O what a sight will this be to the soldier,
To see me bring you dress'd in shining armour,
To head the shouting squadrons !—O ye gods !
Methinks I hear the echoing cries of joy,
The sounds of trumpets, and the beat of drums ;
I see each starving soldier bound from earth,
As if a god by miracle had rais'd him ;
And, with beholding you, grow fat again !
Nothing but gazing eyes, and op'ning mouths,
Cheeks red with joy, and lined hands about you ;
Some wiping the glad tears that trickle down
With broken lo's, and with sobbing raptures,
Crying, To arms ! he's come ; our emperor's come
To win the world !—Why, is not this far better
Than lolling in a lady's lap, and sleeping,
Fasting or praying? Come, come, you shall be merry :
And for Eudokia, she is yours already :
Marcian has said it, sir ; she shall be yours.

Theo. O Marcian ! O my brother, father, all !
Thou best of friends ! most faithful counsellor !
I'll find a match for thee too, ere I rest,
To make these love me. For when thou art with
me,

I'm strong and well ; but when thou'rt gone, I'm
nothing.

§ 40. *Gloster and Hastings.* ROWE.

Gloft. MY lord, y'are well encounter'd ; here
has been

A fair petitioner this morning with us ;

Believe me, she has won me much to pity her .
Alas ! her gentle nature was not made
To buffet with adversity. I told her
How worthily her cause you had befriended ;
How much for your good sake we meant to do ;
That you had spoke, and all things should be well.

Hast. Your highness binds me ever to your ser-
vice.

Gloft. You know your friendship is most potent
with us,

And shares our power. But of this enough,
For we have other matter for your ear ;
The state is out of tune : distracting fears,
And jealous doubts, jar in our public counsels ;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings, and reproach on those that rule,
With open icorn of government ; hence credit,
And public trust 'twixt man and man, are broke.
The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artizans.
Who therefore curse the great, and threaten rebellion.

Hast. The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction ;
If in good days, like these, the headstrong herd
Grow madly wanton, and repine, it is
Because the reins of pow'r are held too slack,
And reverend authority of late
Has worn a face of meicy more than justice.

Gloft. Beshrew my heart ! but you have well
divin'd

The source of these disorders. Who can wonder
If riot and misrule o'erturn the realm,
When the crown sits upon a baby brow ?
Plainly to speak—hence comes the gen'ral cry,
And sum of all complaint : 'twill ne'er be well
With England (thus they talk) while children
govern. [that ?

Hast. 'Tis true the king is young; but what of
We feel no want of Edward's riper years,
While Gloster's valour and most princely wisdom
So well supply our infant sovereign's place,
His youth's support, and guardian to his throne.

Gloft. The council (much I'm bound to thank
'em for't)

Have plac'd a pageant sceptre in my hand,
Barren of pow'r, and subject to controul ;
Scorn'd by my foes, and useless to my friends.
O worthy lord ! were mine the rule indeed,
I think I should not suffer rank offence
At large to lord it in the commonweal ;
Nor would the realm be rent by discord thus,
Thus fear and doubt, berwixt disputed titles.

Hast. Of this I am to learn ; as not supposing
A doubt like this—

Gloft. Ay, marry, but there is ;
And that of much concern. Have you not heard
How, on a late occasion, Doctor Shaw
Has mov'd the people much about the lawfulness
Of Edward's issue ? By right grave authority
Of learning and religion plainly proving,
A bastard scion never should be grafted
Upon a royal stock ; from thence, at full
Discoursing on my brother's former contract
To Lady Elizabeth Lucy, long before

His

Thy jolly match with that same buxom widow
The queen he left behind him—

Hast. Ill befall

Such meddling priests, who kindle up confusion,
And vex the quiet world with their vain scruples!
By Heaven, 'tis done in perfect spite to peace.
Did not the king,
Our royal master, Edward, in concurrence
With his estates assembled, well determine
What course the sov'reign rule should take hence-
forward?

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long-divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their
brains,

Each day, with some fantastic giddy change?

Gloft. What if some patriot, for the public good,
Should vary from your scheme, new-mould the
state?

Hast. Curse on the innovating hand attempts it!
Remember him, the villain, righteous Heaven,
In thy great day of vengeance! Blast the traitor
And his pernicious counsels, who for wealth,
For pow'r, the pride of greatness, or revenge,
Would plunge his native land in civil wars!

Gloft. You go too far, my lord.

Hast. Your highness' pardon—

Have we so soon forgot those days of ruin,
When York and Lancaster drew forth the battles?
When, like a matron butcher'd by her sons,
And cast beside some common way, a spectacle
Of horror and affright to passers by,
Our groaning country bled at ev'ry vein;
When murders, rapes, and massacres prevail'd;
When churches, palaces, and cities blaz'd;
When insolence and barbarism triumph'd,
And swept away distinction; peasants trod
Upon the necks of nobles: low were laid
The reverend crosier and the holy mitre,
And desolation cover'd all the land;
Who can remember this, and not, like me,
Here vow to sheath a dagger in his heart
Whose damn'd ambition would renew those hor-
rors,

And see once more that scene of blood before us?

Gloft. How now! so hot!

Hast. So brave, and so resolv'd.

Gloft. Is then our friendship of so little moment,
That you could arm your hand against my life?

Hast. I hope your highness does not think I
meant it;

No, Heaven forbid that e'er your princely person
Should come within the scope of my resentment.

Gloft. O noble Hastings! Nay, I must embrace
you:

'By holy Paul, y' are a right honest man!

The time is full of danger and distrust,

And warns us to be wary. Hold me not

Too apt for jealousy and light surmise,

If when I mean to lodge you next my heart,

I put your truth to trial. Keep your loyalty,

And live, your king and country's best support:

For me, I ask no more than honour gives,
To think me yours, and rank me with your friends.

Hast. Accept what thanks a grateful heart
should pay.

O princely Gloucester! judge me not ungente,
Of manners rude, and insolent of speech,
If, when the public safety is in question,
My zeal flows warm and eager from my tongue.

Gloft. Enough of this; to deal in wordy com-
pliment

Is much against the plainness of my nature:

I judge you by myself, a clear true spirit;

And, as such, once more join you to my becom.
Farewel, and be my friend. [Exit.]

Hast. I am not read,

Nor skill'd and practis'd, in the arts of greatness,

To kindle thus, and give a scope to passion.

The duke is surely noble; but he touch'd me

Ev'n on the tenderest point, the master-string

That makes most harmony or discord to me.

I own the glorious subject fires my breast,

And my soul's darling passion stands confess'd;

Beyond or love's or friendship's sacred band,

Beyond myself, I prize my native land:

On this foundation would I build my fame,

And emulate the Greek and Roman name;

Think England's peace bought cheaply with my

blood,

And die with pleasure for my country's good.

§ 41. *Gustavus and Dalecarlians.* BROOKL.

1st Dale. LET us all see him!

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can
be found.

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus,

Anderson. Do, my lord.

Gustavus. My countrymen!—

1st Dale. Ho! hear him!

2d Dale. Peace!

3d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace!

[hearts,

Gus. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your

And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd

Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and
deaths,

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.

As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,

From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and
vengeful;

Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,

And know no music but the groans of Sweden.

Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,

And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;

Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour

Swept my great fire and kindred from my side;

For them Gustavus weeps not, tho' my eyes

Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.

But, O great parent, when I think on thee!

Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,

My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
And vengeance that would choke them—tears will
flow.

And. O, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them.
Practis'd to stab and smile, to stab the babe
That smiles upon them.

Ann. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches who to fiends like these,
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for!

Gust. O Liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative!
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from slatt'ring
ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wint'ry shore,
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire, offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I fought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite foes I fought; thy sons, O Liberty!
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafterd cott'age to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain
tops

Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gust. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefa-
thers,

From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings,
That dar'd the bold infringement? What but
liberty,

Thro' the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;
Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult;
And in one hour give up to infamy
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st Dale. No.

2d Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale. Perish all first.

4th Dale. Die all!

Gust. Yes, die by piece-meal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!
Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
To see ye fear'd; to see that e'en your foes
Do justice to your valours!—There they be,
The pow'rs of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
And, O, when I look round and see you here,
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,

Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty—that strikes to save
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,
And his large honours from eternal infamy?
What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here,
Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!
O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on
them—

This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,
Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
Flee to its fountain?

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus; one word
more

Is but delay of conquest.

Gust. Take your wish.

He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms!
With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
And skirt the forest down: then wheel at once,
Confess'd to view, and close up all the vale:
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,
Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat
high!

Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,
Each singly equal to an host of foes:
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermines light!
Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his eye!

§ 42. *Gustavus and Griestern.* BROOKE.

Griest. TELL me, Gustavus, tell me why is
this,

That, as a stream diverted from the banks
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men
Upon a dry unchannell'd enterprize,
To turn their inundation? Are the lives
Of my misguided people held so light,
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebuke
Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,
All awful and resistless, to assert
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings;
And blast rebellion?

Gust. Justice, sanctitude,
And rights! O, patience! Rights! what rights,
thou tyrant?

Yes, if perdition be the rule of pow'r;
If wrongs give right, O then, supreme in mischief,
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world!

Teq

Too narrow for thy claim. But if thou think'st
That crowns are vilely property'd, like coin,
To be the means, the speciality of lust,
And sensual attribution; if thou think'st
That empire is of titled birth or blood;
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,
Shall disengage all her lordly race,
And how her gen'ral issue to the yoke
Of private domination; then, thou proud one,
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er be told,
Not claim hereditary, not the trust
Of frank election,
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heaven,
Can authorize oppression, give a law
For lawless pow'r, wed faith to violation,
On reason build misuse, or justly bind
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny
Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,
Howe'er his own commence, can never be
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,
Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,
And wad'd wild war with universal nature.

Gisf. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it largely.
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,
And pow'r, prime attribute—as on thy tongue
The poise of battle lay, and arms of force,
To throw defiance in the front of duty?
Look round, unuly boy! thy battle comes
Like raw, disjointed must'ring, feeble wrath,
A war of waters, borne against the rock
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,
And shiver in the toil.

Gisf. Mistaken man!
I come inpow'rd and strengthen'd in thy weak-
ness;
For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne
Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,
Fear trembles in the cement; prayers, and tears,
And secret curses, sap its mould'ring base,
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:
Then let a single arm but dare the sway,
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

Trol. Profane, and alien to the love of heaven!
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,
That hangs o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents
Shorn from our holy church, and ostr'd up
As sacred to damnation?

Gisf. Yes, I know,
When such æsthetic, with sacrilegious hand,
Seize on the apostolic key of heaven,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates
That Heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the mountain, are the words
Of Christian meekness! mission all divine!
The law of love sole mandate. But your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigested peace,

To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallow'd men,
In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal witho'it truth, religion without virtue;
Who ne'er preach Heaven but with a downy
eye,

[*off*
That turns your souls to dross! who, shouting,
The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes.
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the
realm,

Receive your sanction. O, 'tis glorious mischief!
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of saintly elevation, blesteth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven
A sign of blood, a label for decrees
That Hell would shrink to own.

Gisf. No more of this.
Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,
Acceptance might be found,

Gisf. Imperial spoiler!
Give me my father, give me back my kindred,
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword
Has left our widows' children, Mine they were,
Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whole patriot breast
Bleeds in his country's woundings. O, thou canst
not!

Thou hast outsin'd all reck'ning! Give me then
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,
And spare yon little trembler,

Gisf. Yes, on terms
Of compact and submission.

Gisf. Ha! with thee? [*trv.*
Compact with thee? and mean'st thou for my coun-
try Sweden? No, so hold my heart but firm,
Altho' it wring for't, tho' blood drop for't,
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—
They both shall perish first.

§ 43. Brutus and Titus. LEE.

Brut. WELL, Titus, speak; how is it with thee
now?

I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I may take thee in the calm of nature,
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee;
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying;
Speak then, and tell me, O my best lov'd,
My son, my Titus, is all well again? [*thing*;
Tit. So well, that saying how must make it no-
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
Forso my heart with pow'rful throbs persuades me;
That were indeed to make you reparation,
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die:
And that for Titus too would be most happy.

Brut. How's that, my son? Would death for
thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;

From

From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Brut. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, sir, to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, sir, I call the pow'rs of heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous thro' the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever:
Not but I must confess my weakness too;
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.

Brut. O Titus! O thou absolute young man!
Thou flattering mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom,
Groom an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible,
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child:
For thou must die, my Titus, die, my son;
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave:
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights my sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas, my lord! [sorrow]
Why are you mov'd thus? Why am I worth your
Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Brut. They will, my Titus:
Nor heaven nor earth can have it otherwise.
Nay, Titus, mark: the deeper that I search,
My haras'd soul returns the more confirm'd:
Methinks I see the very hand of Jove
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate.
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd; O therefore let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the pow'r
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe! O Heaven! then must I fall so
basely?

What, shall I perish by the common hangman?

Brut. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.

Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate, cement Rome's flaws,

And heal her wounded freedom with thy blood.
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus;
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lister's lashes, bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes, and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe.
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman! ah! a beaten
slave!

But I deserve it all; yet here I fail!
The image of this suffering quite unmans me;
Nor can I longer stop the gushing tears.
O Sir! O Brutus! must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What, not bate me that!
Can you resolve, O all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour! to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd, and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah, sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Brut. Think that I love thee by my present
passion,

By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs, that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy sufferings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates,
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth, or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre,
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all you listers, slaves, and common hangmen,
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed, whip me like furies;
And when you've scourg'd me till I foam and fall,
For want of spirits groveling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge;
By all the gods, I greedily resign it!

Brut. No more—farewell, eternally farewell!
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in heaven. One last embrace!
What is it makes thy eyes thus swim again?

Tit. I had forgot: be good to Teraminta
When I am in ashes.

Brut. Leave her to my care.
See her thou must not, for thou canst not bear it.
O for one more, this pull, this tug of heart-
strings!

Farewell for ever!

Tit. O Brutus! O my father!

Brut. Canst thou not say farewell?

Tit.

Git. Farewel for ever !

Brut. For ever then ! but O, my tears run o'er ;
Groans choke my words, and I can speak no more.

§ 44. *Lady Randolph, Lord Randolph, and young Norval, now known at the time to be Lady Randolph's Son.* HOME.

Lady Ran. HOW fares my Lord ?

Lord Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death :
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,
At the cross way four armed men attack'd me,
Rovers I judge from the licentious camp,
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
They turn'd upon him : but his active arm
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no more,
The fiercest two ; the others fled amain,
And left him master of the bloody field.
Speak, Lady Randolph ; upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

Lady Ran. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril—but, humanly brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.
Have you yet learnt of him whom we should thank,
Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life ?

Lord Ran. I ask'd that question, and he answer'd
not :

But I must know who my deliverer is.

[*To the stranger.*]

Norv. A low-born man, of parentage obscure,
Who nought can boast but his desire to be
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

Lord Ran. Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is ennobled

By the great King of Kings ; thou art ordain'd
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand
Of nature ! Blush not, flow'r of modesty
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

Norv. My name is Norval : on the Grampian Hills

My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what my fire denied.
This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds
fled

For safety, and for succour, I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took : then hasten'd to my friends ;
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil encumber'd foe.
We fought, and conquer'd. Ere a sword was
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life : and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps :
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master,
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers ;
And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Lord Ran. He is as wise as brave : was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd ?
My brave deliverer ! thou shalt enter now
A nobler list ; and, in a monarch's sight,
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.
I will present thee to our Scottish king,
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.

Ha ! my Matilda ! wherefore starts that tear ?

Lady Ran. I cannot say ; for various affections,
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell :
Yet each of them may well command a tear.
I joy that thou art safe ; and I admire
Him, and his fortunes, who hath wrought thy
fate ;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.
Obscure and friendless, he the army fought ;
Bent upon peril, in the range of death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.
In this attempt unknown he might have per-
ish'd,

And gain'd with all his valour but oblivion.
Now, grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more
Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,
He stands conspicuous ; fame and great renown
Are brought within the compass of his sword.
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,
And blest the wonder-working hand of hea-
ven.

Lord Ran. Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts !

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.
Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,
In honour and command shall Norval be.

Norv. I know not how to thank you : rude I
am

In speech and manners : never till this hour
Stood I in such a presence : yet, my lord,
There's something in my breast which makes me
bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour.

Lady Ran. I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou
shalt be

My

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to day,
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.
Lord Rar. Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid
reply. [To Norval.]

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,
As was at first intended, to the camp;
Some of my train, I see, are speeding hither,
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.
Go with me, Norval; and thine eyes shall see
The chosen warriors of thy native land,
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air
With brandish'd swords.
Norv. Let us be gone, my lord.

§ 45. *Young Norval informs Lord Randolph
by what Means he acquired a Knowledge in the
Art of War.* HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
I went to see him; and my heart was touch'd
With reverence and with pity. Mild he spake,
And, enter'ing on discourse, such stories told,
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
For he had been a soldier in his youth;
And fought in famous battles, when the peers
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
Against th' usurping Infidel display'd
The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
His years away, and act his young encounters:
Then, having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
And all the live-long day discourse of war.
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line;
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
For all that Saracen or Christian knew
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

——— Unhappy man!
Returning homewards by Messina's port,
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought;
The stranger fell; and, with his dying breath,
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!
The soldier cried, my brother! O my brother!
——— They exchang'd forgiveness:
And happy, in my mind, was he that died;
For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.
In the wild desert on a rock he sits,
Upon some nameless stream's untrodden bank,
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
At times, alas! nor in his perfect mind,
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost;

And oft each night forsakes his fullen couch,
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

§ 46. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting
for Lady Randolph, after he was known to
be her Son.* HOME.

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a silly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil:
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flows.
Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host!
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear, and record, my soul's unalter'd wish!
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
May Heaven inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
To give a bold defiance to our host!
Before he speaks it out, I will accept:
Like DOUGLAS conquer, or like DOUGLAS die!

§ 47. C A T O. ADDISON.

ACT I.

Enter Portius and Marcus.

Por. **T**HE dawn is overcast, the morning lowers
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword;
Should he go farther, numbers would be lost
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy;
I'm tortur'd even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor; ev'ry time he's nam'd
Pharfalla rises to my view—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in
slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood!
O Portius! is there not some chosen curse,
Some

Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,

And mix'd with too much horror to be envied;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!

His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he lights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. All the world knows not this? But what can Cato do

Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Caesar?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms

A poor epitome of Roman greatness;
And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
By Heaven, such virtues, join'd with such successes,
Distract my very soul: our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors;
Our understanding traces them in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
O Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus
Passion unpurged, and successful love, [coldly.
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Thou seest not that thy brother is thy rival;

But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul.
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse;
I feel it here: my resolution melts.

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
How much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,

To copy out our father's bright example.

He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her;
His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it;
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him;
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
Reproach great Cato's son, and snew the world
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your words leave stings
behind 'em.

Whence'er did Juba, or did Portius, shew
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?

Por. Marcus, I know thy generous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance or dishonour on it,
It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's sufferings claim a brother's pity.

Por. Heaven knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes,
instead

Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?

Por. O Marcus! did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!

Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions. But Sempronius comes;
He must not find this softness hanging on me.

[*Ex. Marc.*

Enter Sempronius.

Sem. Conspiracies no longer should be form'd
Than executed. What means Portius here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart.

[*Aside.*

Good-morrow, Portius; let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, while yet we both are free.
To-morrow, should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms.
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun, 's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little Roman senate,
The leavings of Pharsalia, to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all her gods before it,
Or must at length give up the world to Caesar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make e'en Caesar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wondrous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be blest indeed!

Por.

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love

To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal,

When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed,
my Portius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son;
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here

On this important hour—I'll straight away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate, to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

[*Exit.*]
Sem. Curse on the stripling! how heapes his fire,
Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder
Old Syphax comes not: his Numidian genius
Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd
His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruin'd cause,
Are hus to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,
That show's down greatness on his friends, will
raise me

To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
I claim, in my reward, his captive daughter.
But Syphax comes—

[*Enter Syphax.*]

Sy. Sempronius, all is ready.
I've founded my Numidians, man by man,
And find them ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to waste;

Ev'n whilst we speak, our conqueror comes on,
And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war. In vain has nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all; victorious in his march,
The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
Thro' winds and waves, and storms, he works his way,

Impatient for the battle; one day more
Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
But, tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
And challenge better terms.

Sy. Alas, he's lost!

He's lost, Sempronius! all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues.—But I'll try once more
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith and honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Sy. But is it true, Sempronius, that your se-
rate

Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious;
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax: I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way);
I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,
And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Sy. In truth, thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs!
And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba:
Meanwhile I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontent, till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots and their last fatal periods.
O, 'tis a dreadful interval of time
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought; till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*]

Sy. I'll try if I can yet reduce to reason
This headstrong youth, and make him spurn at Cato.

The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us—
But hold! young Juba sees me, and approaches.

[*Enter Juba.*]

Jub. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent.
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Sy. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms

Against the lords and for' reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,

Amidst

Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Sy. Gods! where's the worth that sets these
people up

About her own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies it swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Laden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And bring our fierce barbarians into men.

Sy. Pardon, kind Heavens! excuse an old man's
earnest.

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman art, and this smooth behaviour,
That renders man thus tractable and tame?
Are they to teach us to disguise our passions,
To set our reason at variance with our thoughts,
To check the arts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue:
In short, to change us into other creatures
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To make thee dumb—turn up thy eyes

There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman soul lifts up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The powers and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His right virtue will accept of none.

Sy. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
Who does not boast the boasted virtues:
Craving the chase, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the burning stream he flakes his thirst;
Toils all day long, and at the approach of night
On the burning bank he throws him down,
Or rests upon a rock till morn;
There he resumes his wonted game;
And when he has no chance to find
A prey, he'll sit and wait till morning,
Disdaining sleep, and thinking of no prey.

Jub. By prejudice, *Sy.* you won't discern
What virtues grow from chance and choice,
Which others do from equal glory
And down on pleasures, and the baits of sense,

Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of
mind,

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon
him!

Sy. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
I think the Romans call it Stoicism.

Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's caution,
He had not fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Sy. O that you'd profit by your father's ills!
Jub. What wouldst thou have me do?

Sy. Abandon Cato.

Jub. Syphax, I should be more than twice as
such a loser [orphan

Sy. Aye, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

Sy. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewell?
Still must I cherish the dear sad remembrance,
At once to torture and to please my soul.

The good old king at parting wrung my hand
(His eyes brim-full of tears); then sighing, cried,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—His grief
Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy story melts away my soul!
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?

Sy. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Jub. His counsels bade me yield to thy di-
rections:

Then, Syphax, chide me in severest terms;
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock
Calm and unmoved as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.

Sy. Alas, my prince! I'd guide you to your
safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wouldst; but tell me how?

Sy. Fly from the fate that follows Caesar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Sy. And therefore died.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Sy. Rather say, your love. [temper.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to perforce my
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Sy.

Sy. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force.
 Absence might cure it; or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of Zamb's royal court
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
 The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
 Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
 Beauty grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
 The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
 True, she is fair—O, how divinely fair!
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners; Cato's soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's name.

Sy. How does your tongue grow wanton in her
 praise!

But on my knees I beg you would consider—

Jub. Hah! Syphax, is 't not he?—She moves
 this way:

And with her Lucia, Lucius's fair daughter.
 My heart beats thick—I pry'thee, Syphax, leave
 me.

Sy. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
 Now will this woman, with a single glance,
 Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while.

[Exit Syphax.]

Enter Marcia and Lucia.

Jub. Hail, charming maid! how does thy beauty
 smoothe

The face of war, and make even horror smile!
 At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
 I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
 And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.

Mar. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think
 my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
 While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
 Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Jub. O Marcia, let me hope thy kind concern
 And gentle wishes follow me to battle!

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
 Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
 And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Mar. My pray'rs and wishes always shall attend
 The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,
 The men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Jub. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,
 I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
 Transplanting, one by one, into my life
 His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Mar. My father never at a time like this
 Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
 Such precious moments.

Jub. Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,
 And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.
 If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
 The war shall stand rang'd in its just array,
 And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee,
 O lovely maid! then will I think on thee.
 And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
 What glorious deeds should grace the man who
 hopes

For Marcia's love. [Exit Juba.]

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe:

How could you chide the young good-natur'd
 prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an air,
 A prince that loves and dares on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him
 from me.

His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
 Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a
 passion,

And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia! wouldst thou have me sink
 away

In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
 When ev'ry moment Cato's life is stake?
 Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
 And aims his thunder at my father's head.

Should not the sad occasion
 My other cares, and draw them up to it?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
 Who have so many griefs to try its force!
 Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
 Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
 And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
 Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburthen all your cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retir'd sorrows.
 Tell me who rails up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I
 tell thee

They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's
 eyes,

And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
 But tell me whose address thou favour'st most?
 I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for?

Mar. For neither,
 And yet for both.—The youths both love me true.
 In Marcia's wishes, and divide the same.
 But tell me which of them is thy choice?

Luc. Marcia, they both are equally esteem'd;
 But in my love—why wilt thou name
 him!

Thou know'st it is Portius, and I know'st
 Pleas'd and displeas'd with it knows not

Mar. O Lucia, never say'd, O tell me which
 I must hereafter call my happy brother!

Luc. Suppose, O Portius, could he blame
 my choice?

O Portius, thou hast won away my soul
 With what a grateful tenderness he loves,

And

And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm; his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! how canst thou throw
him from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears
thee!

When'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one trans-
ported.

Unhappy youth! How will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead

Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heaven forbid!

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor tells which way it turns: so much he fears
The sad effects that it will have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not grieve his brother in despair,
But waits for fitter times, and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs and labyrinths of woe;
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods submit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier
hours.

'So the pure limpid stream, when forc'd with stains
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines;
Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom flows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

Lucius, Sempronius, and
Attendants.

Sem. Still survives in this assembled
Senate!

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,
And that the men who claim that glorious title
Cato will soon be here, and open to us
The reason of our meeting. Hark, he comes!

May all the guardian gods of Rome direct him!

Enter Cato.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes;
Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt his since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still
fix'd

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
By time, and ill success, to a submission?
Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose—slav'ry or death?
No, let us rise at once, gird on your swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon
him.

Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from
bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
Munure the fields of Thullia; while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unaveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring phrenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not this impartial world with reason say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd
on peace.

Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare man-
kind.

It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted

(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shewn our love to Rome,
 Now let us shew submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth; when this end fails,
 Arms have no farther use. Our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our
 hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
 Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Sen. This smooth discourse, and mild beha-
 viour, oft

Conceal a traitor. Something whispers me
 All is not right—Cato, beware of Lucius.

[Aside to Cato.]

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident;
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate; we have bulwarks
 round us;

Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Africa's heat, and season'd to the sun;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods:
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty:
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the
 gate,
 Lodg'd in my post, a herald is arriv'd
 From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old
 Decius,

The Roman knight; he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him
 enter. *[Exit Marcus.]*

Decius was once my friend; but other prospects
 Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to
 Cæsar.

His message may determine our resolves.

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be wel-
 come.

Are not your orders to address the senate?

Dec. My business is with Cato; Cæsar sees
 The straits to which you're driven; and, as he
 knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
 Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.
 Tell your dictator this; and tell him, Cato
 Disdains a life which he has pow'r to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar;
 Her generals and her consuls are no more,
 Who check'd his conquests, and denied his tri-
 umphs.

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid
 it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your
 head,

And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
 Still may you stand high in your country's ho-
 nours:

Do but comply, and make your peace with
 Cæsar,
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
 As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more:
 I must not think on life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your vir-
 tues,
 And therefore sets this value on your life.
 Let him but know the price of your friendship,
 And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your
 wisdom—

Cato. Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er
 employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Ro-
 man.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to
 virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in distress;
 And at the head of your own little state;
 You don't now thunder in the senate,
 With all the mouths of Rome for you.

Cato. Let him consider, he's in distress;
 He's at the head of his own little state.

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome a Roman state,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Was any single eye

holds this man in a false light?

Which conquest and empire have thus

him;
 Didst thou but view him right, thou'ldst see him
 black

With

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back o
Cæsar,

For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By sheltering men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget

You are a man, you rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears. [*Exit Decius.*

Sem. Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

Luc. The senate owns its gratitude to Cato,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives while he neglects his own.

Sem. Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.

Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O, could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In Cæsar's bosom, and revenge my country!
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death
And smile in agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into such a rage.

Sem. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In lukewarm patriots.

Cato. Come; no more, Sempronius.
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.
Let 's not weaken still the weaker side
By *boy* divisions.

Sem. Cato, my resentments
Are sacrific'd to Rome—I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. Cato, we all go into your opinion:
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

Sem. We ought to hold it out till death; but,
Cato,

My private voice is drown'd amidst the senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive
to fill

This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,

And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell—The young Numidian prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our coun-
sels. [*Exeunt senators.*

Enter Juba.

Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on
Cæsar.

Jub. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,
Thou'lt thus misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to
bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

Jub. My father's fate,
In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes
thee.

Jub. My father drew respect from foreign
climes:

The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun;
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's great-
ness.

Jub. I would not boast the greatness of my
father,

But point out new alliances to Cato.
Have we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric?

Jub. Cato, perhaps
I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young prince, that valour soars
above

What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ill; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites and the best of men.
The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Jub. I'm charm'd when'er thou talk'st; I
pant for virtue;

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence,
and toil,

Laborious virtues all? Learn them from Cato:
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

Jub. The best good fortune that can fall on
Juba,

The whole success at which my heart aspires,
Depends on Cato.

Cato. What does Juba say?

Thy words comfort me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.

Give 'em me back again: they shan't do no-
thing.

Cato. Tell me thy wish, young prince, make
not my ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Jub. O, they're extravagant;

Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can Juba ask

That Cato will refuse?

Jub. I fear to name it.

Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.

Cato. What wouldst thou say?

Jub. Cato, thou hast a daughter.

Cato. Adren, young prince; I would not hear
a word

Should lessen thee in my esteem. Remember

The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven

Exacts severity from all our thoughts.

It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

[Exit.]

Enter Syphax.

Sy. How's this, my prince! What, cover'd
with confusion?

You look as if you stern philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. Syphax, I'm undone.

Sy. I know it well.

Jub. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Sy. And so will all mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Sy. Cato's a proper person to intrust

A love-tale with

Jub. O, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart. Was ever wretch like Juba?

Sy. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of
late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept;

Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:

How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you rous'd him to the chase! I've
seen you,

Ev'n in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down,

Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage

Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your horse,

Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more.

Sy. How would the old king smile

To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with
gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoul-
ders!

Jub. Syphax, this old man's talk, tho' honey
flow'd

In ev'ry word, would now lose all its sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia lost for ever.

Sy. Young prince, I yet could give you good
advice,

Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, Syphax?

By Heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.

Sy. Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear Syphax?

Sy. Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds unaccustom'd to the restraint

Of curbs or bits, and faster than the winds.

Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest thoughts

Rise up in man? Wouldst thou seduce my youth

To do an act that would destroy my honour?

Sy. Gods, I could tear my hair to hear you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,

That draws in raw and unexperienc'd men

To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

Jub. Wouldst thou degrade thy prince into a
russian?

Sy. The boasted ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such rus-
sians.

This dread of nations, this almighty Rome,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds

All under Heaven, was founded on a rape;

Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,

(The gods on earth) are all the spurious brood

Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

Jub. Syphax, I fear that hoary head of mine
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

Sy. Indeed, my prince, you want to know the
world.

You have not read mankind; your youth ad-
mires

The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,

Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.

Jub. If knowledge of the world makes man
perfidious,

May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Sy. Go, go; you're young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd? Thou'rt a traitor!

A false old traitor.

Sy. I have gone too far.

Jub. Caro shall know the baseness of thy soul.

Sy. I must appease this storm, or perish in it.

[Aside.]
Young prince, behold these locks, that are grown white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

Jub. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

Sy. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,

Throw down the merit of my better years?

This the reward of a whole life of service!

—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!

[Aside.]
Jub. Is it because the throne of my forefathers
Still stands unsull'd, and that Numidia's crown
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall incline,
Thou thus presum'st to treat thy prince with scorn?

Sy. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?

What are his aims? Why does he load with darts

His trembling hand, and crush beneath a casque

His wrinkled brows? What is it he aspires to?

Is it not this? to shed the flow remains,

His last poor drop of blood in your defence?

Jub. Syphax, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Sy. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith
to Juba,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?

My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb;

But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,

And languish out old age in his displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart.

I do believe thee loyal to thy prince.

Sy. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,

And gain you whom you love at any price.

Jub. Was this thy motive? I've been too hasty.

Sy. And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

Sy. You did indeed, my prince, you call'd me traitor;

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.

Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?

This Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice

His life, nay, more, his honour, in your service.

Jub. Syphax, I know thou lov'st me; but

indeed

Thy zeal for Juba carried thee too far.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,

The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,

That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets

her,

And imitates her actions where she is not:

It ought not to be sported with.

Sy. By Heavens,

I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!

Alas! I've hitherto been us'd to think

A blind officious zeal to serve my king

The ruling principle, that ought to burn

And quench all others in a subject's heart.

Happy the people who preserve their honour

By the same duties that oblige their prince.

Jub. Syphax, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.

Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations,

For breach of public vows. Our Punic faith

Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away

Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

Sy. Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax weep,

To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.

If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,

Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

Jub. Syphax, thy hand; we'll mutually forget

The warmth of youth, and forwardness of age,

Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.

If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand.

Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

Sy. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?

My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. Syphax, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find

Some blest occasion that may set me right

In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man

Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers. *[Exit.]*

Sy. Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;

Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!

These words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.

My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:

But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:

Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter Sempronius.

All hail, Sempronius!

Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait

The fury of a siege before it yields.

Sem. Syphax, we both were on the verge of fire:

Lucius declar'd for peace; and terms were offer'd

To Cato, by a messenger from Cæsar.

Should they submit ere our designs are ripe,

We both must perish in the common wreck,

Lost in the general undistinguish'd ruin.

Sy. But how stands Cato?

Sem. Thou hast seen mount Atlas:

Whilst storms and tempests thunder on its brows,

And oceans break their billows at its feet,

It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height:

Such is that haughty man; his tow'ring soul,

'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,

Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar.

Sy. But what's this messenger?

Sem. I've practis'd with him,

And found a means to let the victor know

That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.

But

But let me now examine in my turn :
Is Juba fix'd ?

Sy. Yes—but it is to Cato.

I've tried the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and carels'd ; been angry, sooth'd again :
Laid safety, life, and int'rest in his sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for Cato.

Sem. Come, 'tis no matter ; we shall do with-
out him.

He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forlook
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

Sy. May she be thine as fast as thou wouldst
have her !

Sem. Syphax, I love that woman ; tho' I curse
Her and myself, yet, spite of me, I love her.

Sy. Make Cato sure, and give up Utica,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt ?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks ?

Sem. All, all is ready.

The factious leaders are our friends, that spread
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers ;
They count their toilsome marches, long fa-
tigue,

Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medley of philosophy and war.

Within an hour they'll storm the senate-house.

Sy. Meanwhile I'll draw up my Numidian
troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.

So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies. }

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter Marcus and Portius.

Marc. THANKS to my stars, I have not rang'd
about

The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend,
Nature first pointed out my Portius to me,
And early taught me, by her sacred force,
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit,
Till what was instinct grew up into friendship.

Por. Marcus, the friendships of the world are
oft

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure ;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

Marc. Portius, thou know'st my soul in all its
weakness,

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

Por. When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault
to love.

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy ass on
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its rage,
Till better times may make it look more grace-
ful.

Marc. Alas ! thou talk'st like one who never
felt

Th' impatient throbs and longings of a soul
That pants and reaches after distant good.

A lover does not live by vulgar time :

Believe me, Portius, in my Lucia's absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone ; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.

Por. What can thy Portius do to give thee
help ?

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's
presence ;

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heat of eloquence
Fiatal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom ;
That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his food ;
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to
him :

Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my
temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my
woes,

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows ?

Por. Marcus, thou canst not ask what I'd re-
fuse.

But here, believe me, I've a thousand reasons—
Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of
season,

That Cato's great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts,
But what's all this to one that loves like me ?

O Portius, Portius, from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love !
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.

Por. What should I do ! If I disclose my
passion,

Our friendship's at an end ; if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and
brother. [Aside.]

Marc. But see where Lucia, at her wonted
hour,

Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,

Enjoys

Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Observe her, Portius;
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of
beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

Por. She sees us, and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for awhile. Remember, Portius,
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Did not I see your brother Marcus here?
Why did he fly the place, and thence my presence?

Por. O Lucia! language is too faint to shew
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confus'd,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,
That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul?
O Lucia! I'm distrust; my heart bleeds for him:
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the
shock
Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my Por-
tius,

Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think,
my Lucia?

His gen'rous, open, undesigning heart
Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;
Then do not strike him dead with a denial;
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon
us——

Luc. No, Portius, no; I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:
And, Portius, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hang about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts as far—as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said! I'm thunderstruck—
recd.

Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the vow already pass'd my lips?
The gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it!

Por. Fix'd in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks; a monument of wrath!

Luc. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart; my tears will flow.

But, O! I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!

Luc. O stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! Why dost thou frown upon
me?

My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life itself goes out at thy displeasure.
The gods forbid us to indulge our loves;
But, O! I cannot bear thy hate, and live.

Por. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its
force.

I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. O Lucia, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful vow, laden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick let us part! Perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—Ha! the faints!
Wretch that I am, what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my Lucia,
Or Portius rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But, ah! she moves, life wanders up and down
Thro' all her face, and lights up ev'ry charm.

Luc. O Portius, was this well—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles? to call in doubt
The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd?
—What do I say? My half-recover'd sense
Forgets the vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us; we must part.

Por. Name not the word: my frightened thoughts
run back,

And startle into madness at the sound.

Luc. What wouldst thou have me do? Consider
well

The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, Portius, think thou seest thy dying brother
Strabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at Heaven and thee! Thy awful fire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accus'd cause,
That robs him of his son: poor Marcia trembles,
Then tears her hair, and, frantic in her griefs,
Calls out on Lucia. What could Lucia answer,
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow?

Por. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist that hung about my mind clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul;
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other: thou art all divine.

Luc. Portius, no more; thy words shoot thro'
my heart,

Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.

Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?

Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with
sorrow?

It softens me too much—farewell, my Portius;
Farewell, tho' death is in the word—for ever!

Por. Stay, Lucia, stay! What dost thou say?
For ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, Portius, thy success
Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell—
O, how shall I repeat the word! for ever.

Por. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul! it hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm Portius shakes
To bear of parting, think what Lucia suffers!

Por. 'Tis true, unrouled and serene, I've met
The common accidents of life; but here
Such an unlook'd-for train of ill's falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say? Not part!
Hast thou forgot the vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, that thunder
O'er us?

—But see thy brother Marcus bends this way:
Iicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou
think'st

Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine!

[*Exit Lucia.*]

Enter Marcus.

Marc. Portius, what ho! us? How stands she?
Am I doom'd

To life or death?

Por. What wouldst thou have me say?

Marc. What means this pensive posture? Thou
appear'st

Like one amaz'd and terrified.

Por. I've reason.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd
thoughts,

Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What! does the barbarous maid insult
my heart,

My aching heart, and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for ever!

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?

Fool that I was to choose so cold a friend
To urge my cause!—Compassionates my pains!

Pr'ythee what art, what rhetoric didst thou use
To gain this mighty boon?—She pities me!

To one that asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—

Por. Marcus, no more; have I deserv'd this
treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O Portius, O, for-
give me!

A soul exasperate in ill's falls out
With ev'ry thing, its friend, itself—but, ha!

What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarms?

Por. A second, louder yet,

Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. O, for some glorious cause to fall in battle!
Lucia, thou hast undone me; thy disdain

Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence. Who knows if Cato's
life

Strands sure? O Marcus, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sempronius, with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

Sem. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm
blows high,

Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up

In its full fury, and direct it right,

Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.

Meanwhile I'll head among his friends, and seem

One of the number, that, whatever arrive,

My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

[*Exit.*]

1st Lead. We are all safe, Sempronius is our
friend.

Sempronius is as brave a man as Cato.

But hark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;

Be sure you beat him down, and beat him fast.

This day will end our toil, and give us rest:

Fear nothing, for Sempronius is our friend.

*Re-enter Sempronius, with Cato, Lucius, Portius,
and Marcus.*

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their general send a brave defiance?

Sem. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand
astorish'd. [Aside.]

Cato. Perfidious men! And will you thus dis-
honour

Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you consult 'twas not a zeal for Rome,

Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,

Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil

Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?

Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join

With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.

Why did I 'scape th' evenen'd asp's rage,

And all the fiery monsters of the desert,

To see this day? Why could not Cato fall

Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,

Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.

Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,

Or thinks he suffers greater ill's than Cato?

Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?

Painful pre-eminence!

Sem. By Heavens they droop!

Confusion to the villains; all is lost. [Aside.]

Cato. Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,

Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,

Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?

Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,

When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?

Or, fainting in the long laborious march,

When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream

You

You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?

Sem. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,

Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the fell helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did he not lead you through the mid-day sun,
And clouds of dust? Did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?

Cato. Hence, worthless men! Hence! and complain to Cæsar,

You could not undergo the toil of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.

Luc. See, Cato, see the unhappy men; they weep!
Fear and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in ev'ry look, and plead for mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,

And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Sem. Cato, commit these wretches to my care:
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impal'd and left
To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake,
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow traitors
Stuck on a fork, and black'ning in the sun.

Luc. Sempronius, why, why wilt thou urge the fate

Of wretched men?

Sem. How! wouldst thou clear rebellion?

Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders
That would imbrue their hands in Cato's blood.

Cato. Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer death,

But in their deaths remember they are men;
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour:
This awes an impious, bold offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Sem. Cato, I execute thy will with pleasure.

Cato. Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plash of pow'r deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]

1st Leader. Sempronius, you have acted like yourself.

One would have thought you had been half in earnest.

Sem. Villain, stand off, base, growling, worthless wretches,
Mongrels in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors

2d Lead. Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius;

Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.

Sem. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

1st Lead. Nay, since it comes to this—

Sem. Dispatch 'em quick; but first pluck out their tongues,

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

[*Exeunt Guards, with the Leaders.*]

Enter Syphax.

Sy. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive:
Still there remains an after-game to play: [tut:]
My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:
Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where Marcia keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into Cæsar's camp.

Sem. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose;

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

Sy. How! Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

Sem. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Sy. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, Sempronius.

What hinders, then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?

Sem. But how to gain admission? For access
Is given to none but Juba, and her brothers.

Sy. Thou shalt have Juba's dress, and Juba's guards:

The doops will open when Numidia's prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

Sem. Heavens, what a thought is there! Marcia's my own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So Pluto, scis'd of Proserpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,

Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. NOW tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

k 4

Marcia.

Mar. O Lucia, Lucia! might my big-swoln heart

Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow,
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be below'd
By Juba, and thy father's friend Sempronius:
But which of these has pow'r to charm like Portius?

Mar. Still I must beg thee not to name Sempronius,

Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous man;

Juba to all the brav'ry of a hero

Adds softest love and more than female sweetness;

Juba might make the proudest of our sex,

Any of womankind, but Marcia, happy.

Luc. And why not Marcia? Come, you strive
in vain

To hide your thoughts from one who knows too
well

The inward glowings of a heart in love.

Mar. While Cato lives, his daughter has no
right

To love or hate, but as his choice directs.

Luc. But should this father give you to Sempronius?

Mar. I dare not think he will; but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancied tortures?

I hear the sound of feet! They march this way!

Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer thought in sense of present danger:

When love once pleads admission to our hearts

(In spite of all the virtue we can boast)

The woman that deliberates is lost. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Sempronius, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.

Sem. The deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to
her covert.

Be sure you mind the word, and when I give it
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.

Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.

—How will the young Numidian rave to see

His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul,

Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,

'T would be to torture that young, gay barbarian.

—But hark, what noise! Death to my hopes!

'tis he,

'Tis Juba's self! there is but one way left—

He must be murder'd, and a passage cut

Through those his guards—Hah, dastards, do you
tremble?—

Or act like men, or by yon azure heaven—

Enter Juba.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this, that dares
usurp

The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,

Presumptuous youth!

Jub. What can this mean, Sempronius?

Sem. My sword shall answer thee. Have at
thy heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man!

[They fight. Sem. falls; his guards surrender.]

Sem. Curse on my stars! I am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand, disfigur'd in a vile

Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?

Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!

O, for a peal of thunder that would make

Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato tremble!

[Dies.]

Jub. With what a spring his furious soul broke
loose,

And left the limbs still quiv'ring on the ground!

Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,

That we may there at length unravel all

This dark design, this mystery of fate.

[Exit Juba, with prisoners, &c.]

Enter Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart

Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,

It throbs with fear, and aches at ev'ry sound.

O Marcia, should thy brothers for my sake!—

I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood! here's blood
and murder!

Hah! a Numidian! Heaven preserve the prince!

The face lies muffled up within the garment,

But, hah! death to my sight! a diadem,

And royal robes! O gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd

A virgin's heart, Juba lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, Marcia, call up to thy assistance

Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind,

Thou canst not put it to a greater trial.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my patience:

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,

To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills;
Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way

To all the pangs and fury of despair;

That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? And was the false Sempronius

That best of men? O, had I fall'n like him,

And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been
happy.

Luc. Here will I stand companion in thy woes,
And helping thee with my tears; when I behold

A loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Mar. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast,
This empty world, to me a joyless desert,

Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy.

Jub. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?

Mar. O, he was all made up of love and charms!
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:

Delight

Delight of every eye; when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladden'd all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest Roman blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wile.

Jub. I shall run mad!—

Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba! [*Aside.*]

Jub. What means that voice? Did she not call
on Juba?

Mar. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst his agonies, remember'd Marcia;
And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel!
Alas! he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba!

Jub. Where am I? Do I live? or am indeed
What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me!
[*Aside.*]

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men,
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbids
A last embrace, while thus—

Jub. See, Marcia, see

[*Throwing himself before her.*]

The happy Juba lives! He lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand trans-
ported!

Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Jub. A wretch,
Disguis'd like Juba on a curst design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out:
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my Marcia's tears.

Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back; the love that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke thro' all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre.
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in ecstasy: and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid—

Mar. And dost thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is life indeed! life worth pre-
serving,

Such life as Juba never felt till now!

Mar. Believe me, prince, before I thought thee
dead,

I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate mistake!

Mar. O happy Marcia!

Jub. My joy, my best lov'd, my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!

Mar. Lucia, thy arm. O, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite overcomes me. Lead to my apart-
ment.—

O prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,

Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Luc.*]

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness: I oblige my stars.
What tho' Numidia add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph,
Juba will never at his fate repine:
Let Cæsar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

[*Exit.*]

A march at a distance.

Enter Cato and Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonish'd! What, the bold Sem-
pronius,
That still broke foremost thro' the crowd of patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous even to madness—

Cato. Trust me, Lucius,
Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O Lucius, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter Portius.

But see where Portius comes, what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus chang'd?

Por. My heart is griev'd,
I bring such news as will afflict my father.

Cato. Has Cæsar shed more Roman blood?

Por. Not so.

The traitor Syphax, as within the square
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the
watch:

I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain:
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But halte, my son, and
see

[*Exit Por.*]

Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

—Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is Cæsar's! Cato has no business in it.

Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice
reign,

The world will still demand her Cato's presence.
In pity to mankind submit to Cæsar,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live to swell the
number

Of Cæsar's slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are Cæsar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his
country.

Such popular humanity is treason—

But see young Juba; the good youth appears,
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects!

Luc. Alas, poor prince! his fate deserves com-
passion.

Enter

Enter Juba.

Jub. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Jub. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one too. Thou hast a Roman soul.

Jub. Hast thou not heard of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas, young prince! falsehood and fraud
shoot up in ev'ry soil,

The product of all climes—Rome has its Cæsars.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the distressed.

Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserved:

Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes on more bright, and brings forth all its weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? My ravish'd heart

O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O Cato, than Numidia's empire.

Enter Portius.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Hah! what has he done?

Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Por. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of Syphax.

Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty.

—Portius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corpse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

Cato, meeting the corpse.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here lay him down,
my friends,

Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious wounds.

—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it

That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?

I shou'd have blush'd if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.

Jub. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*

Cato. Alas, my friends,

Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears;

The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,

That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.

O liberty! O virtue! O my country!

Jub. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.

[*Aside,*

Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year are
Cæsar's;

For him the self-devoted Decii died,

The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd;

Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. O my friends!

How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,

The Roman empire, fallen! O curst ambition!

Fallen into Cæsar's hands? Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Jub. While Cato lives Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslave'd, and be ashamed of empire.

Cato. Cæsar! alham'd! Has he not seen Pharsalia?

Luc. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us,

Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger,

Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.

Cæsar shall never say he conquer'd Cato.

But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart

With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors

Rise in my soul. How shall I save my friends?

'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know

Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.

Add, if you please, that I request it of him,

That I myself, with tears, request it of him,

The virtue of my friends may pass unfinish'd.

Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.

Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,

Or seek the conqueror?

Jub. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!

Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,

Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,

'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.

Portius, draw near: my son, thou oft hast seen

Thy sire engag'd in a corrupted state,

Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me

Spent, overpowered, despairing of success;

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes.

To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,

Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,

And all our frugal ancestors were blest

In humble virtues, and a rural life;

There

There live retir'd, pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my friends! If there be any of
you

Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)

That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*]

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune cross'd,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

*Cato solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his
hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul.*

A drawn sword on the table by him.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—

Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man:

Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untied being,
Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pass?

The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold. If there's a power above
(And that there is all nature cries aloud,
Through all her works) he must delight in vir-
tue;

And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when! or where—this world was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.

This in a moment brings me to an end;

But this informs me I shall never die.

The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles

At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,

Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for Heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest, Cato knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter Portius.

But, hah! how's this, my son? Why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!

What means this sword, this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence.

Cato. Rath youth, forbear!

Por. O, let the pray'rs, th' intreaties of your
friends,

Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from
you!

Cato. Wouldst thou betray me? Wouldst thou
give me up,

A slave, a captive into Cæsar's hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of myself.
Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,
And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up ev'ry port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—

Por. O sir! forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him, O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so? Be not displeas'd,
O, be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*]

Weep not, my son, all will be well again,
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will tutor Cato, and preserve his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping
heart.

Cato. Portius, thou mayst rely upon my conduct;
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd,
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and
aiks

The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep. [*Exit.*]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart
revives.

Enter Marcia.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.

He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatch'd me hence
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

[Exit.]

Mar. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia, where is
Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low, he is retir'd to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato!
In every view, in every thought, I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a god;
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Tho' stern and awful to the foes of Rome,
He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestic tenderness, the best,
The kindest father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we are both equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd distress.

The cruel hand of fate that has deserv'd
Thy brother Marcus, whom we both lament—

Mar. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!

Luc. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my vow. But who knows Cato's
thoughts?

Who knows how yet he may dispose of Portius,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to heaven.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous
man!

O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,
He smil'd, and cried, Cæsar, thou canst not hurt
me.

Mar. His mind still labours with some dread-
ful thought.

Luc. Lucia, why all this grief, these floods of
sorrow?

Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While Cato lives—his presence will protect us.

Enter Juba.

Jub. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from
viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march;
On the high point of yon bright western tower

We ken them from afar; the setting sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets,
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis time we should awake thy fa-
ther.

Cæsar is still dispos'd to give us terms,
And waits at distance till he hears from Cato,

Enter Portius.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thine eyes.

Por. As I was hast'ing to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arriv'd
From Pompey's son, who thro' the realms of Spain
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were Cato at their head, once more might Rome
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But, hark! what means that groan? O, give me
way,

And let me fly into my father's presence. [Exit
Luc. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on Rome,
And, in the wild disorder of his soul,
Mourns o'er his country. Hah! a second groan—
Heaven guard us all!—

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps; 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound.—

Re-enter Portius.

Por. O sight of woe!

O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword.—

Luc. O Portius,

Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,
And let us grieve the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his chair, where pale and faint
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from
him,

Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his order, bear him hither.

Mar. O Heaven! assist me in this dreadful hour,
To pay the last sad duties to my father.

Jub. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O
Cæsar!

Luc. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

[Cato brought in on a chair.]

Cato. Here set me down—

Portius, come near me—Are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O Lucius, art thou here?—thou art too good—
Let this our friendship live between our children,
Make Portius happy in thy daughter Lucia.

Alas! poor man, he weeps!—Marcia, my daugh-
ter—

O, bend me forward!—Juba loves thee, Marcia.
A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a
king;

But Cæsar's arms have thrown down all distinc-
tion;

Whoe'er

Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman—
—I'm fix'd to death—O, when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and for-
row!

And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye pow'rs, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may err, but you are good, and—O!

[Dies.]

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever
warm'd

A Roman breast; O Cato! O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corpse to Cæsar,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, though dead, shall still protect his friends.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up Rome a prey to Roman arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And rolls the guilty world of Cato's life.

[Exeunt omnes.]

§ 48. PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS.

SMITH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

Lycon. 'TIS strange, Cratander, that the royal
Phædra

Should still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched:
That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of godlike virtue and imperial power,
Should fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause, when lately join'd in
marriage,

To have the king her husband call'd to war?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his ab-
sence,

Nor know his fate?

Lyc. The king may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence: oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes and anguish o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing; whilst dejected Theseus
With mournful loving eyes pursued her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

Crat. Ha! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horror, detestation:
Why did the queen, who might have call'd man-
kind,

Why did she give her person and her throne
To one the loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps she thought it just
That he should wear the crown his valour sav'd.

Crat. Could she not glut his hopes with wealth
and honour,

Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, queen and widow,

Why did she wed old Theseus? while his son,
The brave Hippolitus, with equal youth
And equal beauty might have fix'd her arms.

Lyc. Hippolitus (in distant Scythia born,
The warlike Amazon, Canulla's son)
Till our queen's marriage, was unknown to Crete:
And sure the queen could with him toil unknown:
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated pretence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

Crat. Well may the hate the prince the needs
must fear;

He may dispute the crown with Phædra's son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful, and belov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women,
His very sports are war.

Lyc. O! he's all hero, scorns th' inglorious ease
Of lazy Crete, delights to shine in arms,
To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear;
To tame the generous horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the hill, and dares the angry lion;
To join the struggling couriers to his chariot,
To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
To turn, or stop, or stretch along the plain.
Now the queen's sick, there's danger in his
courage—

He must be watch'd.

Be ready with your guards.—I fear Hippolitus.

[Exit Crat.]

Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch!
Affecting glory, and contemning power:
Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
A senseless hero, fit to be a tool
To those whose godlike souls are turn'd for em-
pire.

An open honest fool, that loves and hates,
And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
He hates me too; weak boy, to make a fool
Where he might have a slave. I hate him too,
But cringe, and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
Let the queen live or die, the prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What, still attending on the queen, Ismena?
O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs?
Are you not robb'd of your Athenian crown?
Was not your royal father Pallas slain,
And all his wretched race, by conqu'ring Theseus?
And do you still watch o'er his consort Phædra?
And still repay such cruelty with love?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in mischief:
I'm of a softer mould; poor Phædra's sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding heart, and wound my
soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising sun has cheer'd the
world,
Since she renew'd her strength with due refresh-
ment;

Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
Since wretched Phædra clos'd her streaming eyes:
She's all at rest, all necessary food,
And all that's needful to die, nor capable to live.

But now her grief has wrought her into
phrenzy;

The

The images her troubled fancy forms

Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
Sometimes she raves for music, light, and air.
Nor air, nor light, nor music, calm her pains;
Then with ecstatic strength the springs aloft,
And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

Lyc. Then life is on the wing; then most she sinks
When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim; ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

Ism. My lord, now try your art;
Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
Her cooler sense conceal'd. The Pythian goddess
Is dumb and fullen, till with fury fill'd
She spreads, she rises, growing to the fight,
She foams, she foams, she raves; the awful secrets
Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tor-
tur'd maid.

But Phædra comes, ye gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

Phæd. Stay, virgins, stay; I'll rest my weary
steps:

My strength forsakes me, and my dazzled eyes
Ake with the flashing light; my loosen'd knees
Sink under their dull weight. Support me, *Lycôn*.
Alas! I faint.

Lyc. Afford her ease, kind Heaven!

Phæd. Why blaze these jewels round my
wretched head?

Why all this labour'd elegance of dress?
Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?
Take, snatch 'em hence. Alas! you all conspire
To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul:
All, all conspire to make your queen-unhappy.

Lady. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing
task

Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous darkness
To the glad cheering day, yet now avoid it,
And hate the light you sought.

Phæd. O my *Lycôn*!

O! how I long to lay my weary head
On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass,
To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
With the cool nectar of refreshing springs!

Lyc. I'll sooth her phrenzy. Come, *Phædra*,
let's away;

Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid streams.

Phæd. Come, let's away; and thou most bright
Diana,

Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
Place me, O place me in the dusty ring,
Where youthful charioteers contend for glory!
See how they mount, and shake the flowing reins!
See from the goal the fiery couriers bound!
Now they strain, panting up the steepy hill;
Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the
vale.

How the car rattles, how its kindling wheels
Siftoke in the whirl! the circling sand ascends

And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.

Lyc. What, madam!

Phæd. Ah, my *Lycôn*! ah, what said I?
Where was I hurried by my roving fancy?
My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
And on my cheeks unbidden blushes glow.

Lyc. Then blush, but blush for your destructive
silence,

That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death.
O! should you die (ye powers forbid her death)
Who then would shield from wrongs your help-
less orphan?

Hethen might wander, *Phædra*'s son might wander,
A naked suppliant thro' the world for aid:
Then he may cry, invoke his mother's name:
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death;
While proud *Hippolitus* shall mount his throne.

Phæd. O Heavens!

Lyc. Ha! *Phædra*, are you touch'd at this?

Phæd. Unhappy wretch! what name was that
you spoke?

Lyc. And does his name provoke your just re-
sentments?

Then let it raise your fear as well as wrath:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father
wrong'd him;

Think how you drove him hence a wand'ring exile
To distant climes; then think what certain ven-
geance

His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan.
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits;
Feed with new oil the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring;
Waste haste, preserve your life.

Phæd. Alas! too long,

Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

Lyc. Guilty! what guilt? Has blood, has
harsh murder

Imbrued your hands?

Phæd. Alas! my hands are guiltless,

But O! my heart's defil'd.

I've said too much; forbear the rest, my *Lycôn*;
And let me die, to give the black confession.

Lyc. Dost thou, but not alone; old faithful *Lycôn*
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.

Will you not tell? O lovely, wretched queen!

By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal I've shew'd you,
Tell me your grief, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your *Lycôn* how to bring you com-
fort:

Phæd. What shall I say, malicious cruel powers?
O where shall I begin? O cruel *Venus*,
How fatal love has been to all our race!

Lyc. Forget it, madam; let it die in silence.

Phæd. O *Atiadne*! O unhappy sister!

Lyc. Cease to record your sister's grief and
shame.

Phæd. And since the cruel god of love re-
quires it,

I tell the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love?

Phæd. Alas! I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

Lyc.

Lyc. Forbid it, Heaven!

Phæd. Do not upbraid me, Lycón :
I love.—Alas ! I shudder at the name ;
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring
tongue

Sticks at the sound—I love.—O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with such a sense of virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a slave to such impetuous guilt?
Rain on me, gods, your plagues, your sharpest
tortures,

Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt,
And yet that guilt is mine.—I'll think no more ;
I'll to the woods among the happier brutes.
Come, let's away ; hark, the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly huntmen's cries rend the wide heavens.
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding stag ;
Come, chase the lion and the foamy boar ;
Come, rouse up all the monsters of the wood ;
For there, ev'n there, Hippolitus will guard me.

Lyc. Hippolitus!

Phæd. Who's he that names Hippolitus?

Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd.
O! give me poison, swords; I'll not live, nor
bear it;

I'll stop my breath.

Ijm. I'm lost, but what's that loss?

Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me :
Yet should her charms prevail upon his soul,
Should he be false, I would not wish him ill ;
With my last parting breath I'd bless my lord :
Then in some lonely desert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death shall never reach him,
Lest it should wound his peace, or damp his joys.

[*Aside.*

Lyc. Think still the secret in your royal breast;
For by the awful majesty of Jove,
By the all-seeing sun, by righteous Minos,
By all your kindred gods we swear, O Phædra,
Safe as our lives we'll keep the fatal secret.

Ijm. &c. We swear, all swear to keep it ever
secret.

Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already
known,

The tale, the whisper of the babbling vulgar :
O, can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can sec, can bear the looks, the eyes
Of one who knows my black detested crimes,
Of one who knows, that Phædra loves her son?

Lyc. Unhappy queen! august, unhappy race!
O! why did Theseus touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from Nicander's arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

Phæd. His love indeed, for that unhappy hour
In which the priests join'd Theseus' hand to mine,
Shew'd the young Scythian to my dazzled eyes:
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of
Theseus

My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, altars, victims, swam before my sight!
The god of love, ev'n the whole god, possess'd me.

Lyc. At once, at first possess'd you!

Phæd. Yes, at first.

That fatal ev'ning we pursued the chase,
When from behind the wood, with rustling
sound,

A monstrous boar rush'd forth: his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back: at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam:
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me:
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well-aim'd
jav'lin

Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The monster fell, and, gnashing, with huge tusks
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then Hip-
politus!

Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he ap-
proach'd me!

When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely,
His crimson cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires.
O godlike form! O ecstacy and transport!

My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung
upward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.
Alas! I'm pleas'd; the horrid story charms me.—
No more—That night with fear and love I
sicken'd.

Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits;
Then would he talk with such an heavenly grace,
Look with such dear compassion on my pains,
That I could wish to be so sick for ever.
My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,
Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,
Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love.

And shall I drag an execrable life?
And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure ven-
geance?

Lyc. No; labour, strive, subdue that guilt, and
live.

Phæd. Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing
pow'rs!

Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
Burn clouds of incense on your loaded altars?
O! I call'd heaven and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue:
I struggled, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in its birth.

Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

Phæd. Avert such crimes, ye pow'rs!
No; to avoid his love I sought his hatred:
I wrong'd him, thunn'd him, banish'd him from
Crete:

I sent him, drove him from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him, for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heaven were by my erring tongue
Spoke to Hippolitus. If I tried to sleep,
Straight to my drowsy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curs'd my slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into love.

Phæd. No; let his hapless passion equal mine,
I would refuse the bliss I most desir'd,
Consult my fame, and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I would die, heaven knows, this very moment,

Rather than wrong my lord, my husband Theseus.

Lyc. Perhaps that lord, that husband is no more;

He went from Crete in haste, is army thin,
To meet the numerous troops of fierce Molossians;

Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing life decays,
Think on your son.

Phæd. Alas! that shocks me.

O let me see my young one, let me snatch
A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss.
Yet stay; his sight will melt my just resolves:
But O! I beg with my last falling breath,
Cherish my babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, I grieve to tell you
What you must know: your royal husband's dead.

Phæd. Dead! O ye pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate event!

Then earth-born Lycon may ascend the throne,
Leave to his happy son the crown of Jove,
And be ador'd like him. Be hush'd, my joys. *[Aside.]*

Mourn, mourn, ye Cretans!
Since he is dead whose valour sav'd your isle,
Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
His peaceful subjects; as your tow'ring Ida,
With spreading oaks, and with descending
streams,

Shades and enriches all the plains below.
Say how he died.

Mess. He died as Theseus ought,
In battle died: Philotas, now a prisoner,
That rushing on fought next his royal person,
That saw his thund'ring arm beat squadrons
down,

Saw the great rival of Alcides fall.
These eyes beheld his well-known steed, beheld
A proud barbarian glitt'ring in his arms,
Encumber'd with the spoil. *[Exit.]*

Phæd. Is he then dead?

Is my much-injur'd lord, my Theseus, dead?
And don't I shed one tear upon his urn?
What! not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint?
Ah! these are tributes due from pious brides,
From a chaste matron, and a virtuous wife:
But savage Love, the tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

Lyc. Dismiss that grief, and give a loose to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your blis is dead;
Live, then, my queen, forget the wrinkled Theseus,
And take the youthful hero to your arms.

Phæd. I dare not now admit of such a thought,
And bliss'd be heaven that steel'd my stubborn
heart;

That made me shun the bridal bed of Theseus,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

Lyc. Then may his happier son be blest with
both;

Then rouse your soul, and muster all your
charms,

Soothe his ambitious mind with thirst of empire;
And all his tender thoughts with soft assurances.

Phæd. But should the youth refuse my proffer'd love?

O, should he throw me from his loathing arms?
I fear the trial; for I know Hippolitus

Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:

When round beset, his virtue, like a flood,
Breaks with resistless force th' opposing dams,
And bears the mounds along; they're hurry'd on,
And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.

I dare not yet resolve; I'll try to live,
And to the awful gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your signet, that your slave may
order

What's most expedient for your royal service.

Phæd. Take it, and with it take the fate of
Phædra.

And thou, O Venus, aid a suppliant queen,
That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy pow'r:
O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.

On this cold Scythian let thy pow'r be known,
And in a lover's cause assert thy own:

Then Crete as Paphos shall adore thy shrine;
This nurse of Jove with grateful fires shall
shine,

And with thy father's flames shall worship thine, *[Exit Phæd. &c.]*

Lycon solus.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.—

Say I confine him!—If he dies, he's safe;
And if he lives, I'll work her raging mind.

A woman scorn'd with ease I'll work to vengeance:

With humble, wise, obsequious fawning arts
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;

That when her reason hates, her rage may act.
When barks glide slowly thro' the lazy main,

The baffled pilots turn the helms in vain;
When driv'n by winds they cut the foamy way,

The rudders govern, and the ships obey. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

Enter Phædra and Lycon. [Enter Messenger.]

Mess. MADAM, the prince Hippolitus attends.

Phæd. Admit him. Where, where, Phædra, 's now thy soul!

What—shall I speak? And shall my silly
tongue

Let this intulking victor know his pow'r?
Or shall I still confine within this breast

My restless passions and devouring flames?

But

But see he comes, the lovely tyrant comes.
He ~~rises~~ on me like a blaze of light;
I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
But sink oppress'd with woe. [Swoons.]

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal gods!
What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence?
What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
With my approach, and kill her with my sight?
McC. Alas! another grief devours her soul,
And only your assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Ha! make it known, that I may fly and aid her.

Lyc. But promise first, my lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise! I swear, on this good sword I swear,

This sword which first gain'd youthful Theseus honour,

Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;
By thund'ring Jove, by Grecian Hercules,
By the majestic-form of godlike heroes,
That shine around, and consecrate the steel;
No racks, no shame, shall ever force it from me.

Phæd. Hippolitus.

Hip. Yes, 'tis that wretch, who begs you to dismiss

That hated object from your eyes for ever;
Begs leave to march against the foes of Theseus,
And to revenge or share his father's fate.

Phæd. O Hippolitus!

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you;
Drove you from court, from Crete, and from your father:

The court, all Crete, deplor'd their suffering hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.

Yet could you know relenting Phædra's soul!
O! could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the hero whom I wish'd to cherish!
O! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind;
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

Hip. My hate to Phædra!

Ha! could I hate the royal spouse of Theseus,
My queen, my mother?

Phæd. Why your queen and mother?

More humble ties would suit my lost condition.

Alas! the iron hand of death is on me,
And I have only time to implore your pardon.
Ah! would my lord forget injurious Phædra,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

Hip. O, I'll defend him, with my life defend him!

Heaven dart your judgment on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a slave's obedience,
And all a father's love.

Phæd. A father's love!

O deatful sounds! O vain deceitful hopes!
My grief's much eas'd by this transcending goodness,

And Theseus' death sits lighter on my soul.

Death! he's not dead; he lives, he breathes, he speaks;

He lives in you, he's present to my eyes;
I see him, speak to him.—My heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

Hip. O, glorious folly!

See, Theseus, see, how much your Phædra lov'd you.

Phæd. Love him, indeed! dote, languish, die for him.

For sake my food, my sleep, all joys for Theseus;
But not that hoary venerable Theseus,
But Theseus as he was when mantling blood
Glow'd in his lovely cheeks; when his bright eyes

Sparkled with youthful fires; when ev'ry grace
Shone in the father which now crowns the son,
When Theseus was Hippolitus.

Hip. Ha! amazement strikes me:

Where will this end?

Lyc. Is't difficult to guess?

Does not her flying paleness, that but now
Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek
(Where now succeeds a momentary lustre),
Does not her beating heart, her trembling limbs,

Her wishing looks, her speech, her present silence,

All, all proclaim imperial Phædra loves you?

Hip. What do I hear? what, does no lightning flash,

No thunder bellow, when such monstrous crimes
Are own'd, avow'd, confess'd? All-seeing sun!
Hide, hide in shameful night thy beamy head,
And cease to view the horrors of thy race.

Alas! I share th' amazing guilt; these eyes,
That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame;
These ears, that heard the tale of impious love,
Are all accurs'd, and all deserve your thunder.

Phæd. Alas, my lord! believe me not so vile.
No; by thy goddess, by the chaste Diana,
None but my first, my much-lov'd lord Ar-
sammes,

Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms.

No—for the love of thee, of those dear charms
Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin,
I still denied my lord, my husband Theseus,
The chaste, the modest joys of spotless marriage;

That drove him hence to war, to stormy seas,
To rocks and waves, less cruel than his Phædra.

Hip. If that drove Theseus hence, then that kill'd Theseus,

And cruel Phædra kill'd her husband Theseus.

Phæd. Forbear, rash youth, nor dare to rouse my vengeance;

Provoke me not: nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn, and provocation,
To do a deed my reason would abhor.

Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out. Shame, rage, confusion, tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes;
To murder thee, myself, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the lab'ring earth,
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;

He's

He's safe who from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom dies. [*Exi.*]

Hip. Then let me take the warning, and retire;
I'd rather trust the rough Ionian waves
Than woman's fiercer rage.

[*Ismena speaks herself, listening.*]

Lyc. Alas, my lord!

You must not leave the queen to her despair.

Hip. Must not! from thee? from that vile
upstart *Lycon*?

Lyc. Yes; from that *Lycon* who derives his
greatness

From *Phædra's* race, and now would guard her life.
Then, Sir, forbear; view here this royal signet,
And in her faithful slave obey the queen.

[*Enter guards and Cratander.*]

Guards, watch the prince; but at that awful
distance,

With that respect, it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for honour.

Hip. So, confinement is

The honour *Crete* bestows on *Theseus's* son.

Am I confin'd? and is 't so soon forgot,

When fierce *Procrustes's* arms o'er-ran your
kingdom?

When your streets echoed with the cries of orphans,
Your shrieking maids clung round the hallow'd
shrines,

When all your palaces and lofty tow'rs
Smok'd on the earth, when the red sky around
Glow'd with your city's flames (a dreadful
lustre);

Then, then my father flew to your assistance;
Then *Theseus* sav'd your lives, estates, and hon-
ours.

And do you thus reward the hero's toil?

And do you now confine the hero's son?

Lyc. Take not an easy short confinement ill,
Which your own safety and the queen's re-
quies,

Nor harbour fear of one that loves to serve you.

Hip. O, I disdain thee, traitor, but not fear
thee;

Nor will I hear of services from *Lycon*.

Thy very looks are lies; eternal falsehood

Smiles in thy looks, and flatters in thy eyes;

Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,

In ev'ry cringing bow and fawning smile.

Why else d'ye whisper out your dark suspicions?

Why with malignant eulogies increase

The people's fears, and praise me to my ruin?

Why thro' the troubled streets of frightened *Gnos-
tus*

Do bucklers, helms, and polish'd armour blaze?

Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war,

Whilst still the foe's unknown?

Lyc. Then quit thy arts;

Put off the statesman, and resume the judge.

[*Aside.*]

Thou, *Proteus*, shift thy various forms no more,
But boldly own the god.—That foe's too
near.

[*To Hip.*]

The queen's disease, and your aspiring mind,
Put us all *Crete*, and give a loose to war.

Hip. Gods! dares he speak thus to a monarch's
son?

And must this earth-born slave command in *Crete*?

Was it for this my godlike father brought?

Did *Theseus* bleed for *Lycon*? O ye *Cretans*,

See there your king, the successor of *Minos*,

And heir of *Jove*.

Lyc. You may as well provoke

That *Jove* you worship, as this slave you scorn:

Go seize *Alimæon*, *Nicias*, and all

The black abettors of this impious treason.

[*Exit a S. die.*]

Now o'er thy head th' avenging thunder rolls;

For know on me depends thy instant doom.

Then learn, proud prince, to bend thy haughty
soul,

And, if thou think'st of life, obey the queen.

Hip. Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait
my doom.

Whate'er's my fault, no stain shall blot my glory.

I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life.

Lyc. Be it so; *Cratander*, follow me.

[*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*]

Hip. Since he dares brave my rage, the dan-
ger's near.

The timorous hounds that hunt the gen'rous lion

Bay afar off; and tremble in pursuit;

But, when he struggles in th' entangling toils,

Insult the dying prey.

Enter Ismena and Lady.

'Tis kindly done, *Ismena*,

With all your charms to visit my distress;

Soften my chains, and make confinement easy.

O *Ismena*, is it then given me to behold thy
beauties!

Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!

To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,

And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?

What's fame or greatness? take 'em, take 'em,
Phædra,

Freedom and fame, and in the dear confinement
Inclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O *Hippolitus*!

O, I could ever dwell in this confinement!

Nor wish for aught while I behold my lord:

But yet that wish, that only wish is vain,

When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you,

Drive from your godlike soul a wretched maid:

Take to your arms, assist me, heaven! to speak it)

Take to your arms imperial *Phædra*,

And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee?

What! part? for ev'ry part? unkind *Ismena*!

O! can you think that death is half so dread-
ful,

As it would be to live, and live without thee?

Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to *Phædra*,

Say, couldst thou bear it? could thy tender soul

Endure the torment of despairing love,

And see me settled in a rival's arms?

Ism. Think not of me. Perhaps my equal
mind

May learn to bear the fate the gods allot me.

Yet

Yet would you hear me; could your lov'd If-
mena

With all her charms o'er-rule your sullen honour,
You yet might live, nor leave the poor Ismena.

Hip. Speak: if I can, I'm ready to obey.

Ism. Give the queen hopes.

Hip. No more—my soul disdains it.

No—should I try, my haughty soul would swell,
Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.

Should I stoop to cringe, to lye, forswear?
Preserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

O, I can't bear this cold contempt of
death!

This rigid virtue, that prefers your glory
To liberty or life. O cruel man!

By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,

By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,

By the near danger of that precious life,

Heaven knows I value much above my own.

What! not yet mov'd? are you resolv'd on death?

Then, ere 'tis night, I swear by all the pow'rs,
This steel shall end my fears and life together.

Hip. You shan't be trusted with a life so pre-
cious.

No; to the court I'll publish your design:

Ev'n bloody Lycon will prevent your fate;

Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bo-
-som,

And raving Phadra will preserve Ismena.

Ism. Phadra! come on, I'll lead you on to
Phadra:

I'll tell her all the secrets of our love;

Give to her rage her close destructive rival:

Her rival sure will fall; her love may save you.

Come, see me labour in the pangs of death,

My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes,

Dying, yet fix'd in death on my Hippolitus.

Hip. What's your design? ye pow'rs! what
means my love?

Ism. She means to lead you in the road of fate;

She means to die with one she can't preserve.

Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,

This once-lov'd form grown horrible in death.

Sure your relenting soul would with you'd sav'd
me.

Hip. O! I'll do all, do any thing to save
you;

Give up my fame, and all my darling honour:

I'll run, I'll fly; what you'll command I'll say.

I yield, Ismena. What would you have me
do?

Ism. Say what occasion, chance, or Heaven
inspires;

Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;

Say that you'll wed her, say that you'll comply;

Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.

[*Exit Hip.*]

Bless him, ye pow'rs! and if it be a crime,

O! if the pious fraud offend your justice,

Aim all your vengeance on Ismena's head;

Punish Ismena, but forgive Hippolitus.

He's gone, and now my brave relatives are stagger'd;

Now I repent, like some despairing wretch

That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,

That pants, and struggles with the whirling
waves,

And catches ev'ry slender reed to save him.

Lady. But should he do what your commands
enjoin'd him,

Say, should he wed her?

Ism. Should he wed the queen?

O! I'd remember that 'twas my request,

And die well pleas'd I made the hero happy.

Lady. Die! does Ismena then resolve to die?

Ism. Can I then live? can I, who lov'd so well,

To part with all my bliss to save my lover?

O! can I drag a wretched life without him,

And see another revel in his arms?

O, 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

[*Enter Lycon.*]

Lyc. What a reverse is this! perfidious boy,

Is this thy truth? is this thy boasted honour?

Then all are rogues alike: I never thought

But one man honest, and that one deceives me.

[*Aside.*]

Ismena here!—

Ism. Now, my lord, is the queen's rage abated?

How is the prince dispos'd?

Lyc. Happily,

All's chang'd to love and harmony, my fair.

'Tis all agreed: and now the prince is safe

From the sure vengeance of despairing love;

Now Phadra's rage is chang'd to soft endear-
-ments:

She doats, she dies: and few, but tedious days,

With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

Ism. Does he then wed the queen?

Lyc. At least I think so.

I, when the prince approach'd, not far retir'd,

Pale with my doubts: he spoke; th' attentive
queen

Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes

Sparkled with gentler fires; he blushing bow'd,

She, trembling, left in love, with soft confusion

Receiv'd his passion, and return'd her own.

Then smiling turn'd to me, and bade me order

The pompous rites of her ensuing nuptials,

Which I must now pursue. Farewell, Ismena.

[*Exit.*]

Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

Lady. Stay, and learn more.

Ism. Ah! wherefore should I stay?

What! shall I stay to rave, t'upbraid, to hold
him?

To snatch the struggling chamber from her arms?

For could you think that open gen'rous youth
Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous wo-
-man?

Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?

Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspir'd his
tongue,

And all his soul receiv'd a real love.

Perhaps new graces dated from her eyes,

Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul,

Perhaps her love, perhaps her kingdom charm'd
him;

Perhaps—alas! how many things might charm him!

Lady. Wait the success: it is not yet decided.

Ism. Not yet decided! did not Lycon tell us
How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd?
How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
Ay, no, he loves, he dotes on Phædra's charms.
Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
The dear false things that charm'd the poor
Ismena.

I've comes; be still, my heart; the tyrant comes,
Charming tho' false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?

Who do you sigh? why flow your swelling eyes,
Those eyes that us'd with joy to view Hippolitus?

Ism. My lord, my soul is charm'd with your success.

You know, my lord, my fears are but for you,
For your dear life; and since my death alone
Can make you safe, that soon shall make you
happy.

Yet had you brought less love to Phædra's arms,
My soul had parted with a less regret,
Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

Hip. Your death! my love! my marriage! and
to Phædra!

Hear me, Ismena.

Ism. No, I dare not hear you.

But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
Tho' you have left me for the royal Phædra,
Yet still my soul o'er-runs with fondness tow'rd
you,

Yet still I die with joy to save Hippolitus.

Hip. Die to save me! could I outlive Ismena?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your Phædra's
arms,

And may you there find ev'ry blooming pleasure!
O, may the gods show'r blessings on thy head!
May the gods crown thy glorious arms with con-
quest,

And all thy peaceful days with sure repose!
Mayst thou be blest with lovely Phædra's charms,
And for thy safe forget the lost Ismena!
Farewel, Hippolitus.

Hip. Ismena, stay!

Stay, hear me speak; or by th' infernal pow'rs
I'll not survive the minute you depart.

Ism. What would you say? ah! don't deceive
my weakness.

Hip. Deceive thee! why, Ismena, do you wrong
me?

Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion?
O, by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor pro-
mis'd,

To love or wed the queen.

Ism. Speak on, my lord;

My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
And much I fear, and much I hope, I've wrong'd
thee.

Hip. Then thus:—I came and spake, but scarce
of love;

The easy queen receiv'd my faint address
With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.

Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my guards;
My generous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
But still deceiv'd her to obey Ismena.

Ism. Art thou then true? thou art. O pardon
me!

Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
For still that fear, that jealousy, was love.

Haste then, my lord, and save yourself by flight;
And when your absent, when your godlike term
Shall cease to cheer forlorn Ismena's eyes,
Then let each day, each hour, each minute, bring
Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
Speak of your health, your fortune, and your
friends,

(For sure those friends shall have my tenderest
wishes)

Speak much of all; but of thy dear, dear love,
Speak much, speak very much, but still speak on.

Hip. O! thy dear love shall ever be my theme;
Of that alone I'll talk the live-long day;
But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.

Come then, to crown me with immortal joys,
Come, be the kind companion of my flight,
Come, haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
The bark before prepar'd for my departure
Expects its freight; an hundred lusty rowers
Have war'd their sinewy arms, and call Hippolitus;
The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

Ism. Fly then, my lord, and may the gods pro-
tect thee!

Fly, ere infamous Lycon work thy ruin;
Fly, ere my fondness talk thy life away;
Fly from the queen.

Hip. But not from my Ismena.

Why do you force me from your heavenly sight,
With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. O, I could rave for ever at my fate!

And, with alternate love and fear possess'd,
Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to
my breast,

And tremble till you go, but die if you return.
Nay, I could go. Ye gods, if I shall go,
What would Fame say? if I should fly alone
With a young lovely prince that charm'd my soul!

Hip. Say, you did well to fly a certain ruin,
To fly the fury of a queen incens'd,
To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd
you.

O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
By all the love you ever bore Hippolitus,
Come, fly from hence, and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye Pow'rs! I never shall re-
flect.

Hip. Will you refuse me? can I leave behind me
All that inspires my soul, and cheers my eyes?
Will you not go? then here I'll wait my doom,
Come, raving Phædra; bloody Lycon, come! I offer

I offer to your rage this worthless life,
Since 'tis no longer my Ismena's care.

Ism. O, waste away, my lord! I go, I fly
Thro' all the dangers of the boist'rous deep.
When the wind whistles thro' the crackling masts,
When thro' the yawning ship the foaming sea
Rolls bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
And in transporting love forget my fear.
O, I will wander thro' the Scythian gloom,
Over ice, and hills of everlasting snow;
There, when the horrid darkness shall inclose us,
When the bleak wind shall chill my shiv'ring
limbs,

Thou shalt alone supply the distant sun,
And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

Hip. Come, let's away, and like another Jason
I'll bear my beauteous conquest thro' the seas:
A greater treasure, and a nobler prize,
Than he from Colchos bore. Sleep, sleep in peace,
Ye monsters of the woods, on Ida's top
Securely roam; no more my early horn
Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own.
So, when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds,
And lay the fancied boar with feebleounds;
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the hero to the lover yields. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

Enter Lycon and Guards.

Lyc. **H** EAVEN is at last appeas'd: the pitying
gods

Have heard our wishes, and auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native isle; for Phædra lives,
Restor'd to Crete, and to herself, the lives:
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy bloom; as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gaudy flowers.
But see, she comes, the beauteous Phædra comes.

Enter Phædra and four Ladies.

How her eyes sparkle! how their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the sun!
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd: nay, Hippo-
litus,

The fierce, the brave, th' insensible Hippolitus,
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore.

Phæd. 'Tis flattery all.

Yet when you name the prince, that flattery's
pleasing;

You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.

The fertile province of Cydonia's thine:

Is there aught else? has happy Phædra aught
In the wide circle of her far-stretch'd empire?
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse.
Let spacious Crete thro' all her hundred cities
Resound her Phædra's joy. Let altars smoke,
And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll
Their fragrant wreaths to Heaven, to pitying
Heaven,

Which gives Hippolitus to Phædra's arms.

Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness
And waste in grief, as did despairing Phædra:
Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
And glow with generous wine.—Let sorrow cease;
Let none be wretched, none, since Phædra's
happy.

But now he comes, and with an equal passion
Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms!

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the prince?

Mess. He's no where to be found.

Phæd. Perhaps he hunts?

Mess. He hunted not to-day.

Phæd. Ha! have you search'd the walks, the
courts, the temples?

Mess. Search'd all in vain.

Phæd. Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not:

[Exit. Mess.]

My heart misgives me!

Lyc. So indeed doth mine. Then my fears were
true.

Phæd. Could he deceive me? could that god-
like youth

Design the ruin of a queen that loves?

O, he's all truth; his words, his looks, his eyes,
Open to view his inmost thoughts.—He comes.

Ha! who art thou? whence com'st thou? where's
Hippolitus?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam, Hippolitus with fair Ismena
Drove tow'rd the port—

Phæd. With fair Ismena?

Curst be her cruel beauty, curst her charms,
Curst all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
That heavenly virgin, that exalted goodness,
Could see me tortur'd with despairing love,
With artful tears could mourn my monstrous
sufferings,

While her baleful malice plotted my destruction.

Lyc. A thousand reasons crowd upon my soul
That evidence their love.

Phæd. Yes, yes, they love;

Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?

Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst
of glory,

Disdain a foul, a form, a crown like mine?

Lyc. Where, Lycon, where was then thy boasted
cunning?

Dull, thoughtless wretch!

Phæd. O pains unfelt before!

The grief, despair, the agonies and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this.—Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how did their first passion rise?
Where did they breathe their sighs? what shady
groves,

What gloomy woods, conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not; the well-pleas'd fun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame;
Glad zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And Ida echoed their endearing accents.
While I, the shame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Press'd down my sighs, and dried my falling tears,
Search'd a retreat to mourn, and watch'd to grieve.

Lyc. Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd
love

Contrive due vengeance; let majestic Phædra,
That lov'd the hero, sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of ven-
geance,

To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.

Phæd. O rightly thought!—Dispatch th' at-
tending guards;

Bid them bring forth their instruments of death,
Darts, engines, flames—and launch into the deep,
And hurl swift vengeance on the perjur'd slave.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Where am I, Gods? what is 't my rage com-
mands?

Even now he's gone; even now the well-tim'd oars
With sounding shrouds divide the sparkling waves,
And happy gales assist their speedy flight.
Now they embrace; and ardent love inflames
Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes.
Now they expose my weakness and my crimes;
Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the persons or-
der'd,

I met the prince, and with him fair Ismena;
I seiz'd the prince, who now attends without.

Phæd. Haste, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick, and seize Ismena.

[*Exit Cratander.*]

Enter Hippolitus, with two Guards.

Phæd. Couldst thou deceive me? could a son
of Theseus

Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud?
Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
From promis'd love?

Hip. My soul disdain'd a promise.

Phæd. But yet your false equivocating tongue,
Your looks, your eyes, your ev'ry motion pro-
mis'd.

But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in false-
hoods,

Look down, O Theseus, and behold thy son,
As Sciron faithless, as Procrustes cruel.

Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters,
From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth,
Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my glory, lest you stain your
own:

I still have strove to make my glorious father
Blush, yet rejoice, to see himself outdone;
To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
As Theseus just, and as Camilla chaste.

Phæd. The godlike Theseus never was thy
parent.

No, 'twas some monthly Cappadocian drudge,
Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste Camilla.
Camilla chaste! an Amazon, and chaste!

That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue.
See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

*Enter Messenger, and seems to talk earnestly with
Lyc.*

Hip. No; she refus'd the vows of godlike The-
seus,

And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide Thermo-
doon

Heard the huge strokes resound; its frighted waves
Convey'd the rattling din to distant shores,
While the alone supported all his war;
Nor till she sunk beneath his thund'ring arm,
Beneath which warlike nations bow'd, would yield
To honest wish'd-for love.

Phæd. Not to her son,

Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel Pallas,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated,
The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your fires; in vain, like Cadmus' race,
With mingled blood they dyed the blushing earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er;
We, like the Theban race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring
Atone for slaughter past.

Phæd. Your future offspring!
Heavens, what a medley 's this! what dark con-
fusion

Of blood and death, of murder and relation!
What joy 't had been to old disabled Theseus,
When he should take the offspring in his arms!
Even in his arms to hold an infant Pallas,
And be upbraided with his grandfire's fate.
O barbarous youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous, I fear. [*Distant Shout.*]
Perhaps e'en now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards towards the
palace,

And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder Phædra and her son,
And give the crown to him and his Ismena.

Ep. I'll prevent it. [*Exit Ismena*]

Ismena brought in by two Gentlemen.

Phæd. What! the kind Ismena,
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sickness! O, she
watch'd me,
As ravenous vultures watch the dying lion,
To tear his heart, and riot in his blood.
Hark, hark, my little infant cries for justice!
O, be pleas'd, my babe, thou shalt have justice!
Now all the spirits of my godlike race
Inspire my soul, and urge me on to vengeance.
Arise, Minos, Jove, th' avenging fun,
Inspire my fury, and demand my justice.
O, you shall have it; thou, Minos, shalt applaud it.
Yes, thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
God of revenge, arise!—He comes, he comes;
And shoots himself thro' all my kindling blood.
I have it here.—Now, base, pestiferous wretch,
Now sigh, and weep, and tremble in thy turn.
Yes, your Ismena shall appease my vengeance.
Ismena dies; and thou, her pitying lover,
Doom'd her to death.—Thou too shalt see her
bleed,

See her convulsive pangs, and hear her dying groans:
Go, glut thy eyes with thy ador'd Ismena,
And laugh at dying Phædra.

Hip. O Ismena!

Ism. Alas! my tender soul would shrink at death,
Shake with its fears, and sink beneath its pains,
In any cause but this.—But now I'm steel'd,
And the near danger lessens to my sight.
Now, if I live, 'tis only for Hippolitus,
And with an equal joy I'll die to save him,
Yes, for his sake I'll go a willing shade.
And—his coming in th' Elysian fields;
And there enquire of each descending host
Of my lov'd hero's welfare, life, and honour;
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss,
Add to th' Elysian joys, and make that Heaven
more happy.

Hip. O heavenly virgin! [*Aside.*] O impatient
Phædra,

Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare, O spare a guiltless virgin's life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue:
Think with what warm compassion the heaven lov'd
you;
Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your
sickness;

How ev'ry rising and descending sun
Saw kind Ismena watching o'er the queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, should feel your justice.

Ism. O! by those powers to whom I soon must
answer

For all my faults; by that bright arch of heaven
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by ev'ry female art,
Wrought his disdainful soul to false compliance.
The son of Theseus could not think of fraud;
'Twas woman all.

Phæd. I see 'twas woman all:
And woman's fraud should meet with woman's
vengeance.

But yet thy courage, truth, and virtue shock me:

A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.

O! had the gods so pleas'd, had bounteous heaven
Bestow'd Hippolitus on Phædra's arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I given my life with joy to save him.

Hip. And can you doom her death? can Minos'
daughter

Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?

Are not you Phædra—once the boast of fame,
Shame of our sex, and pattern of your own?

Phæd. Am I that Phædra? no; another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Could else Ismena
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?

Aid me, ye gods! support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.

Yet, is my rage unjust? then, why was Phædra
Resolv'd for torment, and reserv'd for pain?

Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to compliance,
At least to feign it, when perfidious Lycon
Confin'd his person, and confin'd his death?

Phæd. Confin'd and doom'd to death!—O
cruel Lycon!

Could I have doom'd thy death? could these sad
eyes,

That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?

Yet thou couldst see me die without concern,
Rather than save a wretched queen from ruin.
Else could you choose to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands,
And all the raging monsters of the deep?

O! think you see me on the naked shore;

Think how I scream, and tear my scatter'd hair;
Break from th' embraces of my snicking maids,

And hallow on the sand my bleeding bosom;

Then catch with wide-stretch'd arms the empty
billows,

And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

Hip. O dismal state! my bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tender pity.

Phæd. If you can pity, O refuse not love!

But stoop to rule in Crete, the seat of heroes,
And nursery of gods. A hundred cities

Court thee for lord, where the rich busy crowds
Struggle for passage thro' the spacious streets;

Where thousand ships on creaking masts
And tire the lab'ring wind. The suppliant nations

Flow to its ensign, and with lover's sails
Confess the ocean's queen. For ever alone

The winds shall blow, and the vast ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd Cydonian warriors

From twanging yews shall send their fatal shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their leader, not their
prince;

And at the head of your renown'd Cydonians
Brandish this far-fam'd sword of conqu'ring he-
sens;

That I may shake th' Egyptian tyrant's yoke
From Asia's neck, and fix it on his own;

That willing nations may obey your laws,
And your bright ancestor, the sun, may shine

On nought but Phædra's empire.

Phad. Why not thine?

Doſt thou ſo far deſtroy my proffer'd bed,
As to reſuſe my crown?—O cruel youth!
By all the pain that wrings my tortur'd ſoul,
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
O eaſe, at leaſt once more delude, my ſorrows.
For your dear ſake I've loſt my darling honour;
For you but now I gave my ſoul to death;
For you I'd quit my crown, and ſtoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife;
With thee I'd climb the ſteepy Ida's ſummit,
And in the ſcorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales, purſue the ſtaggy lion.
Careleſs of danger, and of waſting toil,
Of pinching hunger, and impatient thirſt,
I'll find all joys in thee.

Hip. Why ſtoops the queen

To aſk, entreat, to ſuppllicate, and pray
To prostitute her crown and ſex's honour,
To one whoſe humble thoughts can only riſe
To be your ſlave, not lord?

Phad. And is that all?

See if he deign to force an artful groan,
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes?
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his ſword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth?
He hates the tyrant, and the ſuppliant ſcorns.
O Heaven! O Minos! O Imperial Jove!
Do ye not bluſh at my degenerate weakneſs?
Hence, lazy, mean, ignoble paſſions, fly!
Hence from my ſoul!—'Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And heaven inſpires my thoughts with righteous
vengeance.

Thou ſhalt no more deſpiſe my offer'd love;
No more Iſmena ſhall upbraid my weakneſs.

[*Catches Hip. ſword to ſtab herſelf.*]

Now, all ye kindred gods, look down and ſee
How I'll revenge you, and my ſelf, on Phædra.

Enter Lycou, and ſnatches away the ſword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! Theſeus is return'd.

Phad. Theſeus! then what have I to do with
life?

May I be ſnatch'd with winds, by earth o'er-
whelm'd,

Rather than view the face of injur'd Theſeus.
Now wider ſtill my growing horrors ſpread,
My fame, my virtue, nay my phrenzy's fled:
Then view thy wretched race, imperial Jove,
If crimes enrage you, or miſfortunes move;
On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
Me if your anger ſpares, your pity ſhould deſtroy.

[*Runs off.*]

Lyc. This may do ſervice yet.

[*Exit Lycou, carries off the ſword.*]

Hip. Is he return'd: thanks to the pitying gods!
Shall I again behold his awful eyes?
Again be folded in his loving arms?
Yet in the midſt of joy I fear for Phædra;
I fear his warmth and unrelenting juſtice.
O! ſhould her raging paſſion reach his ears,
His tender love, by anger fir'd, would turn
To burning rage; [*trumpets ſound*] as ſoft Cy-
donian oil,

Whoſe balmy juice glides o'er th' untaſting tongue,
Yet, touch'd with fire, with hotteſt flames will
blaze.

But, O ye pow'rs! I ſee his godlike form.
O ecſtaſy of joy! he comes, he comes!

Enter Theſeus, Officer, and Guards.

Is it my lord? my father? O, 'tis he!

I ſee him, touch him, feel his own embraces;
See all the father in his joyful eyes.

Where have you been, my lord? what angry de-
mon

Hid you from Crete? from me? what god has
ſav'd you?

Did not Philotas ſee you fall? O, answer me;
And then I'll aſk a thouſand queſtions more.

Theſ. No; but to ſave my life I feign'd my
death:

My horſe and well-known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther ſearch. This honeſt Greek
Conceal'd me in his houſe, and cur'd my wounds;
Procur'd a veſſel, and, to bleſs me more,
Accompanied my flight——

But this at leiſure. Let me now indulge

A father's fondneſs; let me ſnatch thee thus,

Thus-fold thee in my arms. Such, ſuch, wa: I
[*Embraces Hippolitus.*]

When firſt I ſaw thy mother, chaſte Canilla;

And much the lov'd me. O! did Phædra view me

With half that fondneſs!——But ſhe's ſtill un-
kind,

Elſe haſty joy had brought her to theſe arms,

To welcome me to liberty, to life,

And make that life a bleſſing. Come, my ſon,
Let us to Phædra.

Hip. Pardon me, my lord.

Theſ. Forget her former treatment; ſhe's too
good

Still to perſiſt in hatred to my ſon.

Hip. O! let me fly from Crete—from you——

[*Aſide*] and Phædra.

Theſ. My ſon, what means this turn? this ſud-
den ſtart?

Why would you fly from Crete, and from your
father?

Hip. Not from my father, but from lazy Crete,

To follow danger, and acquire renown;

To quell the monſters that eſcap'd your ſword,

And make the world confeſs me Theſeus' ſon.

Theſ. What can this coldneſs mean?—Retire,
my ſon, [*Exit Hippolitus.*]

While I attend the queen.——What ſhock is this?

Why tremble thus my limbs? why faints my
heart?

Why am I thrill'd with fear till now unknown?

Where's now the joy, the ecſtaſy and tranſport,

That warm'd my ſoul, and urg'd me on to
Phædra?

O, had I never lov'd her, I'd been bleſt.

Sorrow and joy in love alternate reign;

Sweet is the bliſs, diſtraſting is the pain.

So when the Nile its fruitful deluge ſpreads,

And genial heat informs its ſliny beds;

Here

Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the lab'ring
 swain :
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.
[Exit.]

ACT IV.

Enter Lyc on solus.

Lyc. THIS may gain time till all my wealth's
 embark'd,
To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
To shake that empire which I can't possess.
But then the queen—she dies—why let her die;
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So Lyc on live—a safe triumphant exile,
Great in disgrace, and envied in his fall.
The queen! then try thy art, and work her passions.

Enter Phædra and Ladies.

Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thyself in Phædra.

Phæd. O! let me loose; why, cruel, barb'rous
 maids,

Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge,
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th' insufferable load
Of foul dishonour, and despairing love?
O length of pain! am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? feel I so oft death's pangs,
Nor once can find its ease?

Lyc. Would you now die?

Now quit the field to your insulting foe?
Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:
Ages to come, the universe shall learn
The wide immortal infamy of Phædra:
And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,
The lovely image of your dear dead lord,
Shall be upbraided with his mother's crimes;
Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your
 faults,

Inherit your disgrace, but not your crown.

Phæd. Must he too fall, involv'd in my de-
 struction,

And only live to curse the name of Phædra?
O dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee
Only a sad inheritance of woe?

Gods! cruel gods! can't all my pains atone,
Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?

O lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,
And death itself can't ease! Assist me, Lyc on;
Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that trouble from
 your soul;

As streams when damm'd forget their ancient cur-
 rent,

And wand'ring o'er their banks in other channels
 flow:

'Tis you must bend your thoughts from hopeless
 love,

And turn their course to Theseus' happy bosom,
And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:

Then with fresh charms adorn your troubled looks,
Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,
Soothe with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.
Phæd. Impossible! what, woo him with these
 eyes,

Still wet with tears that flow'd—but not for The-
 seus?

'This tongue, so us'd to found another name?
What, take him to my arms? O awful Juno!!
Touch, love, caress him, while my wand'ring fancy
On other objects strays? a lewd adulteress
In the chaste bed? and in the father's arms,
(O horrid thought! O execrable incest!)
Ev'n in the father's arms, embrace the son?

Lyc. Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Should urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

Phæd. Could I, when present to his awful
 eyes,

Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Would not my groans, my looks, my speech be-
 tray me?

Betray thee, Phædra! then thou 'rt not betray'd.
Live, live secure, adoring Crete conceals thee;
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness
Will charm the kind Hippolitus to silence.
O wretched Phædra! O ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclosed!

Lyc. I needs must fear them,
Spite of their vows, their oaths, their imprecations.

Phæd. Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn,
Eternal love and endless faith to Theseus;
And yet am false, forsworn: the hallow'd shrine
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood.
The youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd:
The fatal eloquence that charm'd my soul
Shall lavish all its arts to my destruction.

Lyc. Hippolitus—

O, he will tell it all—destruction seize him!
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken, will excuse your folly;
False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful signs shall heave.
Then Theseus—how will indignation swell
His mighty heart! how his majestic frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent!
While the proud Scythian—
How he'll expose you to the public scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their
 horror!

Then the fierce Scythian—now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with fullen pleasures glow,
Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd Ismena,
Point out with scorn the once-proud tyrant Phæ-
 dra.

Phæd. Curs'd be his name! may infamy attend
 him!

May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By heaven, prophetic truth inspires your
 tongue:

He

He shall endure the shame he means to give ;
For all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge, shall Theseus turn on him.

Phæd. Is't possible ? O Lycon ! O my refuge !
O good-old man ! thou oracle of wisdom !

Declare the means, that Phædra may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phæd. O heavens ! accuse the guiltless ?

Lyc. Then be accus'd ; let Theseus know your crime :

Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory ;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall—
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity ;
With ready war prevent th' invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance :
Be yours the fruit, security, and ease ;
The guilt, the danger, and the labour mine.

Phæd. Heavens ! Theseus comes.

Lyc. Declare your last resolves.

Phæd. How you relieve, for Phædra can do nothing. [*Exit Phædra.*]

Lyc. Now, Lycon, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now inflame his rage ;
Quicken his hopes, then quench 'em with despair ;
Work his tumultuous passions into phrenzy ;
Unite them all, then turn them on the foe.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Was that my queen, my wife, my idol
Phædra ?

Does she still shun me ? O injurious heaven !
Why did you give me back again to life ?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,
To let me fall by her more fatal hatred ?

Lyc. Her hatred ! no ; she loves you with such fondness

As none but that of Theseus e'er could equal :
Yet so the gods have doom'd, so heaven will have it,

She ne'er must view her much-lov'd Theseus more.

Thes. Not see her ! by my sufferings but I will,

Tho' troops embattled shou'd oppose my passage,
And ready death shall guard the fatal way.
Not see her ! O ! I'll clasp her in these arms,
Break thro' the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for joy, when Phædra's grief—

Thes. Is this a time for grief ? is this my welcome

To air, to life, to liberty, and Crète ?
Not this I hop'd, when, urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to Phædra's arms ;
Then, to my thoughts, relenting Phædra flew
With open arms to welcome my return ;
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more.
O ! my warm soul, my boiling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untasted joys ;
New pleasures fill'd my mind ; all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.
And does she now avoid my eager love ?
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred ?
Invent new pains ? detest, loath, shun my sight ?
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety ?

Lyc. O, think not so ! for, by th' unerring gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd sound of Theseus reach'd her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and wat'ry eyes to heaven,
To bless the bounteous gods : at that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd :
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to fall.

Thes. Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow ?

Then haste, conduct me to the lovely creature ;
O, I will kiss the dearly drops away
Suck from her rosy lips the fragrant sighs,
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other dew her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

Lyc. Does Theseus burn with such unheard-of passion ?

And shall not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him,

And win an equal ardour meet his vows,
The vows of one so dear ? O righteous gods !
Why, midst the bleeding heart of Theseus bear
Such tort'ring pangs ? while Phædra, dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry heaven
Steadfastly gazes, and upbraids the gods ;

Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble shame,
Fixes her gloomy war'ry orbs to earth ;
Now labouring with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs.

Thes. Wrongs ! is she wrong'd ? and lives he yet who wrong'd her ?

Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so lov'd,
That Phædra scarce can hope, scarce wish, revenge.

Thes. Shall Theseus live, and not revenge his Phædra ?

Gods ! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,

For quelling tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail ? now first, when Phædra's injur'd, fail ?

“ O let us haste—”

Speak, Lycon, haste ; declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure Phædra,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of Theseus.

Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her wrongs are mighty.

The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears,
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

Thes. End her ! end Theseus first, and all mankind ;

But most that villain, that detested slave,
That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch.

Lyc. O noble heat of unexampled love !
This Phædra hop'd, when, in the midst of grief,

In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She groaning still invoc'd, still call'd on Theseus.

Thes. Did she then name me ? did she weeping charmer

Invoke my name, and call for aid on Theseus ?
O ! that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.

Why

Why then this stay? I come, I fly, O Phædra!
Lead on.—Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of vengeance!
Haste, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. O! I beg you stay.

Thes. What, stay when Phædra calls?

Lyc. O! on my knees,

By all the gods, my lord, I beg you stay;

"O! I conjure you stay,"

As you respect your peace, your life, your glory;

As Phædra's days are precious to your soul;

By all your love, by Phædra's sorrows, stay.

Thes. Where lies the danger? wherefore should I stay?

Lyc. Your sudden presence would surprise her soul,

Renew the galling image of her wrongs,

Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame;

And all your son would strike her from your eyes.

Thes. My son!—But he's too good, too brave to wrong her.

Whence then that shocking change, that strong surprise,

That fright that seiz'd him at the name of Phædra?

Lyc. Was he surpris'd? that shew'd at least remorse.

Thes. Remorse! for what? by heavens, my troubled thoughts

Prefage some dire attempts—say, what remorse?

Lyc. I would not—yet I must: thus you command;

This Phædra orders: twice her faulting tongue

Bad me unfold the guilty scene to Theseus;

Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,

And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience,

Lest the unwelcome tale should wound your peace.

At last, with looks serenely sad, she cried,

Go tell it all; but in such artful words,

Such tender accents, and such melting sounds,

As may appease his rage, and move his pity;

As may incline him to forgive his son

A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

Thes. Of love? what strange suspicions rack my soul!

As you regard my peace, declare what love!

Lyc. Thus urg'd, I must declare. Yet, pitying heaven!

Why must I speak? why must unwilling Lycón

Accuse the prince of impious love to Phædra?

Thes. Love to his mother! to the wife of Theseus!

Lyc. Yes; at this moment first he view'd her eyes,
Even at the altar, when you join'd your hands,

His early heart receiv'd the guilty flame,

And from that time he press'd her with his passion.

Thes. Then 'twas for this the banish'd him from Crete;

I thought it hatred all. O righteous hatred!

Forgive me, heaven! forgive me, injur'd Phædra,

That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.

O! 'twas all just; and Theseus shall revenge,

Ev'n on his son, revenge his Phædra's wrongs.

Lyc. What easy tools are these blunt honest heroes,

Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the stateman's art prepares,

And post to ruin!—Go, believing fool,

Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,

Next on thyself, and both make way for Lycón,

Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? perhaps 'tis malice.

Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

Lyc. Am I then doubted? can Phædra or your Lycón

Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?

Gods! when the queen unwillingly complains,

Can you suspect her truth? O godlike Theseus!

Is this the love you bear unhappy Phædra?

Is this her hop'd-for aid? Go, wretched matron,

Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitied heavens

With thy vain sorrows; since relentless Theseus,

Thy hope, thy refuge, Theseus will not hear thee.

Thes. Not hear my Phædra! not revenge her wrongs!

Speak, make thy proofs; and then his doom 's as fix'd

As when Jove nods, and high Olympus shakes,

And fate his voice obeys.

Lyc. Yet stay, bear witness, heaven! *[He takes a sword.]*

With what reluctance I produce this sword,

This fatal proof against th' unhappy prince,

Lest it should work your justice to his ruin,

And prove he aim'd at force as well as incest.

Thes. Gods! 'tis illusion all! Is this the sword
By which Procrustes, Sciron, Pallas fell?

Is this the weapon which my darling son

Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?

Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd

Thy generous promise. O most injur'd Phædra!

Why did I trust to his deceitful form?

Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

Lyc. Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,

Seen his arm lock'd in her dishevell'd hair,

That weapon glitt'ring o'er her trembling bosom,

Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,

Entreating death, and rising to the wound!

O! had you seen her, when th' affrighted youth

Retir'd at your approach; had you then seen her,

In the chaste transports of becoming fury,

Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom!

Had you seen this, you could not doubt her truth.

Thes. O impious monster! O, forgive me, Phædra!

And may the gods inspire my injur'd soul

With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes!

Lyc. For Phædra's sake forbear to talk of vengeance;

That with new pains would wound her tender breast.

Send him away from Crete; and by his absence

Give Phædra quiet, and afford him mercy.

Thes. Mercy! for what? O well has he rewarded

Poor Phædra's mercy.—O most barbarous traitor!

To

To wrong such beauty and insult such goodness.
Mercy! what's that? a virtue coin'd by villains,
Who praise, the weakness which supports their crimes.

Be mute, and fly; lest, when my rage is rous'd,
Thou for thyself in vain implore my mercy.

Lyc. Dull fool! I laugh at mercy more than thou dost,

More than I do the justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young hero, to thy father's arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born Lycón.

[*Aside, and Exit.*]

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be? Is this th' incestuous villain?

How great his presence, how erect his look,
How ev'ry grace, how all his virtuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes!
O Neptune! O great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought;
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, not regret the son?

Hip. May I presume to ask, what secret ears
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright Hippolitus they us'd to cheer?

Thes. Answer me first. When call'd to wait on
Phædra,

What sudden fear surpris'd your troubled soul?
Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
Why did you hasten from your father's arms,
To shun the queen your duty bids you please?

Hip. My lord, to please the queen I'm forc'd to
shun her,

And keep this hated object from her sight.

Thes. Say, what's the cause of her inveterate hatred?

Hip. My lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

Thes. O were it so! [*Aside.*] When last did you
attend her?

Hip. When last attend her?—O unhappy
queen!

Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you,
Or to betray a fault myself have caus'd. [*Aside.*]
When last attend her?

Thes. Answer me directly;

Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

Hip. My lord, this very morn I saw the queen.

Thes. What pass'd?

Hip. I ask'd permission to retire.

Thes. And was that all?

Hip. My lord, I humbly beg,

With the most low submissions, ask no more.

Thes. Yet you don't answer with your low sub-
missions.

Answer, or never hope to see me more.

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear, without my
telling;

And the poor queen's betray'd, and lost for ever.

[*Aside.*]

Thes. He changes, gods! and falters at the
question.

His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty.

[*Aside.*]

Hip. Why do you frown, my lord? why turn
away

As from some loathsome monster, not your son?

Thes. Thou art that monster, and no more my
son.

Not one of those of the most horrid form.

Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth;
Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, gods? is that my father The-
seus?

Am I awake? am I Hippolitus?

Thes. Thou art that fiend, thou art Hippo-
litus.

Thou art.—O fall, O fatal stain to honour!

How had my vain imagination form'd thee!

Brave as Alcides, and as Minos just.

Sometimes it led me thro' the maze of war;

There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the field,

Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction.

Sometimes with wholesome laws reforming states,

Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty;

While you—

Hip. With all my father's soul inspir'd,

Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,

To hunt thro' bloody fields the chace of glory,

And bless your age with trophies like your own.

Gods, how that warm'd me! how my throbbing
heart

Leap'd to the image of my father's joy,

When you should strain me in—~~your~~ folding
arms,

And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys,

Commend my valour, and confess your son!

How did I think my glorious toil o'erpaid!

Then great indeed, and in my father's love

With more than conquest crown'd,

Cry, Go on, Hippolitus!

Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;

Practise the strictest and austere virtue,

And all the rigid laws of righteous Minos:

Theſeus, thy father Theſeus, will reward thee.

Thes. Reward thee!—yes, as Minos would re-
ward thee.

Was Minos then thy pattern? and did Minos,

The great, the good, the just, the righteous Mi-
nos,

The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,

Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

Incest appears.

Im. Ha! what's this?

[*Aside.*]

Hip. Amazement! incest?

Thes. Incest with Phædra, with thy mother
Phædra.

Hip. This charge so unexpected, so amazing,

So new, so strange, impossible to thought,

Stuns my astonish'd soul, and ties my voice.

Thes. Then let this wake thee, this onerous glo-
rious sword,

With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,

Not

Not for this purpose. O abandon'd slave!
O early villain, most detested coward!
With this, my instrument of youthful glory,
With this t' invade the spotless Phædra's honour!
Phædra, my life, my better half, my queen!
That very Phædra! for whose just defence
The gods would claim thy sword.

Hip. Amazement! death!
Heavens! durst I raise the far-fam'd sword of
Theseus

Against his queen, against my mother's bosom?

Thes. If not, declare when, where, and how
you lost it?

How Phædra gain'd it?—O all ye gods, he's silent!
Why was it bar'd? whose bosom was it aim'd at?
What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? O villain! monstrous
villain!

Hip. Is there no way, no thought, no beam of
light?

No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy maze,
To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?
None, none, ye pow'rs! and must I groan beneath
This execrable load of foul dishonour?
Must Theseus suffer such unheard of torture?
Theseus, my father! No. I'll break thro' all:
All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations
I'll give them to the winds. Hear me, my lord;
Hear your wrong'd son. The sword—O fatal vow,
Ensnaring oaths—and thou, rash thoughtless fool,
To bind thyself in voluntary chains!
Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm!
Beneath disgrace, tho' infamous, yet honest.
Yet hear me, father:—May the righteous gods
Show'r all their curses on this wretched head!
O, may they doom me—

Thes. Yes, the gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword!—Now swear, and call to
witness

Heaven, hell, and earth, I mark it not from one
That breathes beneath such complicated guilt.

Hip. Was that like guilt, when with expanded
arms

I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt, when thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unappall'd,
Fix'd on that awful face, I stand the charge,
Amaz'd, not fearing? Say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale,
Now flushing red, the downcast haggard eyes,
Or fix'd on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

Thes. This is for raw, untaught, unfinished
villains.

Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd per-
fection;

Thy even looks could wear a peaceful calm,
The beauteous stamp (O Heavens!) of faultless
virtue,

While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed!
O harden'd fiend! I'll hear no more!
Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow!
What! no remorse? no qualms? no pricking
pangs?

No feeble struggle of rebelling honour?

O! 'twas thy joy, thy secret hoard of bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on; as rejoicing misers
Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring
Heaven,

Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

Thes. Guilty indeed.

Ev'n at the time you heard your father's death,
And such a father (O immortal gods!)
As held thee dearer than his life and glory!
When thou shouldst rend the skies with clam'rous
grief,

Beat thy sad breast, and tear thy starting hair:
Then to my bed to force your impious way;
With horrid lust t' insult my yet warm urn;
Make me the scorn of hell, and sport for fiends!
These are the fun'ral honours paid to Theseus,
These are the sorrows, these the hallow'd rites,
To which you'd call your father's how'ring spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my lord, ere yet you fix his
doom: [*Turning to Theseus.*
Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
And guard his life with hazard of her own.

Thes. Tho' thou'rt the daughter of my hated
foe,

Tho' ev'n thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
Yet justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*
Then know, mistaken prince, his honest soul
Could ne'er be sway'd by impious love to Phæ-
dra,

Since I before engag'd his early vows;
With all my wiles subdued his struggling heart,
For long his duty struggled with his love.

Thes. Speak, is this true? on thy obedience
speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous truth;
I own,

Against her will, I lov'd the fair Ismena.

Thes. Canst thou be only clear'd by disobe-
dience,

And justified by crimes? What, love my foe!
Love one descended from a race of tyrants,
Whose blood yet reeks on my avenging
sword!

I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate.

Haste to the shades, and tell the happy Pallas
Ismena's flames, and let him taste such joys
As thou giv'st me; go tell applauding Minos
The pious love you bore his daughter Phædra;
Tell it the chattering ghosts, and hissing
furies,

Tell it the grinning fiends, till hell sound
nothing

To thy pleas'd ears but Phædra, thy mother
Phædra!

Here, guards!

Exit

Enter Cratander and Guards.

Seize him, Cratander; take this guilty sword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at least, like Theseus' son.
Take him away, and execute my orders.

Hip. Heavens! how that strikes me! how it wounds my soul

To think of your unutterable sorrows,
When you shall find Hippolitus was guiltless!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you shall mourn your son's unhappy fate,
O, I beseech you by the love you bore me,
With my last words (my words will then prevail),
O, for my sake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again Hippolitus in Theseus.
Let all my virtues, all my joys survive
Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which fate, and not my father, wrought.
O, let me dwell for ever in your thoughts;
Let me be honour'd still, but not depior'd.

Thes. Then thy chief care is for thy father's life?

O blooming hypocrite! O young dissembler!
Well hast thou shewn the care thou tak'st of
Theseus.

O all ye gods! how this inflames my fury!
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd Theseus,

Blot not thy fame with such a monster's blood.
Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, Ismena.

[*Exit guards.*]

Ism. O! take me with him, let me share his fate.

O awful Theseus! yet revoke his doom.
See, see the very ministers of death,
Tho' bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

Thes. Slaves, villains, drag her away.

Ism. O, tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs
Grow to my lord, and share the pains he suffers.

Thes. Villains, away!

Ism. O Theseus! hear me, hear me!

Thes. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch.

Off, woman!

Ism. O let me stay! I'll tell you all!

[*Exit Theseus.*]

Already gone! Tell it, ye conscious walls;
Bear it, ye winds, upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, Fame, with all your hundred
tongues.

O hapless youth! all heaven conspires against you.
The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret;
Th' untainted winds refuse th' infecting load;
And Fame itself is mute. Nay, ev'n Ismena,
Thy own Ismena's sworn to thy destruction.

But still whate'er the cruel gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he who dooms thy death pronounces
mine.

Thes. Too well I know the truth;
What could she tell me but fictitious art,

By woman's art deriv'd to turn the course
Of justice from a wretch, whose death both gods
And men demand of Theseus.

ACT V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lyc. ACCUSE yourself! On my knees I beg
you,

By all the gods, recal the fatal message.
Heavens! will you stand the dreadful rage of
Theseus,
And brand your fame, and work your own de-
struction?

Phæd. By thee I'm branded, and by thee
destroy'd;

Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend!
Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor 'scape the ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc. Was it not your command? has faithful
Lycon

E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd, contriv'd, or
acted,

Has he done aught, without the queen's consent?

Phæd. Plead'st thou consent to what thou first
inspir'dst?

Was that consent? O senseless politician!

When adverse passions struggled in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair,
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul!

Yet this consent you plead, O faithless Lycon!

O, only zealous for the name of Phædra!

With this you blot my name and clear your own;

And what's my phrenzy shall be call'd my crime.

What then is thine, thou cool, deliberate villain,

Thou wise, fore-thinking, weighing politician?

Lyc. O! 'twas so black a charge, my tongue
recoil'd

At its own sound, and horror shook my soul;
Yet still, tho' pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my queen,
I broke thro' all, to save the life of Phædra.

Phæd. What's life? O all ye gods! can life
atone

For all the monstrous crimes by which it's
bought?

O can I live, when thou, O soul of honour!

O early hero! by my crimes art ruin'd?

Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth

Falls by the ferdid hands of butchering villains;

Now, now he bleeds, he dies.—O perjurd
traitor!

See, his rich blood in purple torrents flows,

And Nature fallies in unbidden groans;

Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form,

His rosy beauties fade, his starry eyes

Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams:

Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,

And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue,

And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear!

With his last breath he curses perjurd Phædra;

He summons Phædra to the bar of Minos:

Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee

Whole hell shall be employ'd, and suff'ring Phædra

Shall

Shall find some ease, to see thee still more wretched.

Lyc. O all ye pow'rs! O Phædra! hear me; hear me,

By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares,
By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
By these old wither'd limbs, and hoary hairs,
By all my tears—O heavens! the minds me not;
She hears not my complaints. O wretched Ly-
con!

To what art thou reserv'd?

Phæd. Reserv'd to all

The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
To all I wish—On Phædra—Guards, secure him.

Enter Guards. Lycôn carried off.

Ha, Theseus!—Gods! my freezing blood con-
geals,
And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Dost thou at last repent! O lovely Phæ-
dia!

At last with equal ardour meet my vows?
O dear-bought blessing!—Yet I'll not complain,
Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
And only heightens joy.—Then haste, my
charmer,

Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
And in a moment love me age we've lost.

Phæd. Stand off; approach me, touch me not;
fly hence

Far as the distant skies, or deepest centre.

Thes. Amazement! death! Ye gods who guide
the world,

What can this mean? So fierce a detestation,
So strong abhorrence!—Speak, exquisite tor-
mentor!

Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
With eager raptures and tumultuous transports,
Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss?

Did I for this obey my Phædra's call,
And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel Phædra!

Was it for this you rous'd my drowsy soul
From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?

And dost thou only show those beauteous eyes
To wake despair, and blast my with their beams?

Phæd. O, were that all to which the gods have
doom'd me!

But angry heaven has laid in store for Theseus
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
That the black image shocks my frightened soul,
And the words die on my reluctant tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings. Thus let me
hear it,

Thus in thy sight; thus gazing on those eyes
I can support the utmost spite of fate,
And stand the rage of Heaven.—Approach, my fair.

Phæd. Oh, if I fly for ever from thy sight;
Shall I embrace the father of Hippolytus?

Thes. Forget the villain; drive him from your
soul.

Phæd. Can I forget, or drive him from my soul?

O! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

Thes. And mine and all. O most abandon'd
villain!

O lasting scandal to our godlike race!

That could contrive a crime so foul as incest.

Phæd. Incest! O, name it not!

The very mention shakes my inmost soul;
The gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,
And nature sickens at the shocking sound.

Thou brutal wretch, thou execrable monster!

To break thro' all the laws that early flow
From untaught reason, and distinguish man;

Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
Mother and son preposterously wicked;

To banish from thy soul the reverence due

To honour, nature, and the genial bed;

And injure one so great, so good as Theseus!

Thes. To injure one so great, so good as
Phædra.

O slave! to wrong such purity as thine;

Such dazzling brightness, such exalted virtue.

Phæd. Virtue! all-seeing gods, ye know my
virtue.

Must I support all this? O righteous Heaven!

Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have borne,

Pointed his satire's stings, and edg'd his rage:

But to be prais'd!—Now, Minos, I defy thee;

Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,

Stones, furies, wheels, are slight to what I suffer,
And hell itself's relief.

Thes. What's hell to thee?

What crimes couldst thou commit? or what re-
proaches

Could innocence so pure as Phædra's fear?

O! thou'rt the chastest matron of thy sex,

The fairest pattern of excelling virtue.

Our latest annals shall record thy glory,

The maid's example, and the matron's theme.

Each skilful artist shall express thy form

In animated gold. The threat'ning sword

Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom;

Such heavenly beauty on thy face shall bloom

As shall almost excuse the villain's crime;

But yet that firmness, that unshaken virtue,

As still shall make the monster more detested.

Where'er you pass, the crowded way shall sound

With joyful cries and endless acclamations.

And when aspiring bards in daring strains

Shall raise some heavenly matron to the pow'rs,

They'll say, She's great, she's true, she's chaste
as Phædra.

Phæd. This might have been. But now, O
cruel stars!

Now, as I pass, the crowded way shall sound
With hissing scorn, and murr'ring detestation.

The latest annals shall record my shame;

And when th' avenging Muse with pointed rage
Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
She'll

She'll say, She's false, she's base, she's foul as Phædra.

Thes. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
Cast any stains on purity like thine,
They're wash'd already in the villain's blood :
The very sword, his instrument of horror,
Ere this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
Hath done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes.
He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas ! my lord,
Ere this the prince is dead. I saw Craterander
Give him a sword ; I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast.
With steady hand, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to die,
And not in battle.—A loud clamour follow'd ;
And the surrounding soldiers hid from fight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

Phæd. Is he then dead ?

Thes. Yes, yes, he's dead ; and dead by my command.

And in this dreadful act of mournful justice
I'm more renown'd than in my dear-bought laurels.

Phæd. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.—O happy Theseus !

O only worthy of the love of Phædra !
Haste then, let's join our well-met hands together,
Unite for ever, and defy the gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched.

Thes. Wretched ! for what ? for what the world must praise me,
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villain's death ?

Phæd. Hippolitus a villain !

O, he was all his godlike fire could wish,
The pride of Theseus, and the hope of Crete.
Nor did the bravest of his godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

Thes. What can this mean ? declare, ambiguous Phædra,

Say whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage ?
Why are thy doubted speeches dark and troubled,
As Cretan seas when vex'd by warring winds ?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd, detested and deplor'd !

Phæd. Canst thou not guess ?

Canst thou not read it in my furious passions,
In all the wild disorders of my soul ?
Couldst thou not see it in the noble warmth
That urg'd the darling youth to acts of honour ?
Couldst thou not find it in the gen'rous truth
Which sparkled in his eyes, and open'd in his face ?

Couldst thou not perceive it in the chaste reserve,
In every word and look, each godlike act,
Couldst thou not see Hippolitus was guiltless ?

Thes. Guiltless ! O all ye gods ! what can this mean ?

Phæd. Mean ! that the guilt is mine, that virtuous Phædra,

The maid's example, and the nation's theme,

With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son.

And when denied, with impious accusation
Sullied the lustre of his shining honour ;
Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
And with ensnaring wiles destroyed that virtue
I tried in vain to shake.

Thes. Is he then guiltless ?

Guiltless ? then what art thou ? and, O just Heaven !
What a detested parricide is Theseus !

Phæd. What am I ? what indeed, but one more black

Than earth or hell e'er bore ! O horrid mixture—
Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
Perjury, murder, to arm the erring father
Against the guiltless son ! O impious Lycon,
In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me !

Thes. Lycon !—Here, guards.—O most abandoned villain !

Secure him, seize him, drag him piecemeal hither.

Enter Guards.

Gua. Who has, my lord, incur'd your high displeasure ?

Thes. Who can it be, ye gods, but perjur'd Lycon ?

Who can inspire such storms of rage, but Lycon ?
Where has my sword left one so black, but Lycon ?

Where, wretched Theseus, is thy bed and heart ?
The very darling of my soul and eyes ?

O beauteous fiend ! Betrust not to thy form.
You too, my son, was fair ; your manly beauties
Charm'd ev'ry heart (O Heavens !) to your destruction ;

You too were good, your virtuous soul abhor'd
The crimes for which you died. O impious Phædra !

Incestuous fury ! execrable murd'refs !
Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell ?

Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
Ev'n endless torture, which thou shalt not suffer ?

Phæd. And is there aught on earth I would not suffer ?

O, were there vengeance equal to my crimes,
Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy youth,
From any hands but mine ; 't' avenge thy fate
I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures,
And Phædra's kissings should atone for thine ;
Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs ;
Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul ;
Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thes. Hast thou escap'd my wrath ? Yet, impious Lycon,

On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance,
And glut my boundless rage.

Lyc. O mercy, mercy !

Thes. Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve ;

Such as thy guilty soul can hope from Theseus ;
Such as thou shew'dst to poor Hippolitus.

Lyc. O ! chain me ; whip me ; let me be the scorn

Of fordid rabbles, and insulting crowds;
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

Phæd. Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

Thef. O abject villain!—Yet it gives me joy
To see the fears that shake thy guilty soul,
Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes.
O, how thou'lt howl thy fearful soul away!
While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
And make thy pains their sport. Haste, hence,
away with him.

Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish;
Let him be rack'd and gash'd, impal'd alive;
Then let the mangled monster, fix'd on high,
Grin o'er the shouting crowds, and glut their
vengeance.

Hence! away! [*Lycon borne off.*]
And is this all? and art thou not appeas'd?
Will this atone for poor Hippolitus?
O ungorg'd appetite! O rav'nous thirst
Of a son's blood! what, not a day, a moment?

Phæd. A day, a moment! O, thou shouldst
have staid

Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
Ere touch the life of that consummate youth.

Thef. And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
Boasted his fate, and triumph'd in his ruin.
Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
When in her mortal pangs the sighing gave me
The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
Her last words now fast ring from her tongue,
And reach'd her feeble wand'ring hands to mine;
When her last breath now quiv'ring at her mouth
Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son,
To her Hippolitus. He, alas! descends
An early victim to the lazy shades,
(O Heaven and earth!) by Theseus doom'd
descends.

Phæd. He's doom'd by Theseus, but accus'd
by Phædra,

By Phædra's madness, and by Lycon's hatred.
Yet with my life I expiate my phrenzy,
And die for thee my headlong rage destroy'd.
Thee I pursue, O great ill-fated youth!
Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires;
Thee thro' the dismal waste of gloomy death,
Thee thro' the glimm'ring dawn, and purer day,
Thro' all the Elysian plains—O righteous
Minos!

Elysian plains! There he and his Ismena
Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
Immortal love; while I far off shall howl
In lonely plains, while all the blackest ghosts
Shrink from the baleful sight of one more mon-
strous

And more accurs'd than they.

Thef. I too must die;
I too must once more see the burning shore
Of livid Acheron and black Cocytus,
Whence now Alcides will release me now.

Phæd. Then why this stay? Come on, let's
plunge together.

See, Hell sets wide its adamantine gates.

See, thro' the sable gates the black Cocytus
In smoky circles rolls its fiery waves;
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rattling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, or loud complaints, of piercing
shrieks,

That wide thro' all its gloomy world resound.
How huge *Megara* stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of Minos:
See how the awful judges of the dead
Look steadfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See, Minos turns away his loathing eyes;
Rage chokes his struggling words; the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand. O all ye gods!
What, Lycon here? O execrable villain!
Then am I still on earth? By Hell I am,
A fury now, a scourge preserv'd for Lycon.
See, the just beings offer to my vengeance
That impious slave. Now, Lycon, for revenge:
Thanks, Heaven, 'tis here. I'll strike it to his
heart.

[*Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.*
Gua. Heavens! 'tis your lord.

Phæd. My lord! O equal Heaven!
Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
And sallying life go off in parricide?
This glimpse of reason some indulgent God
Hath granted me to close the scene of guilt.
Then trust not thy slow drugs. Thus sure of
death

Complete thy horrors.—And if this suffice not,
Thou Minos do the rest. [*Stabs herself.*]

Thef. Desp'rate to the last—in ev'ry passion
furious.

Phæd. I ask not,
Nor do I hope from thee forgiveness, Theseus;
But yet amidst my crimes remember still,
That my offence was not my nature's fault.
The wrath of Venus, which pursues our race,
First kindled in my breast those guilty fires.
Resistless goddess, I confess thy pow'r,
To thee I make libation of my blood.
Venus, avert thy hate—may wretched Phædra
Prove the last victim of her fated line. [*Dies.*]

Thef. At length she's quiet, she's dead:
And now earth bears not such a wretch as
Theseus.

Yet I'll obey Hippolitus, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the Corybantes,
With clashing shields and braying trumpets,
drown'd

The cries of infant Jove, I'll stifle conscience,
And Nature's murmurs, in the din of arms.
But what are arms to me? is he not dead
For whom I fought? for whom my hoary age
Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
How then to drag a wretched life beneath
An endless round of still-returning woes,
And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse?
What torment's this?—Therefore, O greatly
thought!

Therefore do justice on thyself, and live;

Live above all most infinitely wretched.

Ismena too!—Nay then, avenging Heaven

[Ismena enters.]

Has vented all its rage.—O wretched maid!

Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?

Why add to sorrows, and embitter woes?

Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?

Why thus recal to my afflicted soul

The sad remembrance of my godlike son,

Of that dear youth my cruelty has murder'd?

O gods, your reddest bolts of fire

Had dealt less torment to my suffering frame

Than that destructive word hath given my heart.

Life yields beneath the found.

Ism. Ruin'd! O all ye pow'rs! O awful
Thefeus!

Say, where's my lord? say, where has fate dis-
pos'd him?

O speak! the fear distracts me.

Thef. Gods! can I speak?

Can I declare his fate to his Ismena?

O lovely maid! couldst thou admit of comfort,

Thou shouldst for ever be my only care,

Work of my life, and labour of my soul.

For thee alone my sorrows, lull'd, shall cease,

Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son;

For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,

Before the crown of which it robb'd your race.

Then let your grief give way to thoughts of
empire;

At thy own Athens reign. The happy crowd

Beneath the easy yoke with pleasure bow,

And think in thee their own Minerva reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign, nay, must I live
without him?

Not so, O godlike youth! you lov'd Ismena:

You, for her sake, refus'd the Cretan empire,

And yet a nobler gift, the royal Phædra.

Shall I then take a crown, a guilty crown,

From the relentless hand that doom'd thy
death?

O! 'tis in death alone I can have ease,

And thus I find it. [Offers to stab herself.]

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear, Ismena!

Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom.

O Heaven and earth! should she resolve to die,

And snatch all beauty from the widow'd earth?

Was it for me, ye gods! she'd fall a victim?

Was it for me she'd die? O heavenly virgin!

Revive, Ismena,

Return to light, to happiness, and love,

See, see thy own Hippolitus, who lives,

And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. Hippolitus!

Am I alive or dead? Is this Elysium?

'Tis he, 'tis all Hippolitus. Art well?

Art thou not wounded?

Thef. O unhop'd-for joy!

Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.

Speak, say, what god, what miracle preserv'd
thee?

Didst thou not strike thy father's cruel present,

My sword, into thy breast?

Hip. I aim'd it there,

But turn'd it from myself, and slew Cratander;

The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,

Granted my wish, and brought me to the king.

I fear'd not death, but could not bear the thought

Of Thefeus' sorrow, and Ismena's loss;

Therefore I hasten'd to your royal presence,

Here to receive my doom.

Thef. Be this thy doom,

To live for ever in Ismena's arms.

Go, heavenly pair, and with your dazzling virtues,

Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,

Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that
empire,

For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

Ism. O killing joy!

Hip. O ecstasy of bliss!

Am I possess'd at last of my Ismena?

Of that celestial maid, O pitying gods!

How shall I thank your bounties for my
sufferings,

For all my pains, and all the pangs I've borne?

Since 'twas to them I owe divine Ismena,

To them I owe the dear consent of Thefeus.

Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,

For the disastrous fate of hapless Phædra!

Thef. Deep was her anguish for the wrongs
she did you.

She chose to die; and if her death deplor'd

Your fate, and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all. Unhappy Phædra!

O had not passion sullied her renown,

None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre!

So glorious liv'd, or so lamented died.

Her faults were only faults of raging love,

Her virtues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy Phædra!

Was there no other way, ye pitying pow'rs,

No other way to crown Ismena's love?

Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,

And in the midst of my triumphant joy,

Ev'n in my hero's arms, confess some sorrow.

Thef. O tender maid! forbear with ill-tim'd
grief

To damp our blessings, and incense the gods;

But let's away and pay kind Heaven our
thanks

For all the wonder in our favour wrought;

That Heaven, whose mercy rescued erring
Thefeus

From execrable crime, and endless woes.

Then learn from me, ye kings that rule the
world:

With equal poize let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance
pay;

But, till the proofs are clear, the stroke delay.

Hip. The righteous gods, that innocence re-
quire,

Protect the goodness which themselves inspire;

Unguarded virtue human arts defies,

Th' accus'd is happy, while th' accuser dies.

[Exeunt omnes.]

§ 49. *The Happiness of a free Government* S. JOHNSON.

IF there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows thro' each member of th' embodied state;
Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Santiated with the lust of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

§ 50. *The Killing of a Boar.* OTWAY.

FORTH from the thickest rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming he came at me, where I was posted.
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

§ 51. *Description of a populous City.* YOUNG.

THIS ancient city,
How wanton sits she, amidst nature's smiles!
Nor from her highest turret has to view
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes,
A waste of wealth, the store-house of the world;
Here fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight,
Their sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream,
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore.

—Various nations meet
As in a sea, yet not confin'd in place,
But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,
Which send forth millions at each brazen gate;
Where'er the trumpet calls, high over head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

§ 52. *Rural Courtship.* DRYDEN.

HE prefer'd me
Above the maidens of my age and rank;
Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love:
He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods,
The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
And when he found a nest of nightingales,
Or callow linnets, he would shew 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

§ 53. *Description of a Person left on a Desert Island.* THOMSON.

NEXT night—a dreary night!
Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
These ruffians left me.—

—Beneath a shade
I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
More desolate at heart, than e'er I felt
Before. When Philomela o'er my head
Began to tune her melancholy strain,
As piteous of my woes: till, by degrees,
Composing sleep on wounded nature shed
A kind but short relief. At early morn,
Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
For usual objects: objects found I none,
Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

§ 54. *The first Feats of a young Eagle.* ROWE.

SO the eagle,
That bears the thunder of our grandfire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air; till, bolder grown,
Now like a whirlwind on a shepherd's fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Wreathing his spiry tail.

§ 55. *The true End of Education.* ROWE.

AND therefore wert thou bred to virtuous
knowledge,
And wisdom early planted in thy soul,
That thou might'st know to rule thy fiery passions;
To bind their rage, and stay their headlong course;
To bear with accidents, and every change
Of various life; to struggle with adversity;
To wait the leisure of the righteous Gods,
Till they, in their own good appointed hour,
Shall bid thy better days come forth at once;
A long and shining train; till thou, well pleas'd,
Shalt bow, and bless thy fate, and say the Gods
are just.

§ 56. *Filial Piety.* MALLETT.

E'ER since reflection beam'd her light upon me,
You, sir, have been my study. I have plac'd
Before mine eyes, in every light of life,
The father and the king. What weight of duty
Lay on a son from such a parent sprung;
What virtuous toil to shine with his renown;
Has been my thought by day, my dream by night.

But first and ever nearest to my heart
Was this prime duty, so to frame my conduct
Tow'rd such a father, as; were I a father,
My

My soul would wish to meet with from a son.
And may reproach transmit my name abhor'd
To latest time—if ever thought was mine
Unjust to filial reverence, filial love.

§ 57. *The same.* THOMSON.

HAVE I then no tears for thee, my father?
Can I forget thy cares, from helpless years
Thy tenderness for me? An eye still beam'd
With love? A brow that never knew a frown?
Nor a harsh word thy tongue? Shall I for thee
Repay thy stooping venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour?
It must not be!—thou first of angels! come,
Sweet filial pity! and fill my breast:
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her father happy.

§ 58. *Bad Fortune more easily borne than good.* ROWE.

WITH such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosperous for-
Is to deserve that fortune.—In adversity [tune,
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

§ 59. *Despair never to be indulged.* PHILIPS.

THO' plung'd in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When press'd by dangers, and beset with foes,
The Gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.

§ 60. *A Friend to Freedom can never be a Traitor.* THOMSON.

—HE who contends for freedom,
Can ne'er be justly deem'd his sovereign's foe;

No, 'tis the wretch who tempts him to subvert it,
The soothing slave, the traitor in the bosom,
Who best deserves that name; he is a worm
That eats out all the happiness of kingdoms.

§ 61. *Description of a Hag.* OTWAY.

IN a close lane, as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wither'd hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd
wither'd,

And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
Which serv'd to keep her carcass from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.

Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different-colour'd rags, black, red, white,
yellow,

And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

§ 62. *Happiness the inseparable Companion of Virtue.* ROWE.

—TO be good is to be happy; angels
Are happier than men, because they're
better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and stings: the blest know none of
this,

But rest in everlasting peace of mind, [ness
And find the height of all their heaven is good-

§ 63. *Honour superior to Justice.* THOMSON.

HONOUR, my Lord, is much too proud to
carch

At every slender twig of nice distinctions.
These for the unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those whose souls are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only sway'd,
Stand at another bar than that of laws.

§ 64. *In what Manner Princes ought to be taught.* MALLETT.

LET truth and virtue be their earliest teachers.
Keep from their ear the siren-voice of flattery,
Keep from their eye the harlot-form of vice,
Who spread, in every court, their silken snares
And charm but to betray. Betimes instruct them,
Superior rank demands superior worth;
Pre-eminence of valour, justice, mercy:
But chief, that, tho' exalted o'er mankind,
They are themselves but men—frail suffering dust,
From no one injury of human lot
Exempt; but fever'd by the same heat, chill'd
By the same cold, torn by the same disease,
That scorches, freezes, racks, and kills the beggar.

§ 65. *True End of Royalty.* MALLETT.

—O WITNESS, Heaven!
Whose eye the heart's profoundest
depth explores,

That if not to perform my regal task;
To be the common father of my people,
Patron of honour, virtue, and religion;
If not to shelter useful worth, to guard
His well-earn'd portions from the sons of rapine,
And deal out justice with impartial hand;
If not to spread on all good men thy bounty,
The treasures trusted to me, not my own;
If not to raise anew our English name,
By peaceful arts, that grace the land they bless,
And generous war to humble proud oppressors;
Yet more, if not to build the public weal
On that firm base, which can alone resist;
Both time and chance, fair liberty and law;
If I for these great ends am not ordain'd—
May I ne'er poorly fill the throne of England.

§ 66. *The real Duty of a King.* ROWE.

— 'TIS true, I am a king:
Honour and glory too have been my aim:
But tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers
Which furious war wears in its bloody front,
Yet could I choose to fix my fame by peace,
By justice, and by mercy; and to raise
My trophies on the blessings of mankind:
Nor would I buy the empire of the world
With ruin of the people whom I sway,
Or forfeit of my honour.

§ 67. *Character of a good King.* THOMSON.

— YES, we have lost a father!
The greatest blessing Heaven bestows on mortals,
And seldom found amidst these wilds of time,
A good, a worthy king!—Hear me, my Tancred,
And I will tell thee, in a few plain words,
How he deserv'd that best, that glorious title.
'Tis nought complex, 'tis clear as truth and virtue
He lov'd his people, deem'd them all his children;
The good exalted, and depress'd the bad:
He spurn'd the flattering crew, with scorn reject'd
Their smooth advice, that only means themselves,
Their schemes to aggrandize him into baseness:
Well knowing that a people in their rights
And industry protect'd; living safe
Beneath the sacred shelter of the laws;
Encourag'd in their genius, arts, and labours;
And happy each as he himself deserves;
Are ne'er ungrateful. With unsparing hand
They will for him provide: their filial love
And confidence are his unailing treasury,
And every honest man his faithful guard.

§ 68. *The Guilt of bad Kings.* MAILLET.

WHEN those whom Heaven distinguishes o'er millions,
And show'r's profusely pow'r and splendor on them,
Whate'er th' expanded heart can wish; when they,
Accepting the reward, neglect the duty,
Or worse, pervert those gifts to deeds of ruin,
Is there a wretch they rule so base as they?
Guilty, at once, of sacrilege to Heaven,
And of perfidious robbery to man!

§ 69. *The true End of Life.* THOMSON.

WHO, who would live, my Narva, just to breathe
This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below; still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is Life.

§ 70. *The same.* S. JOHNSON.

REFLECT that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue,
Which inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away;
Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life,

§ 71. *A Lion overcome by a Man.* LEE.

THE prince in a lone court was plac'd,
Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
A pair of gantlets,
At last, the door of an old lion's den
Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
The games, which from his eye shot glaring red,
Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
And round them cast a day of blood and death:
The prince walk'd forward: the large beast de-
scried
His prey; and, with a roar that made us pale,
Flew fiercely on him: but Lysimachus,
Starting aside, avoided his first stroke
With a slight hurt; and, as the lion turn'd,
Thrust gantlet, arm and all, into his throat:
Then with Herculean force tore forth by th' roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the sa-
vage,
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plow it with his teeth, your conqu'ring soldier
Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces,

§ 72. *Character of an excellent Man.* ROWE.

— HOW could my tongue
Take pleasure, and be lavish in thy praise!
How could I speak thy nobleness of nature!
Thy open, manly heart, thy courage, constancy,
And inborn truth, unknowing to dissemble:
Thou art the man in whom my soul delights,
In whom, next Heaven, I trust.

§ 73. *Virtue the only true Source of Nobility.* THOMSON.

I TELL thee, then, whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble
Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,
Sprung from the dust, or where had been our ho-
nours?
And such, in radiant bands, will rise again
In yon immortal city; that, when most
Depress'd by fate, and near apparent ruin,
Returns, as with an energy divine,
On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her,

§ 74. *The happy Effects of Misfortune.*

THOMSON.

— IF misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have convers'd with woe,
Have in her school been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
Ev'n with the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

§ 75. *A Description of the Morning.* OTWAY.

WISH'D morning's come; and now upon the
plains,
And distant mountains where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day:
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits:
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking tow'rd's the neighbouring pastures,
raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good-
morrow:
The cheerful birds too on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up, the rising sun.

§ 76. *Another.* LEE.

FROM amber shrouds I see the morning rise;
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies:
And now the city emmits leave their hive,
And rousing hinds to cheerful labour drive;
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow;
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach:
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
While from his car the dropping gums distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens, do smile.

§ 77. *The charming Notes of the Nightingale.*

LEE.

THUS, in some poplar shade, the nightingale
With piercing moans does her lost young be-
wail:
Which the rough hind, observing as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stolen away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain.

§ 78. *The same.* ROWE.

SO when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood:

Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling the charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

§ 79. *A worthless Person can claim no Merit from the Virtues of his Ancestors.* ROWE.

WERE honour to be scann'd by long descent
From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
A lineage of the greatest; and recount,
Among my fathers, names of ancient story,
Heroes and godlike patriots, who subdued
The world by arms and virtue:
But that be their own praise:
Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
Myself an undeserver.

§ 80. *The Love of our Country the greatest of Virtues.* THOMSON.

HIS only blot was this; that, much provok'd,
He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country.
And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him,
Ev'n by the hands of those for whom he fought.
Whatever private views and passions plead,
No cause can justify so black a deed:
Thence, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
May darken reason, and her course controul;
But, when the prospect clears, her startled eye
Must from the teach'rous gulph with horror fly,
On whose wild wave, by stormy passions tost,
So many helpless wretches have been lost.
Then be this truth the star by which we steer:
Above ourselves our country shall be dear.

§ 81. *The same.* W. WHITEHEAD.

LEARN hence, ye Romans, on how sure a
base
The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
No keenest, deadliest, shaft of adverse fate,
Can make his generous bosom quite despair,
But that alone by which his country falls.
Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
And nature suffer when our children bleed:
Yet still superior must that hero prove,
Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

§ 82. *In what Philosophy really consists.*

THOMSON.

— PHILOSOPHY consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. Not in lonely cells
Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly lights
To senates and to kings, to guide their counsels.

Ald

And teach them to reform and bless mankind.
All policy but hers are false and rotten ;
All valour, not conducted by her precepts,
Is a destroying fury sent from hell,
To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

§ 83. *Scipio restoring the captive Princess to her Royal Lover.* THOMSON.

—WHAT with admiration [virgin,
Struck every heart was this:—A noble
“Conspicuous far o’er all the captive dames,
Was mark’d the gen’ral prize. She wept and
blush’d,

Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. A eye,
As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
Of purest white. A secret charm combin’d
Her features, and infus’d enchantment thro’ them;
Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
Beneath her beauty fails; which seem’d on purpose
By nature lavish’d on her, that mankind
Might see the virtue of a hero tried
Almost beyond the stretch of human force.

Soft as she pass’d along, with down-cast eyes,
Where gentle sorrows swell’d, and now and then
Dropt o’er her modest cheek a trickling tear,
The Roman legions languish’d, and hard war
Felt more than pity. Ev’n their chief himself,
As on his high tribunal rais’d he sat,
Turn’d from the dangerous sight, and chiding ask’d
His officers, if by this gift they meant
To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

She, question’d of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.

But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy ;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
Her lover and belov’d, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young conqueror, loving, godlike Roman
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.

His wishing youth stood check’d, his tempting
pow’r

Restrain’d by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call’d.

The various scene imagine : how his troops
Look’d dubious on, and wonder’d what he meant;
While stretch’d below the trembling suppliants lay,
Rack’d by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety, and love, in every shape ;
To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions ; when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke :

“ We both are young, both charm’d. The right
“ of war

“ Has put thy beauteous mistress in my pow’r ;

“ With whom I could in the most sacred ties

“ Live, out a happy life : but know that Romans

“ Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer.

“ Then take her to thy soul ; and with her take

“ Thy liberty and kingdom. In return

“ I ask but this :—when you behold these eyes,
“ These charms, with transport, be a friend to
“ Rome.”

§ 84. *The Blessings of Peace.* THOMSON.

—O Beauteous peace !
Sweet union of a state ! what else but thou
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people !
I bow, Lord Constable, beneath the snow
Of many years ; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
Those gentle days renew’d, that bless’d our isle,
Ere by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse than our Ætna’s most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest ;
Our seas with commerce throng’d, our busy ports
With cheerful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh ;
Afresh the sweets of thymy Hybla blow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

§ 85. *Providence.* THOMSON.

—THERE is a pow’r
Unseen, that rules th’ illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould ;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependance.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro’ the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou.

§ 86. *Prudence.* THOMSON.

—LET us
Act with cool prudence, and with manly
temper,
As well as manly firmness.
’Tis godlike magnanimity to keep,
When most provok’d, our reason calm and clear,
And execute her will, from a strong sense
Of what is right, without the vulgar aid
Of heat and passion, which, tho’ honest, bear us
Often too far.

§ 87. *Description of Ships appearing at a Distance, and approaching the Shore.* DRYDEN.

Guion. AS far as I could cast my eyes
Upon the sea, something, methought,
did rise
Like blueish mists, which, still appearing more,
Took dreadful shapes, and thus mov’d towards the
shore :

The object I could first distinctly view,
Was tall, straight trees, which on the water flew :
Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
Which gather’d all the breath the winds could blow ;
And at their roots grew floating palaces,
Whose out-blow’d bellies cut the yielding seas !

Montezuma. What divine monsters, O ye Gods!
are these,

That float in air, and fly upon the seas?
Came they alive, or dead, upon the shore?

Guim. Alas! they liv'd too sure: I heard them
roar:

All turn'd their sides, and to each other spoke:
I saw their words break out in fire and smoke.
Sure 'tis their voice that thunders from on high,
And these the younger brothers of the sky:
Deaf with the noise, I took my hasty flight;
No mortal courage can support the fright.

§ 88. *Virtue preferable to Rank.* ROWE.

WHAT tho' no gaudy titles grace my birth!
Titles, the servile courtier's lean reward!
Sometimes the pay of virtue, but more oft
The hire which greatness gives to slaves and sy-
cophants:

Yet Heaven, that made me honest, made me more
Than e'er a king did, when he made a lord.

§ 89. *Description of an ancient Cathedral.*
CONGREVE.

— 'TIS dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable.
Looking tranquillity, it strikes an awe
And terror to my aching sight! The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

§ 90. *Description of a Triumph.* LEE.

— HE comes, and with a port so proud,
As if he had subdued the spacious world:
And all Sinope's streets are fill'd with such
A glut of people, you would think some God
Had conquer'd in their cause, and them thus rank'd,
That he might make his entrance on their heads!
While from the scaffolds, windows, tops of houses,
Are cast such gaudy show'rs of garlands down,
That ev'n the crowd appear like conquerors,

And the whole city seems like one vast meadow
Set all with flow'rs, as a clear heaven with stars.
Nay, as I've heard, ere he the city enter'd,
Your subjects lin'd the way for many furlongs;
The very trees bore men: and as our God,
When from the portal of the east he dawns,
Beholds a thousand birds upon the boughs;
To welcome him with all their warbling throats,
And prune their feathers in his golden beams;
So did your subjects, in their gaudy trim,
Upon the pendant branches speak his praise.
Mothers, who cover'd all the banks beneath,
Did rob the crying infants of the breast,
Pointing Ziphers out, to make them smile;
And climbing boys stood on their fathers shoulders,
Answering their shouting fires with tender cries,
To make the concert up of general joy.

§ 91. *A Shepherd's Life happier than a King's.*
HILL.

TH' unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the
hawthorn,
His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,
With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,
And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him,
Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies
Hemm'd in by cares, and look by storms of treason.

§ 92. *Virtue its own Reward.* ROWE.

GREAT minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with
doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return. Virtue does still
With scorn the mercenary world regard,
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward:
Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

§ 93. *No Difficulties insuperable to the Prudent
and Brave.* ROWE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility of fear.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

EPIC AND MISCELLANEOUS:

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS from *Translations of HOMER and TASSO*; from SPENSER, MILTON, &c. together with Extracts from MILTON's smaller Works, Odes, Sonnets, &c.

POPE'S HOMER'S ILIAD.

§ 1. *Embassy of Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax, to Achilles, to solicit Achilles's reconciliation.—Picture of the Simplicity and Temperance of ancient Times.*

AND now arriv'd, where, on the sandy bay
The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay;
Amus'd at ease the godlike man they found
Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound
(The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thæbe
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame); [came,
With this he soothes his angry soul, and sings
Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.
Patroclus only of the royal train,
Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain:
Just opposite he sate, and listen'd long,
In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
To his high tent; the great Ulysses leads,
Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spied,
Leap'd from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
With like surprise arose Menetius' son;
Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun:
Princes all, hail! whatever brought you here,
Or strong necessity, or urgent fear;
Welcome, tho' Greeks! for not as foes ye came;
To me more dear than all that bear the name.
With that, the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.

Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said. Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vase three chimes entire:
The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
Which flesh of porker, sheep, and goat contains:
Achilles at the genial feast presides,
The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise;
The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze:
Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
He strows a bed of glowing embers wide;
Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns;
With bread the glittering canisters they load,
Which round the board Menetius' son bestow'd;
Himself, oppos'd to Ulysses' soul in sight,
Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
The first fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw;
Then each, indulging in the social feast,
His thirst and hunger soberly repress'd.
That done, to Phœnix Ajax gave the sign,
Not unperceiv'd; Ulysses crown'd with wine,
The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
His speech addressing to the godlike man:
Health to Achilles! happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atreides feasts!
Tho' generous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords:

But

But greater cares fit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear !
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear ;
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands ;
 Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call :
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall :
 Hear how with shouts their conquest they proclaim
 And point at every ship their vengeful flame !
 For them the father of the Gods declares,
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !
 See ! heaven and earth the raging chief despise,
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes !

He waits but for the morn to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
 Heavens ! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Left fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, Gods ! our heads inglorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day ?
 Return, Achilles ! O return, tho' late,
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate.
 If in that heart of grief or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem ; ah, yet to conquer rise !
 The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave !
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last :
 My child ! with strength, with glory, and success,
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless !
 Trust that to Heaven : but thou thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage :
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow ;
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe ;
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine.
 This now despis'd advice thy father gave :
 Ah ! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atreides' prayers,
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares ;
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, and exhaustless store.
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of resplendent mould ;
 Seven sacred tripods, whose unsullied frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame ;
 Twelve steeds, unmatch'd in swiftness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed) ;
 Seven lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same he chose for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conquering arms.
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And, join'd with these, the long-contested maid ;
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine ;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.

These instant shall be thine ; and if the powers
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile towers,
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)

With gold and brass thy loaded navy's side ;
 Besides full twenty nymphs of Trojan race
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace,
 Such as thyself shall choose, who yield to none,
 Or yield to Ilion's heavenly charms alone.
 Yet hear me, further :—When our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
 And with Prius' self divide his care.
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed ;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair :
 Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve ;
 He asks no presents, no reward for love :
 Himself will give the dowry ; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Seven ample cities shall confess thy sway,
 Thee Enope, and Phœæ thee obey,
 Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd ;
 Epœa fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Anthœa with her flow'ry fields :
 The whole extent to Pylus' sandy plain
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil ;
 Bold are the men, and generous is the soil.
 There shalt thou reign with power and justice
 crown'd,

And rule the tributary realms around.
 Such are the proffers which this day we bring ;
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king.
 But if all this, relentless, thou disdain,
 If honour and if interest plead in vain,
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
 And be amongst her guardian gods ador'd.
 If no regard thy suffering country claim,
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame :
 For now that chief, whose unreisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud Hector now th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.

Then thus the goddess-born :—Ulysses, hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear :
 What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,
 Which nor Atreides nor his Greeks can bend :
 Long toils, long perils, in their cause I bore,
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim,
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same :
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo ! what fruit remains ?

As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
In danger guards them, and from want de-
fends;

Of prey the wings the spacious air,
And with the untasted food supplies her care;
For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
Her wives, her infants, by my labour sav'd;
Long, sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain.
Then at Atreides' haughty feet were laid
The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
Your mighty monarch these in peace possess;
Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid,
And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made.
I only must refund, of all his train:
She what pre-eminence our merits gain!
My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy?
What to these shores th' assembled nations draws,
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wife and worthy man will love.
Nor did my fair-one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wond'ring in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
Yet have my answer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench pro-
found?

And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
'There was a time ('twas when for Greece I
fought)

When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought;
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scæan gate;
He tried it once, and so he was sav'd by fate.
But now those ancient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the far'ring gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with ears the Hellepont resound.
The third day hence shall Phia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales;
Phia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this deserted shore:
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valued gift your tyrant gave,
And that resum'd; the fair Lynceian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear

(For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves;
Tho', shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not; if he dares, he dies);
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join:
For once deceiv'd, was his; but twice we're mine.
No—let the stupid prince whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where phrenzy drives;
His gifts are hateful: kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not tho' he proffer'd all himself possess'd,
And all his rapine could from others wrest;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes thro' a hundred gates;
Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars,
From each wide portal issuing to the wars);
Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number
more

Than dust in fields, or sands along the shore;
Should all these offers for my friendship call,
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
Atreides' daughter never shall be led
(An ill-match'd comfort) to Achilles' bed;
Like golden Venus tho' she charm'd the heart,
And vied with Pallas in the works of art.
Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace,
I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
If Heaven restore me to my realms with life,
The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife;
Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
Blest in kind love, my years shall glide away,
Content with just hereditary sway;
There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold;
Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
Can bribe the poor possession of a day!
Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain:
But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
And each alternate, life or fame, propos'd:
Here if I stay, before the Trojan town,
Short is my date, but deathless my renown:
If I return, I quit immortal praise
For years on years, and long-extended days.
Convinc'd, tho' late, I find my fond mistake,
And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make:
To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
Nor hope the fall of Heaven-defended Troy.
Jove's arm display'd asserts her from the skies;
Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
Go then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
Bid all your counsels, all your armies, join;
Let all your forces, all your arts, conspire
To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.

One stratagem has fail'd, and others will :
 Ye find, Achilles is unconquer'd still.
 Go then—digest my message as you may ;
 But here this night let rev'rend Phœnix stay :
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Pthia's friendly land.
 But, whether he remain or fail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free."

The fun of Peleus ceas'd : the chiefs around,
 In silence wrapt, in consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern reply. Then Phœnix rose ;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows)
 And while the fate of suff'ring Greece he mourn'd,
 With accent weak these tender words return'd :

Divine Achilles ! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy Phœnix, stay behind ?
 The royal Peleus, when from Pthia's coast
 He sent thee early to the Achaian host ;
 Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field ;
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war ;
 To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never, let me leave thy side !
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.

Your life receiv'd me, as his son carest'd,
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd :
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast a like affection shew'd ;
 Still in my arms (an ever-pleasing load),
 Or at my knee, by Phœnix wouldst thou stand ;
 No food was grateful but from Phœnix's hand.
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares ;
 The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phœnix felt a father's joys in thee :
 Thy growing virtues justified my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd ;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :
 The gods (the only great, and only wise)
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice ;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lame are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ;
 With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where injustice flies :
 Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er man-
 kind ;

While pray'rs, to heal her wrongs, move slow
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above :
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughters' sake ;
 From Jove commission'd, since Injustice then
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.

O let not headlong passion bear the sway ;
 These reconciling goddesses obey :
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong ;
 Due honours calm the fierce, and keep the strong.
 Were these not paid thee by the terms of spring,
 Were rage still harbour'd by the haughty king,
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes, should engage
 Thy friend to plead against thy just a rage.
 But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends,
 And sends by those whom most thy heart com-
 mends,

The best and noblest of the Grecian train ;
 Permit not these to sue, and sue in vain !
 Accept the presents ; draw thy long ring sword ;
 And be amongst our guardians, gods ador'd.

Thus he. The stern Achilles thus replied :
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide,
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
 And here I stay (if such his high behest),
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
 Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart :
 No more molest me on Atreides' part.
 Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe ?
 A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
 One should our int'rests and our passions be ;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my Phœnix, 'tis a gen'rous part,
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
 Let these return : our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd ; then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with numerous carpets spread.
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke ;
 And thus impatient to Ulysses spoke :

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?
 See what effect our low submissions gain !
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate ;
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
 Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdain.
 Stern and unpitying ! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement we requit the deed ;
 A fire the slaughter of his son forgive—
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murder
 lives :

The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
 The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
 One woman slave was ravish'd from thy arms ;
 Lo, seven are offer'd, and of equal charms.
 Then hear, Achilles, be of better mind ;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;
 And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
 Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

O soul of battles, and thy people's guide !
 (To Ajax thus the first of Greeks replied)
 Well hast thou spoke ; but at the tyrant's name
 My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame :

'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return then, heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not in the midst yon sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just there the impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.

§ 2. *Conference between Achilles and Hector, at the Time of their Engagement which proved fatal to the last-mentioned Hero.*

ENOUGH, O son of Pelus! Troy has view'd
Her walls thrice beleag'd, and her chief pursued.
But now some god within me bids me try
Thine or my fate; I kill thee, or I die.
Yet on the verge of battle let us stay,
And for a moment's space suspend the day;
Let Heaven's high powers be call'd to arbitrate
The just conditions of this stern debate
(Eternal witnesses of all below,
And faithful guardians of the treasur'd vow).
To them I swear; if, victor in the strife,
Jove by these hands shall stee'd thy noble life,
No vile dishonour shall thy corpse pursue;
Strip'd of its arms alone (the conqueror's due)
The rest to Greece uninjur'd I'll restore:
Now plight thy mutual oath, I ask no more.

Talk not of oaths (the dreadful chief replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes)
Detested as thou art, and ought to be,
Nor oath nor pact Achilles plights with thee:
Such pacts as lambs and rapid wolves combine,
Such leagues as men and furious lions join,
To such I call the gods! one constant state
Of lasting rancour and eternal hate:
No thought but rage, and never-ceasing strife,
Till death extinguish rage, and thought, and life.
Rouse then thy forces this important hour,
Collect thy soul, and call forth all thy power.
No farther subterfuge, no farther chance;
'Tis Pallas, Pallas, gives thee to my lance.
Each Grecian ghost by thee depriv'd of breath,
Now hovers round, and calls thee to thy death.

§ 3. *Speeches of Achilles and Hector, after the last-mentioned Hero was mortally wounded.*

AT last is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance for Patroclus slain:
Then, prince! you should have fear'd what now
you feel;

Achilles absent was Achilles still.
Yet a short space the great avenger stay'd,
Then low in dust thy strength and glory laid.
Peaceful he sleeps, with all our rites adorn'd,
For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd:
While, cast to all the rage of hostile power,
Three birds shall mangle, and the dogs devour.
Then Hector, fainting at th' approach of death:
By thy own soul! by those who gave thee breath!

By all the sacred prevalence of pray'r;
Ah, leave me not for Grecian dogs to tear!
The common rites of sepulture bestow,
To soothe a father's and a mother's woe;
Let their large gifts procure an urn at least,
And Hector's ashes in his country rest.

No, wretch accurst, relentless he replies,
(Flames, as he spoke, shot flashing from his eyes)
Not those who gave me breath should bid me spare,
Nor all the sacred prevalence of pray'r.
Could I myself the bloody banquet join!
No—to the dogs that carcase I resign.

Should Troy, to bribe me, bring forth all her store,
And giving thousands, offer thousands more;
Should Dardan Priam, and his weeping dame,
Drain their whole realm to buy one funeral flame;
Their Hector on the pile they should not see,
Nor rob the vultures of one limb of thee.

Then thus the chief his dying accents drew:
Thy rage, implacable! too well I knew:
The furies that relentless breast have steel'd,
And curst thee with a heart that cannot yield.
Yet think, a day will come, when fate's decree,
And angry gods, shall wreak this wrong on thee;
Phcebus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before this Scæan gate.

§ 4. *Hector and Ajax. Generosity of Courage in these Heroes. Dialogue between them.*

HECTOR! approach my arm, and singly know
What stren'gth thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.

Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unkill'd in war:
Let him, unactive, on the sea-beat shore
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more:
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast;
And sends thee one, a sample of her host;
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—he sudden, and begin the fight.

O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince replied)
Me, as a boy or woman, wouldst thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.

§ 5. *Ajax and Hector exchange Presents after their bloody Encounter, and part in Friendship.*

BUT let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy
may say,
"Not hate, but glory, made the chiefs contend;
"And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."
With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldric studded, and the sheath encas'd,
He

He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek be-
stow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.

§ 6. *Character of Agamemnon.*

THE king of kings, majestically tall,
Tow'rs o'er his armies, and outshines them all:
Like some proud bull that round the pastures leads
His subject herds, the monarch of the meads.
Great as the gods th' exalted chief was seen,
His strength like Neptune, and like Mars his mien;
Jove o'er his eyes celestial glories spread,
And dawning conquest play'd around his head.

§ 7. *Agamemnon's Speech to Menelaus, when he was about to spare the Life of a young Trojan.*

— **O** IMPOTENT of mind!
Shall these, shall these Atrides' mercy find?
Well hast thou known proud Troy's perfidious
land,
And well her natives merit at thy hand!
Not one of all the race, nor sex, nor age,
Shall save a Trojan from our boundless rage:
Ilion shall perish whole, and bury all;
Her babes, her infants at the breast, shall fall.

§ 8. *Speech of Ulysses to Agamemnon, when the latter proposed to quit the Phrygian Coast; in which Agamemnon is accused of Cowardice.*

— **T**HE sage Ulysses thus replies, [eyes:
While anger flash'd from his disdainful
What shameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous
heart!
O were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host by Jove endued with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in
vain?

In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it even from him whose sovereign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight
While war hangs doubtful, while its soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate
denies

Thou gav'st the foe: all Greece becomes their
prize.

No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue;
Thy ships first flying with despair shall see,
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

§ 9. *Diomed's Reproach of Agamemnon.*

WHEN kings advise us to renounce our fame;
First let him speak who first has suff'ring inc.
If I oppose thee, prince, thy wrath withs'tand,
The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
Thou first, and thou alone, in fields of fight,
Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd;
The Greeks stood witness, all the army heard.
The gods, O chief! from whom our honours
spring,
The gods have made thee but by halves a king;
They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
They gave dominion o'er the seas and land,
The noblest pow'r that might the world controul
They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast?
Confiding in our want of worth he stands,
And, if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
Go, thou inglorious! from th' embattled plain;
Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main.
A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.

§ 10. *Nestor's Approval of Diomed's insolent Rebuke.*

O TRULY great! in whom the gods have join'd
Such strength of body with such force of mind;
In conduct, as in courage, you excel;
Still first to act what you advise so well.
Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom
moves,
Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
Kings thou canst blame; a bold, but prudent
youth;
And blame even kings with praise, because with
truth.

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
Unworthy property, unworthy light,
Unfit for public rule, or private care;
That wretch, that monster, who delights in war:
Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!

§ 11. *Character of Thersites; his Speech to sow Dissensions in the army; and Ulysses's Reply.*

THERSITES only clamour'd in the throng,
Loquacious, loud, and turbulent of tongue;
Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controul'd,
In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.
But chief he gloried, with licentious style,
To lash the great, and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim:
One eye was blinking, and one leg was lame:
His mountain-shoulders half his breast o'erspread;
Thin hairs bestrew'd his long mis-shapen head.

Spleen

Spleen to mankind his envious heart possess'd,
And much he hated all, but most the best.
Or Achilles still his theme;
But, myrrour of his delight supreme.
Long had he lov'd the scorn of ev'ry Greek,
Vex'd when he spoke, yet still they heard him speak.
Sharp was his voice; which, in the shrillest tone,
Thus with injurious taunts attack'd the throne:

Amidst the glories of so bright a reign,
What moves the great Atreides to complain?
'Tis thine what'er the warrior's breast inflames,
The golden spoil, and thine the lovely flames.
With all the wealth our wars and blood bestow,
Thy tents are crowded, and thy chests o'erflow.
Thus at full ease in heaps of riches roll'd,
What grieves the monarch? Is it thirst of gold?
Say, shall we march with our unconquer'd pow'rs,
(The Greeks and I) to Ilium's hostile tow'rs,
And bring the race of royal bastards here,
For Troy to ransom at a price too dear?
But safer plunder thy own host's supplies;
Say, wouldst thou seize some valiant leader's prize?
Or, if thy heart to gen'rous love be led,
Some captive fair, to bless thy kingly bed?
What'er our master craves, submit we must,
Plagued with his pride, or punish'd for his lust.
O women of Achaia! men no more!
Hence let us fly, and let him waste his store
In love and pleasures on the Phrygian shore. }
We may be wanted on some busy day,
When Hector comes; so great Achilles may:
From him he forc'd the prize we jointly gave,
From him the fierce, the fearless, and the brave:
And durst he, as he ought, resent that wrong,
This mighty tyrant were no tyrant long.

Fierce from his seat, at this, Ulysses springs,
In gen'rous vengeance of the king of kings;
With indignation sparkling in his eyes,
He views the wretch, and sternly thus replies:
Peace, factious monster, born to vex the state,
With wrangling talents, form'd for foul debate:
Curb that impetuous tongue; nor rashly vain,
And singly mad, asperse the sov'reign reign.
Have we not known thee, slave! of all our host,
The man who acts the least, upbraids the most?
Think not the Greeks to shameful flight to bring,
Nor let those lips pronounce the name of king.
For our return we trust the heavenly pow'rs;
Be that their care, to fight like men be ours.
But grant the host with wealth the gen'ral load;
Except detraction, what hast thou bestow'd?
Suppose some hero should his spoils resign,
Art thou that hero, could those spoils be thine?
Gods! let me perish on this hateful shore,
And let these eyes behold my son no more;
If, on thy next offence, this hand forbear
To strip those arms thou wilt deserve't to wear,
Expel the council where our princes meet,
And send thee scourg'd and howling thro' the fleet.

He said, and cowering as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends:
On the round bunch the bloody tumors rise;
The tears spring starting from his haggard eyes:

Trembling he sate; and, shrunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage wip'd the scalding tears.
While to his neighbour each express'd his thoughts:
Ye gods! what wonders has Ulysses wrought!
What fruits his conduct and his courage yield!
Great in the council, glorious in the field.
Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,
To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
Such just examples on offenders shewn,
Sedition silence, and assent the throne.

§ 12. *Helen's Lamentation over Hector's dead Body.*

A H dearest friend! in whom the gods had join'd
The mildest manners with the bravest mind;
Now twice ten years, unhappy years! are o'er
Since Paris brought me to the Trojan shore;
(O had I perish'd e'er that form divine
Seduc'd this soft, this easy heart of mine!)
Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find
A deed ungentle, or a word unkind:
When others curs'd the auth'rs of their woe,
Thy pity check'd my sorrows in their flow:
If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,
Thy gentle accents soften'd all my pain.
For thee I mourn; and mourn myself in thee,
The wretched source of all this misery!

§ 13. *Retreat of Ajax.*

AJAX he shuns, thro' all the dire debate,
And fears that arm whose force he felt so late.
But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
Shot heaven-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart;
Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.
O'er his broad back his moony shield he threw,
And giaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
Beset with watchful dogs, and shouting swains;
Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
Tho' rage impels him, and tho' hunger calls,
Long stands the show'ring darts, and missile fires;
Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.
So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
While his swollen heart at every step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength endued,
In some wild field by troops of boys pursued,
Tho' round the sides a wooden tempest rain,
Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain;
Thick on his sides the hollow blows resound,
The patient animal maintains his ground,
Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung;
Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands:

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
And threats his followers with retorted eye.

Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs :
In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood ;
And many a jav'lin guiltless on the plain
Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.

§ 14. *Hector and Andromache's parting, before
be engages.*

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift through the town he trod his former
way,

Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir ;
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind :
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye :

Too daring prince ! ah, whither dost thou run ?
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'st thou not, how wretched we shall be,
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
For sure such courage length of life denies,
And thou must fall thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !
O grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
No parent now remains my grief to share,
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.

Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share :
O prove a husband's and a father's care !
Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

Th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child,
The glistering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground ;
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O Thou whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless pow'rs, protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown ;
Against his country's foe the war to wage
And rise the Hector of the future age !
So when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say, This chief transcends his father's fame ;
While, pleas'd amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'ersflows with joy.

He spoke ; and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms :
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
The troubled pleasure soon pass'd by fear,
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.

The glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes ;
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at every look ; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.

§ 15. *Priam's Interview with Achilles.*

UNSEEN by these, the king's his entry made ;
And, prostrate now before Achilles laid,
Sudden (a venerable sight !) appears ;
Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in
tears ;

Those direful hands his kisses prest'd, embrued
Even with the best, the dearest of his blood !

As when a wretch (who conscious of his crime,
Pursued for murder, flies his native clime)
Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd,
All gaze, all wonder ; thus Achilles gaz'd :
Thus stood th' attendants, stupid with surprize ;
All mute, yet seem to question with their eyes :
Each look'd on other, none the silence broke ;
Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke :

Ah think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine !
Think of thy father's age, and pity mine !
In me that father's rev'rend image trace,
Those silver hairs, that venerable face :
His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see !
In all my equal, but in misery !

Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
Expels him helpless from his peaceful state ;
Think, from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,
And beg protection with a feeble cry.
Yet still one comfort from his soul may rise :
He hears his son still lives to glad his eyes :
And hearing, still may hope a better day
May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain ;
The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain !
Yet, what a race ere Greece to Ilium came,
The pledge of many a lov'd and loving dame :

Nineteen one mother bore—dead, all are dead !
How oft, alas ! has wretched Priam bled !
Still one was left, their lots to recompense ;
His father's hope, his country's last defence.
Him too thy rage has slain ! beneath thy steel
Unhappy in his country's cause he fell !

For him thro' hostile camps I bend my way,
For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay ;
Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear ;
Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere !
Think of thy father, and this face behold !
See him in me, at helpless and as old,
Tho' not so wretched ! there he yields to me,
The first of men in foreign misery ;
Thus forc'd to kneel, thus growling to embrace
The scourge and ruin of my realm and race ;
Suppliant my children's murder to implore,
And kiss those hands yearning with their gore !

These words soft pity in the chief inspire,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of his fire.
Then with his hand (as prostrate still he lay)
The old man's cheek he gently turn'd away.
Now each by turns indulge the gush of woe ;
And now the mingled tides together flow :
This low on earth, that gently bending o'er,
A father one, and one a son deplore :
But great Achilles diff'rent passions rend,
And now his fire he mourns, and now his friend.
Th' infectious softness thro' the heroes ran ;
One universal solemn show'r began :

They bore as heroes, but they felt as man.
Sate at length with unavailing woes,
From the high throne divine Achilles rose ;
The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd ;
On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
Nor unrelenting : then serene began
With words to soothe the miserable man.

Alas ! what weight of anguish hast thou known !
Unhappy prince ! thus guardless and alone
To pass thro' foes, and thus undaunted face
The man whose fury has destroy'd thy race !
Heaven sure has arm'd thee with a heart of steel,
A strength proportion'd to the woes you feel.
Rise then ; let reason mitigate our care :
To mourn avails not ; man is born to bear.
Such is, alas ! the gods severe decree :
They, only they are blest, and only free.
Two urns by Jove's high throne have ever stood,
The source of evil one, and one of good ;
From thence the cup of mortal man he fills,
Blessings to these, to those distributes ills ;
To most he mingles both : the wretch decreed
To taste the bad unmix'd, is curs'd indeed :
Pursued by wrongs, by meagre famine driven,
He wanders out-cast both of earth and heav'n.
The happiest taste not happiness sincere,
But find the cordial draught is dash'd with care.
Who more than Peleus shone in wealth and
pow'r ?

What stars concurring bless'd his natal hour !
A realm, a goddess, to his wishes given,
Grac'd by the gods with all the gifts of Heaven !
One evil yet o'ertakes his latest day,
No race succeeding to imperial sway ;

An only son ! and he, alas ! ordain'd
To fall untimely in a foreign land !
See him, in Troy, the pious care decline
Of his weak age, to live the curse of thine !
Thou too, old man, hast happier days beheld ;
In riches once, in children once excell'd ;
Extended Phrygia own'd thy ample reign,
And all fair Lesbos' blissful seats contain,
And all wide Hellespont's unmeasur'd main.
But since the god his hand has pleas'd to turn,
And fill thy measure from his bitter urn,
What sees the sun, but hapless heroes' falls ?
War, and the blood of man, furrow'd thy walls !
What must be, must be. Bear thy lot, nor shed
These unavailing sorrows o'er the dead ;
Thou canst not call him from the Stygian shore ;
But thou, alas ! mayst live to suffer more !

To whom the king : O favour'd of the skies !
Here let me grow to earth ! since Hector lies
On the bare beach, depriv'd of obsequies.
O give me Hector ! to my eyes restore
His corpse, and take the gifts : I ask no more.
Thou, as thou mayst, these boundless stores enjoy ;
Safe mayst thou sail, and turn thy wrath from Troy ;
So shall thy pity and forbearance give
A weak old man to see the light and live !

Move me no more (Achilles thus replies,
While kindling anger sparkled in his eyes)
Nor seek by tears my steady soul to bend ;
To yield thy Hector I myself intend :
For know, from Jove my goddess-mother came
(Old Ocean's daughter, silver-footed dame),
Nor com'st thou but by Heaven ; nor com'st alone,
Some god impels with courage not thy own :
No human hand the weighty gates unbarr'd,
Nor could the boldest of our youths have dar'd
To pass our out-works, or elude the guard.
Cease ; lest, neglectful of high Jove's command,
I shew thee, king ! thou tread'st on hostile land ;
Release my knees, thy suppliant arts give o'er,
And shake the purpose of my soul no more.

The sire obey'd him, trembling, and o'eraw'd.
Achilles, like a lion, rush'd abroad :
Automedon and Alcimus attend,
Whom most he honour'd, since he lost his friend ;
These to unyoke the mules and horses went,
And led the hoary heraid to the tent ;
Next heap'd on high the numerous presents bear
(Great Hector's ransom) from the polish'd car.
Two splendid mantles, and a carpet spread,
They leave, to cover and inwrap the dead ;
Then call the handmaids, with assistant toil,
To wash the body, and anoint with oil ;
Apart from Priam, lest th' unhappy sire,
Provok'd to passion, once more route to ire
The stern Pelides ; and nor sacred age
Nor Jove's command should check the rising rage.
This done, the garments o'er the corpse they spread ;
Achilles lifts it to the funeral bed :
Then, while the body on the car they laid,
He groans, and calls on lov'd Patroclus' shade :
If, in that gloom which never light must
know,

The deeds of mortals touch the ghosts below :
O friend !

O friend! forgive me, that I thus fulfil
(Restoring Hector) Heaven's unquestion'd will.
The gifts the father gave be ever thine,
To grace thy manes, and adorn thy shrine.

He said, and ent'ring, took his seat of state,
Where full before him rev'rend Priam sat:
To whom, compos'd, the godlike chief begun—
Lo, to thy pray'r restor'd thy breathless son;
Extended on the fun'ral couch he lies:

And, soon as morning paints the eastern skies,
The sight is granted to thy longing eyes.
But now the peaceful hours of sacred night
Demand refection, and to rest invite:

Nor thou, O father, thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,

A parent once, whose sorrows equal'd thine:
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
These Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain.
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line!
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd:
Those boasted twelve th' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood and in the dust out-

spread,

Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none,
For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone:
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was Heaven's high will)
Thro' defects wild now pours a weeping rill:
Where round the bed whence Achelous springs,
The wat'ry fairies dance in mazy rings;
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
She stands her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Such griefs, O king! have other parents
known;

Remember theirs, and mitigate thy own.
The care of Heaven thy Hector has appear'd,
Nor shall he lie unwept and uninterr'd;
Soon may thy aged cheeks in tears be drown'd,
And all the eyes of Ilium stream around.

He said, and rising, chose the victim ewe
With silver fleece, which his attendants flew.

The limbs they sever from the reeking hide.
With skill prepare them, and in parts divide:

Each on the coals the separate mortels lays,
And hasty snatches from the rising blaze.

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
Which round the board Automedon bestow'd;
The chief himself to each his portion plac'd,
And each indulging shrou'd in sweet repast.

When now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
The wond'ring hero eyes his royal guest;
No less the royal guest the hero eyes,
His godlike aspect, and majestic size;

Here, youthful grace and noble fire engage;
And there, the mild benevolence of age.

Thus, a long, the silence neither broke,
(A *sol mo* scene!) at length the father spoke:

Permit me now, belov'd of Jove! to sleep
My careful temples in the dew of sleep:
For, since the day that number'd with the dead
My hapless son, the dust has been my bed;
Soft sleep a stranger to my weeping eyes,
My only food, my sorrows and my sighs!
Till now, encourag'd by the grace you give,
I share thy banquet, and consent to live.

With that Achilles bade prepare the bed,
With purple soft, and shaggy carpets spread;
Forth by the flaming lights they bend their way,
And place the couches, and the coverings lay.
Then he: Now, father, sleep, but sleep not here;
Consult thy safety, and forgive my fear;
Lest any Argive (at this hour awake,
To ask our counsel, or our orders take),
Approaching sudden to our open'd tent,
Purchance behold thee, and our grace prevent.
Should such report thy honour'd person here,
The king of men the ransom might defer;
But save, with speed, if aught of thy desire
Remains unask'd? what time the rites require
I'll inter thy Hector! For so long we stay
Our slaughter'd aim, and bid the hosts obey.

If then thy will permit (the monarch said)
To finish all due honours to the dead,
This of thy grace accord: to thee are known
The fears of Ilium, clos'd within her town,
And at what distance from her walls aspire
The hills of Ide, and forests for the fire.
Nine days to vent our sorrows I request,
The tenth shall see the fun'ral and the feast:
The next to raise his monument be given;
The twelfth we war, if war be doom'd by Heaven!
Thus thy request, replid the chief, enjoy!
Till then our arms suspend the fall of Troy.

§ 16. Description of Jupiter.

HE spoke, and awful bends his sable brows;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the
nod,

The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God:
High heaven with trembling the dread signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

§ 17. Aerial Description of the Deities engaged in the Combat.

BUT when the pow'rs descending swell'd the
light,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Varied each face; then discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now thro' the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shouts
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now thro' each Trojan heart he fury pours
With voice divine from Ilium's topmost towers;
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountains shook, the rapid stream stood still.
Above, the fire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath,

Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground
The forests wave, the mountains rood around
Thro' all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the tof'd natives beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head;
Leap'd from his throne, left Neptune's arm
 should lay
His dark dominions open to the day,
And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
Abhor'd by men, and dreadful even to gods.

§ 18. *Description of the Grecian Army when marching against the Trojans.*

—THE monarch issued his commands;
Straight the loud heralds call the gath'ring
 bands.

The chiefs inclose their king; the hosts divide,
In tribes and nations rank'd on either side.
High in the midst the blue-eyed virgin flies;
From rank to rank she darts her ardent eyes;
The dreadful ægis, Jove's immortal shield,
Blaz'd on her arm, and lighten'd all the field;
Round the vast orb an hundred serpents roll'd,
Form the bright fringe, and seem'd to burn in gold.

With this each Grecian's manly breast she warms,
Swells their bold hearts, and stings their nervous
 arms:

No more they sigh, inglorious, to return,
But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

As on some mountain, thro' the lofty grove,
The crackling flames ascend, and blaze above;
The fires expanding as the winds arise,
Shoot their long beams, and kindle half the skies:
So from the polish'd arms, and brazen shields,
A gleamy splendour flash'd along the fields.
Not less their number than th' embodied cranes,
Or milk-white swans in Ægæus' wat'ry plains,
That o'er the windings of Cayster's springs
Stretch their long necks, and clap their rustling
 wings;

Now tow'r aloft, and course in airy rounds;
Now light with noise; with noise the field re-
 ounds.

Thus num'rous and confus'd, extending wide,
The legions crowd Scamander's flow'ry side;
With rushing troops the plains are cover'd o'er,
And thund'ring footsteps shake the founding shore:
Along the river's level meads they stand,
Thick as in spring the flow'rs adorn the land,
Or leaves the trees; or thick as insects play,
The wand'ring nation of a summer's day,
That drawn by milky steams, at ev'ning hours,
In gather'd swarms surround the rural bow'rs:
From pail to pail with busy murmur run
The glided legions, glitt'ring in the sun.
So throng'd, so close, the Grecian squadrons stood,
In radiant arms, and thirst for Trojan blood.
Each leader now his scatter'd force conjoins
In close array, and forms the deep'ning lines.

Not with more ease the skilful shepherd swain
Collects his flock from thousands on the plain.

THE ODYSSEY.

§ 19. *Ulysses on a desolate Island—The Gods assemble, and send Mercury to Calypso, to procure his Liberty.—Description of the Morning; the descent of Minerva, and the Grouse of the Goddese, most admirably painted.*

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed;
With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
And gild the courts of heaven with sacred light.
Then met th' eternal synod of the sky,
Before the God who thunders from on high, }
Supreme in might, sublime in majesty.
Pallas to these depicts th' unequal fates
Of wise Ulysses, and his toils relates:

Her hero's danger touch'd the pitying pow'r,
The nymph's seducements, and the magic bow'r.

Thus she began her plaint: Immortal Jove!
And you who fill the blissful seats above!
Let kings no more with gentle mercy sway,
Or bless a people willing to obey,
But crush the nations with an iron rod,
And every monarch be the scourge of God;
If from your thoughts Ulysses you remove,
Who rul'd his subjects with a father's love.
Sole in an isle, encircled by the main,
Abandon'd, banish'd from his native reign,
Unblest he sighs, detain'd by lawless chains,
And press'd unwilling in Calypso's arms.
Nor friends are there, nor vessels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeasurable way.
And now fierce traitors, studious to destroy
His only son, their ambush'd fraud employ,
Who, pious, following his great father's fame,
To sacred Pylos and to Sparta came. [forms

What words are these (replied the pow'r who
The clouds of night, and darkens heaven with
Is 't not already in thy soul decreed, [it forms]?)

The chief's return shall make the guilty bleed?
What cannot wisdom do? Thow mayst restore
The son in safety to his native shore:
While the fell foes, who late in ambush lay,
With fraud defeated, measure back their way.

Then thus to Hermes the command was given:
Hermes, thou chosen messenger of heaven!

Go, to the nymph be these our orders borne:
'Tis Jove's decree Ulysses shall return:
The patient man shall view his old abodes,
Nor help'd by mortal hand, nor guiding gods;
In twice ten days shall fertile Scheria find,
Alone, and floating to the wave and wind.

The bold Phæacians there, whose haughty line
Is mix'd with gods, half human, half divine,
The chief shall honour as some heavenly guest,
And swift transport him to his place of rest.
His vessels loaded with a pious store
Of brass, of vestures, and resplendent ore;
(A richer prize than if his joyful ile
Receiv'd him charg'd with Ilion's noble spoil)

His friends, his country, he shall see, though late;
Such is our sovereign will, and such is fate.

He spoke. The God who mounts the winged winds

Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,
That high through fields of air his flight sustain
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the boundless main.
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye:
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria's steep,
And stoops incumbent on the reeling deep.
So watry fowl, that seek their fishy food,
With wings expanded o'er the foaming flood,
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.
Thus o'er the world of waters Hermes flew,
Till now the distant island rose in view:
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,
He took the path that winded to the cave.
Large was the grot in which the nymph he found
(The fair-hair'd nymph with the very beauty crown'd).
She sat and sung; the rocks resound her lays;
The cave was brighten'd with a rising blaze:
Cedar and frankincense, an od'rous pile,
Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle:
While she with work and song the time divides,
And thro' the loom the golden shuttle guides.
Without the grot a various sylvan scene
Appear'd around, and groves of living green;
Poplars and alders ever quiv'ring play'd,
And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade;
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,
The eagle, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.
Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.
Four limpid fountains from the cliff distil,
And ev'ry fountain pours a sev'ral rill,
In mazy windings wand'ring down the hill:
Where blooming meads with vivid greens were crown'd,

And glowing violets threw odours round.
A scene where if a god should cast his sight,
A god might gaze; and wander with delight
Joy touch'd the messenger of heaven: he stay'd,
Entranc'd, and all the blissful haunt survey'd.
Him, enter'ing in the cave, Calypso knew,
For Jove's celestial to each other's view
Stand till confess, tho' distant far they lie,
Or habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.
But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,
Pour'd the big sorrows of his swelling heart;
All on the lonely shore he far to weep,
And roll'd his eyes around the restless deep;
Tow'rd his lov'd coast he roll'd his eyes in vain,
Till, dimun'd with rising grief, the stream'd again.

§ 20. *The Consequences of Sensuality pointed out by the Story of Circe's feasting the Companions of Ulysses, and turning them into Swine.*

SOON in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
And drank oblivion of their native coast.

Instant her circling wand the goddess waves;
To hogs transforms 'em, and the sty receives.
No more was seen the human form divine,
Head, face, and members bristle into swine:
Still, curst with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they groan.

§ 21. *The Embarrassments of an idle Life, and the Evils that attend a Course of Inactivity and Pleasure, allegorically represented in the Story of the Sirens and their Song.*

NEXT, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the seas;
Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
Unblest the man whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;
No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore.
Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let every ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!
Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.
If, mad with transport, freedom thou demand,
Be every fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

§ 22. *The Song which the Sirens address to Ulysses.*
O stay, O pride of Greece! Ulysses, stay!
Oh cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear,
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.
Approach! thy soul shall into raptures rise!
Approach! and learn new wisdom from the wife!
We know what'er the kings of mighty name
Achiev'd at Ithon in the field of fame;
What'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
O stay, and learn new wisdom from the wife!

§ 23. *Relation of the Dog Argus, with the Circumstances of his knowing the Voice of Ulysses.*

THUS, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;
He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head.
Bred by Ulysses, nourish'd at his board,
But, ah! not fated long to please his lord!
To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
The voice of glory call'd him o'er the main.
Till then in ev'ry sylvan chase renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy lew'ret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected, in the public way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,
Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet,
In vain he strove to crawl, and kifs his feet;
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his master, and confess his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty master's soul;
And down his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dried
The drop humane: then thus impassion'd cried:

What noble beast in this abandon'd state
Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise;
If as he seems he was in better days,
Some care his age deserves: or was he priz'd
For worthless beauty, therefore now despis'd?
Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state,
And always cherish'd by their friends, the great.

Not Argus so (Eumeus thus rejoind'),
But serv'd a master of a nobler kind,
Who never, never shall behold him more!
Long, long since perish'd on a distant shore!
Oh had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong;
Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
None 'scap'd him, bosom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his scent how true
To wind the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast;
Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A flock and idle race is all their care:
The master gone, the servants what restrains?
Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.

This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
The musing monarch pauses at the door:
The dog whom fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a last look, and having seen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

§ 24. *Advice of Pallas to Ulysses, before he goes to the Court of the Phæacians.*

MY task is done; the mansion you require
Appears before you: enter and admire.
High-thron'd and feasting there thou shalt behold
The scepter'd rulers. Fear not, but be bold:
A decent boldness ever meets with friends,
Succeeds, and even a stranger recommends.

§ 25. *Pompous Description of the royal Garden of the Phæacians.*

CLOSE to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies:
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows;
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;

The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear;
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise;
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.

Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join,
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r defici'd,
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny-side, }
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect
crown'd:
This thro' the gardens leads its stream around, }
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows:
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.

§ 26. *Ulysses' artful Address to the Queen and Court of Alcinoüs.*

DAUGHTER of great Rhexenor! (thus began,
Low at her knees, the much enduring man).
To thee, thy comfort, and his royal train,
To all that share the blessings of your reign,
A suppliant bends: oh pity human woe!
'Tis what the happy to th' unhappy owe.
A wretched exile to his country send,
Long worn with griefs, and long without a friend.
So may the gods your better days increase,
And all your joys descend on all your race;
So reign for ever on your country's breast,
Your people blessing, by your people blest!
Then to the genial earth he bow'd his face,
And humbled in the ashes took his place.

Silence ensued. The eldest first began,
Echeneüs sage, a venerable man!
Whose well-taught mind the present age surpass'd,
And join'd to that th' experience of the past.
Fit words attended on his weighty sense,
And mild persuasion flow'd in eloquence.

O fight (he cried) dishonest and unjust!
A guest, a stranger, seated in the dust!
To raise a lonely suppliant from the ground
Befits a monarch. Lo! the peers around
But wait thy word, the gentle guest to grace,
And seat him fair in some distinguish'd place.
Let first the herald due libation pay
To Jove, who guides the wand'rer on his way;
Then set the genial banquet in his view,
And give the stranger-guest a stranger's due.

§ 27. *Ulysses left seated with Alcinoüs and his Queen; she discovering the garment that was lent him by Nausicaä, quitions him on that Head; upon which he discloses the Truth; and while he praises Nausicaä, artfully throws in a Compliment on her Majesty; and concludes with a Sentence, in proof of his Attachment to Truth, and his Abhorrence of a Lye.*

THE queen, on nearer view, her guest survey'd
Rob'd in the garments her own hands had made;

Not without wonder seen. Then thus began,
Her words addressing to the godlike man:

Cam'st thou not hither, wondrous stranger! say,
From lands remote, and o'er a length of sea?
Tell then whence art thou? whence that princely
And robes like these, so recent and so fair? [air?

Hard is the task, O princess! you impose,
(Thus sighing spoke the man of many woes)
The long, the mournful series to relate
Of all my sorrows, sent by Heaven and fate!
Yet what you ask, attend. An island lies
Beyond these tracts, and under other skies,
Ogygia nam'd in Ocean's wat'ry arms,
Where dwells Calypso, dreadful in her charms!
Remote from gods or men she holds her reign,
Amid the terrors of the rolling main.

Me, only me, the hand of torture bore,
Ublest! to tread that interdicted shore:
When Jove, tremendous in the fable deeps,
Launch'd his red lightning at our scatter'd ships:
Then, all my fleet and all my followers lost,
Sole on a plank, on boiling furies tost,
Heaven drove my wreck th' Ogygian isle to find,
Full nine days floating to the wave and wind.

Met by the goddess there with open arms,
She brail'd my stay with more than human charms;
Nay promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life, exempt from age and woe.
But all her blandishments successless prove,
To banish from my breast my country's love.

I stay reluctant seven continued years,
And water her ambrosial couch with tears.
The eighth, she voluntary moves to part,
Or urg'd by Jove, or her own changeful heart.

A raft was form'd to cross the surging sea;
Herself supplied the stores and rich array,
And gave the gales to waft me on the way.

In seventeen days appear'd your pleasing coast,
And woody mountains half in vapours lost.
Joy touch'd my soul: my soul was joy'd in vain,
For angry Neptune rous'd the raging main;
The wild winds whistle, and the billows war;
The splitting raft the furious tempests tore;
And storms vindictive intercept the shore.

Soon as their rage subsides, the seas I brave
With naked force, and shoot along the wave,
To reach this isle: but there my hopes were lost,
The surge impell'd me on a craggy coast.

I chose the safer sea, and chanc'd to find
A river's mouth impervious to the wind,
And clear of rocks. I faint'd by the flood;
Then took the shelter of the neighbouring wood.

'Twas night; and, cover'd in the foliage deep,
Jove plung'd my senses in the death of sleep.
All night I slept, oblivious of my pain;
Aurora dawn'd, and Phaëbus shin'd in vain:
Nor till oblique he stop'd his evening ray,
Had Somnus dried the balmy dews away.
Then female voices from the shore I heard:
A maid amidst them goddess-like appear'd:
To her I sued, the piteous my distress;
Like thee in beauty, nor in virtue less.
Who from such youth could hope confid'rate care?
In youth and beauty wisdom is but rare!
She gave me life, relief'd with just supplies
My wants, and lent those robes that strike your eyes.

This is the truth; and, O ye powers on high!
Forbid that want should sink me to a lye.

§ 28. *Ulysses at the Phæacian Games.*

INCENS'D Ulysses with a frown replies,
O forward to proclaim thy soul unwise!
With partial hands the gods their gifts dispense:
Some greatly think, some speak with manly sense;
Here Heaven an elegance of form denies,
But wisdom the defect of form supplies:
This man with energy of thought controuls,
And steals with modest violence our souls;
He speaks reserv'dly, but he speaks with force,
Nor can one word be chang'd but for a worse;
In public more than mortal he appears,
And as he moves the gazing crowd reverts.
While others, beauteous as th' ethereal kind,
The nobler portion want, a knowing mind.
In outward show Heaven gives thee to excel,
But Heaven denies the praise of thinking well.
Ill bear the brave a rude ungovern'd tongue,
And, youth, my generous soul reverts the wrong.
Skill'd in heroic exercise, I claim
A post of honour with the sons of fame;
Such was my boast, while vigour crown'd my days;
Now care surrounds me, and my force decays;
Inn'd a melancholy part to bear,
In scenes of death, by tempest and by war.
Yet thus by woes impair'd, no more I wave
To prove the hero—slander flings the brave.

Then, striding forward with a furious bound,
He wrench'd a rocky fragment to the ground:
By far more ponderous, and more huge by far,
Than what Phæacia's sons discharg'd in air.
Fierce from his arm th' enormous load he flings;
Sonorous thro' the shaded air it sings;
Couch'd to the earth, tempestuous as it flies,
The crowd gaze upwards while it cleaves the skies.
Beyond all marks with many a giddy round
Down-rushing, it upturns a hill of ground.

Then thus aloud (elate with decent pride)
Rise, ye Phæacians, try your force, he cried;
If with this throw the strongest casters vie,
Still, further still, I bid the discus fly.
Stand forth, ye champions who the gauntlet wield,
Or you, the swiftest racers of the field!
Stand forth, ye wrestlers who these pastimes grace!
I wield the gauntlet, and I run the race.

In such heroic games I yield to none,
Or yield to brave Laodamas alone:
Shall I with brave Laodamas contend?
A friend is sacred, and I style him friend.
Ungen'rous were the man, and base of heart,
Who takes the kind, and pays th' ungrateful part:
Chiefly the man, in foreign realms confin'd,
Base to his friend, to his own interest blind.

§ 29. *Description of the ancient Honours which were conferred on Poetry and Music.*

THE herald now arrives, and guides along
The sacred master of celestial song,
Dear to the muse! who gave his days to flow
With mighty blessings, mix'd with mighty woe:
With clouds of darkness quench'd his visual ray,
But gave him skill to raise the lofty lay.
High on a radiant throne sublime in state,
Encircled by huge multitudes he sat:
With silver shone the throne; his lyre, well strung
To rapt'rous sounds, at hand Pantonous hung:
Before his seat a polish'd table shines;
And a full goblet foams with gen'rous wines!
His food a herald bore; and now they fed;
And now the rage of craving hunger fled.

Then sit'd by all the muse, aloud he sings
The mighty deeds of demigods and kings:
From that fierce wrath the noble song arose,
That made Ulysses and Achilles foes:
How o'er the feast they doom the fall of Troy;
The stern debate Atrides hears with joy:
For Heaven foretold the contest when he tread
The marble threshold of the Delphic god,
Curious to learn the counsels of the sky,
Ere yet he loos'd the rage of war on Troy.

Touch'd at the song, Ulysses straight resign'd
To soft affliction all his manly mind:
Before his eyes the purple vest he drew,
Industrious to conceal the falling dew:
But when the muse paus'd, he ceas'd to shed
The flowing tear, and rais'd his drooping head:
And lifting to the gods a goblet crown'd,
He pour'd a pure libation to the ground.

Transported with the song, the list'ning train
Again with loud applause demand the strain:
Again Ulysses veil'd his pensive head;
Again, unmann'd, a shav'r of sorrow shed.

Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each the portion shares.
The bard an herald guides: the gazing throng
Pay low obedience as he moves along:
Beneath a sculptur'd arch he sits enchain'd,
The peers encircling form an awful round.
Then from the chine Ulysses carves with art
Delicious food, an honorary part:
This let the master of the lyre receive,
A pledge of love! 'tis all a wretch can give.
Lives there a man beneath the spacious skies,
Who sacred honours to the bard denies?
The muse the bard inspires, exalts his mind;
The muse indulgent loves th' harmonious kind.

The herald to his hand the charge conveys,
Not fond of flattery, nor unpleas'd with praise.
When now the rage of hunger was allay'd,
Thus to the lyrist wife Ulysses said:
O more than man! thy soul the muse inspires,
Or Phœbus animates with all his fires:
For who, by Phœbus uninform'd, could know
The woe of Greece, and sing so well the woe?
Just to the tale, as present at the fray,
Or taught the labours of the dreadful day;
The song recalls past horror to my eyes,
And bids proud Ilion from her ashes rise.
Once more haumously strike the sounding string,
Th' Epean fabric, fram'd by Pallas, sing:
How stern Ulysses, furious to destroy,
With latent heroes sack'd imperial Troy.
If faithful thou record the tale of fame,
The god himself inspires thy breast with flame:
And mine shall be the task henceforth to raise
In ev'ry land thy monument of praise.

Full of the god he rais'd his lofty strain,
How the Greeks rush'd tumultuous to the main:
How blazing tents illumin'd half the skies,
While from the shores the winged navy flies:
How even in Ilion's walls, in deathful bands,
Came the stern Greeks, by Troy's assisting hands:
All Troy up-heav'd the steel: of differing mind,
Various the Trojans counsel'd; part counsell'd
The monster to the sword, part sentence gave
To plunge it headlong in the whelming wave:
Th' unwise award to lodge it in the tow'rs,
An off'ring sacred to th' immortal pow'rs:
Th' unwise prevail, they lodge it in the walls;
And by the gods decree proud Ilion falls;
Destruction enters in the treach'rous wood,
And vengeful slaughter, fierce for human blood.

He sung the Greeks stern-issuing from the steed;
How Ilion burns, how all her fathers bleed:
How to thy dome, Deiphobus! ascends,
The Spartan king; how Ithacus attends,
Horrid as Mars; and how with dire alarms
He fights, subdued; for Pallas strings his arms.

Thus, while he sung, Ulysses' griefs renew,
Tears bathe his cheeks, and tears the ground bedew:
Conceal'd he griev'd: the king observ'd alone
The silent tear, and heard the secret groan:
Then to the bard aloud: Oh cease to sing,
Dumb be thy voice, and mute the tuneful string;
To ev'ry note his tears responsive flow,
And his great heart heaves with tumultuous woe;
Thy lay too deeply moves: then cease the lay,
And o'er the banquet ev'ry heart be gay.

§ 30. *Introduction to the Story of Polyphemus.*

A GIANT shepherd here his flock maintains
Far from the rest, and solitary reigns,
In shelter thick of horrid shade reclin'd;
And gloomy mischiefs labour in his mind.
A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature or in face:
As some lone mountain's monstrous growth he
stood,
Crown'd with rough thickets, and a nodding wood.

———Lo! he comes at last.
Near half a forest on his back he bore,
And cast the ponderous burden at the door.
It thunder'd as it fell———

§ 31. *Discovery of Ulysses by Euryclæa.*

DEEP o'er his knee infram'd remain'd the scar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclæa found, th' ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her slack hand re-
leas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vase redound;
The vase reclining floats the floor around:
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleasing strife express'd
Of grief and joy alternate in her breast.
Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs died;
At length abrupt—My son!—my king!—the
cried.

§ 32. *Ulysses spares the Life of Phemius.*

PHEMIUS alone the hand of Vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the Heaven-instructed bard.
Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands;
The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;
Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly,
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh,
Where oft Laertes holy vows had paid,
And oft Ulysses smoking victims laid.
His honour'd harp with care he first set down,
Between the laver and the silver throne:
Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,
Persuasive thus with accent soft began:

O king! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,
And spare the poet's ever-gentle kind.
A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by Heaven, and Heaven alone,
The genuine seeds of poetry are sown;
And (what the gods bestow) the lofty lay
To gods alone, and godlike worth, we pay.
Save then the poet; and thyself reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force, and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay
Nor servile flattery stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words Telemachus attends,
His fire approaches; and the bard defends:
Oh mix not, father, with those impious dead
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
Medon the herald, too, our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care.
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live.

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy Medon lay,
Wrapp'd in a new-slain ox's ample hide;
Swift at the word he cast his screen aside,
Sprung to the prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,
And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:

O prince! O friend! lo here thy Medon stands,
Ah stop the hero's unresisted hands,
Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,
Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom Ulysses with a pleasing eye:
Be bold, on friendship and my son rely:
Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed.

§ 33. *Ulysses discovered by Penelope.*

WHILE yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recover'g, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: and, Oh, she cries,
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!
O vers'd in ev'ry turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes,
And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and die.
Oh let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms,
Pour out my soul, and die within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! men, faithless men betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, O my lord! not want of love:
Like me had Helen fear'd, with wanton charms
Ere the fair mischief set two worlds in arms,
Ere Greece rose dreadful in th' avenging day,
Thus had the fear'd, she had not gone astray.
But Heaven, averse to Greece, in wrath decreed,
That she should wander, and that Greece should
bleed:

Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe.
But why these sorrows when my lord arrives?
I yield, I yield! my own Ulysses lives!
The secrets of the bridal bed are known
To thee, to me, to Actoris alone
(My father's present in the spousal hour,
The sole attendant on our genial bow'r);
Since what no eye hath seen, thy tongue reveal'd,
Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.

Touch'd to the soul, the king with rapture hears,
Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.

§ 34. *Ulysses discovers himself to his Father.*

BUT all alone the hoary king he found;
His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
Fenc'd with a double cap of goat-skin hair:
His buskin old, in former service torn,
But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
In this array the kingly gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a plant encumber'd with its wood.
Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the chief divine
Gaz'd o'er his fire, re-tracing ev'ry line,

The

The ruins of himself ! now worn away
 With age, yet still majestic in decay !
 Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store ;
 The much-enduring man could bear no more.
 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
 His aged limbs, to kiss his rev'rend face,
 With eager transport to disclose the whole,
 And pour at once the torrent of his soul ?
 Not so : his judgment takes the winding way
 Of question distant, and of soft essay,
 More gentle methods on weak age employs,
 And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
 Then to his fire with beating heart he moves,
 And with a tender pleasantry reproves :
 Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
 Nor ought remits the work, while thus he said :

Great is thy skill, O father ! great thy toil,
 Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil :
 Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
 The olive green, blue fig, and pendant pear ;
 And not one empty spot escapes thy care. }
 On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shewn,
 Nothing neglected but thyself alone.
 Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame ;
 Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim.
 Not for thy sloth, I deem thy lord unkind ;
 Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind :
 I read a monarch in that princely air,
 The same thy aspect, if the same thy care ;
 Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine,
 These are the rights of age, and should be thine.
 Who then thy master, say ? and whose the land
 So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand ?
 But chief, oh tell me (what I question most),
 Is this the far-fam'd Ithacensian coast ?
 For so reported the first man I view'd,
 (Some surly islander, of manners rude)
 Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay ;
 Needless he whistled, and pursued his way.
 But thou whom years have taught to understand,
 Humanely hear, and answer my demand :
 A friend I seek, a wife one and a brave,
 Say, lives he yet, or moulders in the grave ?
 Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest ;
 He said, from Ithaca's fair isle he came,
 And old Laertes was his father's name.
 To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
 I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd ;
 To him seven talents of pure ore I told,
 Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunics stiff
 with gold ;

A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames ;
 And, skill'd with female works, four lovely dames.

At this the father, with a father's fears
 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears),
 This is the land ; but, ah ! thy gifts are lost,
 For godless men, and rude, possess the coast :
 Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore !
 Thy ancient friend, O stranger, is no more !
 Full recompence thy bounty else had borne ;
 For ev'ry good man yields a just return :
 — civil rights demand ; and who begins
 The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins,

But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess'd,
 What years have circled since thou saw'st that
 That hapless guest, alas ! for ever gone ! [guest ?
 Wretch that he was ! and that I am ! my son !
 If ever man to misery was born,
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn !
 Far from his friends, and from his native reign,
 He lies, a prey to monsters of the main,
 Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
 Or screaming vultures scatter through the air :
 Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed,
 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead,
 Nor his sad comfort on the mournful bier
 Seal'd his cold eyes, or dropp'd a tender tear !

But tell me who thou art, and what thy race ?
 Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place ?
 Or, if a merchant in pursuit of gain,
 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main ? }
 Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train ? }

Then thus the son : From Alybas I came,
 My palace there ; Eperitus my name.
 Not vulgar born, from Aphidas the king
 Of Polyphemon's royal line I spring.
 Some adverse demon from Sicania bore
 Our wand'ring course, and drove us on your shore ;
 Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
 Receiv'd our weary vessel from the sea.
 Five years have circled since these eyes pursued
 Ulysses parting through the sable flood ;
 Propitious he sail'd, with dexter auguries,
 And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
 Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
 Whom Heaven, alas ! decreed to meet no more.

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran ;
 Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapp'd up all the man ;
 Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
 Trembling with agonies of strong delight
 Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight :
 He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
 With thousand kisses wand'ring o'er his face.

I, I am he ; O father ! rise, behold
 Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old ;
 Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
 Restor'd and breathing in his native land :
 These floods of sorrow, O my sire, restrain !
 The vengeance is complete ; the suitor-train,
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain. }

Amaz'd Laertes : " Give some certain sign,
 " If such thou art, to manifest thee mine."

Lo here the wound, he cries, receiv'd of yore,
 The scar indented by the tusky boar,
 When by thyself and by Anticlea sent,
 To old Autolychus's realms I went.

Yet by another sign thy offspring know ;
 The several trees you gave me long ago,
 While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace,
 And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace :
 To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
 Well pleas'd you told its nature and its name,
 Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd ;
 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendant
 load,

And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd ; }

Full

Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
Of various vines that then began to blow,
A future vintage! when the hours produce
Their latent buds, and Sol exhales the juice.

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
Support him, round the lov'd Ulysses thrown;
He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd.
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
Soon as returning life regains its seat,
And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
Yes, I believe, he cries, almighty Jove!
Heaven rules us yet, and gods there are above.

FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

§ 35. *Description of the Vision conjured up by Alcina.*

A MURDER'D body huge beside him stood,
Of head and right-hand both but lately
spoil'd;
The left-hand bore the head, whose visage good
Both pale and wan, with dust and gore defil'd,
Yet spoke, tho' dead; with those sad words the
blood
Forth at his lips in huge abundance boil'd—
Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,
Whose guide a traitor, captains murderers are.

§ 36. *Image of Armida and Attendants, enraged at Rinaldo's bewing down the Myrtle to dissolve the Charm.*

HE lift his brand; nor ear'd, tho' oft she pray'd,
And the her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roame and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giants before him high the stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands:

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threaten'd death, she roar'd, she cried, and
fought;

Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd, like living souls to death nigh
brought;

The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud: that thunder'd, and this shook:
Bluster'd the tempests strong: the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter storm drove hail-stones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended:
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

§ 37. *Description of Armida's wondrous Parrot.*

WITH party-colour'd plumes, and purple bill,
A wondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain speech sung love-lays loud and
shrill;

Here Leden was like human language true;
So much the talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seem'd, how much good she
knew:

Her feather'd fellows all stood hush to hear;
Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were.

The gentle budding rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half open, half shut, her beauties dorth unfold
In its fair leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and
bold,

Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes;
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r
Of many a lady late and paramour.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flourish more; but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan:
Oh, gather then the rose, while time thou hast;
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of Love, while yet thou mayst,
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.

She ceas'd; and, as approving all she spoke,
The choir of birds their heavenly tune renew;
The turtles sigh'd, and sighs with kisses broke;
The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew:
It seem'd, the laurel chaste, and stubborn oak,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd, the land, the sea, and heaven above,
All breath'd out fancy sweet, and sigh'd out
love.

GLOVER'S LEONIDAS.

§ 38. *Leonidas's Address to his Countrymen,*

—He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, and manly beauty, join'd
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shines
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he rose, and thus address'd the throng:
Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends!
Why do we labour thro' the arduous paths
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd

The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But in vain
His blackest frowns and terrors he assumes
To shake the firmness of the mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe;
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life;
My heart exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest bounties of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows.

§ 39. *Leonidas's Answer to the Persian Ambassador.*

RETURN to Xerxes; tell him on this rock
The Grecians, faithful to their post, await
His chosen myriads; tell him, thou hast seen
How far the lust of empire is below
A free-born mind: and tell him, to behold
A tyrant humbled, and by virtuous death
To seal my country's freedom, is a good
Surpassing all his boasted pow'r can give.

§ 40. *Pathetic Farewell of Leonidas to his Wife and Family.*

I SEE, I feel thy anguish, nor my soul
Has e'er known the prevalence of love,
E'er prov'd a father's fondness, as this hour;
Nor, when most ardent to assert my fame,
Was once my heart insensible to thee.
How had it stain'd the honours of my name
To hesitate a moment, and suspend
My country's fate, till shameful life prefer'd
By my inglorious colleague left no choice,
But what in me were infamy to shun,
Not virtue to accept! Then deem no more
That, of my love regardless, or thy tears,
I haste uncall'd to death. The voice of fate,
The gods, my fame, my country, bid me bleed.
O thou dear mourner! wherefore streams afresh
That flood of woe? Why heaves with sighs re-
new'd

That tender breast? Leonidas must fall.
Alas! far heavier misery impends
O'er thee and thine, if lessen'd by thy tears
I shamefully refuse to yield that breath,
Which justice, glory, liberty, and Heaven
Claim for my country, for my sons, and thee.
Think on my long unalter'd love. Reflect
On my paternal fondness. Has my heart
E'er known a pause of love, or pious care?
Now shall that care, that tenderness, be prov'd
Most warm and faithful. When thy husband dies
For Lacedæmon's safety, thou wilt share,
Thou and thy children, the diffusive good.
Should I, thus singled from the rest of men,
Alone entrusted by th' immortal gods
With pow'r to save a people, should my soul
Desert that sacred cause, thee too I yield

To sorrow and to shame; for thou must weep
With Lacedæmon, must with her sustain
Thy painful portion of oppression's weight.
Thy sons behold now worthy of their names,
And Spartan birth. Their growing bloom must pine
In shame and bondage, and their youthful hearts
Beat at the sound of liberty no more.
On their own virtue, and their father's fame,
When he the Spartan freedom hath confirm'd,
Before the world illustrious shall they rise,
Their country's bulwark, and their mother's joy.

Here paus'd the patriot. With religious awe
Grief heard the voice of virtue. No complaint
The solemn silence broke. Tears ceas'd to flow
Ceas'd for a moment; soon again to stream.
For now, in arms before the palace rang'd,
His brave companions of the war demand
Their leader's presence; then her griefs renew'd,
Too great for utterance, intercept her sighs,
And freeze each accent on her fault'ring tongue.
In speechless anguish on the hero's breast
She sinks. On ev'ry side his children press,
Hang on his knees, and kiss his honour'd hand.
His soul no longer struggles to confine
Its strong compunction. Down the hero's cheek,
Down flows the manly sorrow. Great in woe,
Amid his children, who enclose him round,
He stands indulging tenderness and love
In graceful tears, when thus, with lifted eyes,
Address'd to Heaven: Thou ever-living Pow'r,
Look down propitious, sire of gods and men!
And to this faithful woman, whose desert
May claim thy favour, grant the hours of peace.
And thou, my great forefather, son of Jove,
O Hercules, neglect not these thy race!
But since that spirit I from thee derive,
Now bears me from them to resistless fate,
Do thou support their virtue! Be they taught,
Like thee, with glorious labour life to grace,
And from their father let them learn to die!

§ 41. *Characters of Teribazus and Ariana.*

AMID the van of Persia was a youth
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Nor for wide pastures travers'd o'er with herds,
With bleating thousands, or with bounding steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours, fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine,
And thro' the paths of science had he walk'd
The votary of wisdom. In the years
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroaster; then his tower'd soul
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd,
And from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldeans trac'd the mystic sphere;
There number'd o'er the vivid fires that gleam
Upon the dusky bosom of the night.
Nor on the sands of Ganges were unheard
The Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,
While, as attention wonder'd, they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature; whether in the woods,
The

The fruitful glebe or flow'r, or healing plant,
 The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
 Or in the purer element of fire.
 The fertile plains where great Sesostris reign'd,
 Mysterious Egypt, next the youth survey'd,
 From Elephantis, where impetuous Nile
 Precipitates his waters to the sea,
 Which far below receives the sevenfold stream.
 Thence o'er th' Ionic coast he stray'd; nor pass'd
 Miletus by, which once enraptur'd heard
 The tongue of Thales; nor Priene's walls.
 Where wisdom dwelt with Bias; nor the seat
 Of Pittacus, along the Lesbian shore.
 Here too melodious numbers charm'd his ears,
 Which flow'd from Orpheus, and Musæus old,
 And thee, O father of immortal verse!
 Mæonides, whose strains thro' ev'ry age
 Time with his own eternal lip shall sing.
 Back to his native Susa then he turn'd
 His wand'ring steps. His merit soon was dear
 To Hyperanthes, generous and good;
 And Ariana, from Darius sprung
 With Hyperanthes, of th' imperial race
 Which rul'd th' extent of Asia, in disdain
 Of all her greatness oft, an humble ear
 To him would bend, and listen to his voice.
 Her charms, her mind, her virtue he explor'd
 Admiring. Soon was admiration chang'd
 To love, nor lov'd he sooner than despair'd.
 But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
 Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
 Nor shunn'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
 A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
 Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
 Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd.

§ 42. *Ariana and Polydorus come by Night into the Persian Camp.*

IN fable pomp, with all her starry train,
 The night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from
 war,
 Her long-protracted labours Greece forgets,
 Dissolv'd in silent slumber; all but those,
 Who watch'd th' uncertain perils of the dark,
 An hundred warriors: Agis was their chief.
 High on the wall intent the hero sat,
 As o'er the surface of the tranquil main
 Along its undulating breast the wind
 The various din of Asia's host convey'd,
 In one deep murmur swelling in his ear;
 When, by the sound of footsteps down the pass
 Alarm'd, he calls aloud: What feet are those,
 Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
 With speed reply, nor tempt your instant fate.
 He said, and thus return'd a voice unknown:
 Not with the feet of enemies we come,
 But crave admittance with a friendly tongue.
 The Spartan answers: Thro' the midnight shade
 What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?
 To whom the stranger: We are friends to Greece,
 And to the presence of the Spartan king
 Admission we implore. The cautious chief
 Of Lacedæmon hesitates again;

When thus, with accents musically sweet,
 A tender voice his wond'ring ear allur'd:

O gen'rous Grecian, listen to the pray'r
 Of one distress'd! whom grief alone hath led
 In this dark hour to these victorious tents,
 A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.

The Greek descending thro' th' unfolded gates
 Upheld a flaming brand. One first appear'd
 In servile garb attir'd; but near his side
 A woman graceful and majestic stood;
 Not with an aspect rivalling the pow'r
 Of fatal Helen, or the wanon charms
 Of love's soft queen; but such as far excell'd
 Whate'er the lily blending with the rose
 Paints on the cheek of beauty, soon to fade;
 Such as express'd a mind which wisdom rul'd,
 And sweetness temper'd, virtue's purest light
 Illumining the countenance divine;
 Yet could not soothe remorseless fate, nor teach
 Malignant fortune to reverse the good;
 Which oft with anguish rends the spotless heart,
 And oft associates wisdom with despair.
 In courteous phrase began the chief humane:

Exalted fair, who thus adorn't the night,
 Forbear to blame the vigilance of war,
 And to the laws of rigid Mars impute,
 That I thus long unwilling have delay'd
 Before the great Leonidas to place
 This your apparent dignity and worth.

He spake, and gently to the lofty tent
 Of Sparta's king the lovely stranger guides.
 At Agis' summons, with a mantle broad
 His mighty limbs Leonidas infolds,
 And quits his couch. In wonder he surveys
 Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd:
 Her eye submissive to the ground inclin'd
 With veneration of the god-like man.

But soon his voice her anxious dread dispell'd,
 Benevolent and hospitable thus:

Thy form alone, thus amiable and great,
 Thy mind delineates, and from all commands
 Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
 By what relentless destiny compell'd,
 Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread:
 Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.

On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose,
 Like day's first dawn upon the twilight pale,
 And, wrapt in grief, these words a passage
 broke:

If to be most unhappy, and to know
 That hope is irrecoverably fled;
 If to be great and wretched, may deserve
 Commiseration from the good, behold,
 Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
 Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
 Th' afflicted Ariana, and my pray'r
 Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain!
 First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
 By nature's hand with ev'ry virtue form'd,
 Heroic, wife, adorn'd with ev'ry art,
 Of shame unconscious does my heart reveal.
 This day in Grecian arms conspicuous clad
 He fought, he fell. A passion long conceal'd
 For me, alas! within my brother's arms

His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.

—Oh I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my heart,
Thus full of anguish, will from sighs restrain!
For why should thy humanity be griev'd
With my distress, and learn from me to mourn
The lot of nature, doom'd to care and pain!
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.

Thus to the Spartan sued the regal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicant at Jove's resplendent throne,
From dreary Pluto, and th' infernal gloom,
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina she sought.
Fix'd on the weeping queen with steadfast eyes,
Læonia's chief these tender thoughts recall'd:

Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear!
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence! then inclin'd
His head, and sigh'd; nor yet forgot to charge
His friend, the gentle Agis, thro' the straits
The Persian princes to attend and aid.
With careful steps they seek her lover's corse.
The Greeks remember'd, where by fate repress'd
His arm first ceas'd to mow their legions down;
And from beneath a mass of Persian slain
Soon drew the hero, by his armour known.
To Agis' high pavilion they resort.
Now, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Thy soul involv'd! what horror clasp'd thy heart!
But love grew mightiest; and her beautiful limbs
On the cold breast of Teribæus threw
The grief-distracted maid. The clotted gore
Deform'd her snowy bosom. O'er his wounds
Loose flow'd her hair, and bubbling from her eyes
Impetuous sorrow lav'd the purple clay,
When forth in groans her lamentations broke:

O torn for ever from my weeping eyes!
Thou, who despairing to obtain her heart,
Who then most lov'd thee, didst untimely yield
Thy life to fate's inevitable dart
For her, who now in agony unfolds
Her tender bosom, and repeats her vows
To thy deaf ear, who fondly to her own
Now clasps thy breast insensible and cold.
Alas! do those unmoving ghastly orbs
Perceive my gushing anguish? Does that heart,
Which death's inanimating hand hath chill'd,
Share in my sufferings, and return my sighs?

—O bitter unsurmountable distress!
Lo! on thy breast is Ariana bow'd,
Hangs o'er thy face, unites her cheek to thine,
Not now to listen with enchanted ears
To thy persuasive eloquence, no more
Charm'd with the wisdom of thy copious mind!

She could no more: invincible despair
Suppress'd her utterance. As a marble form
Fix'd on the solemn sepulchre, unmov'd,
O'er some dead hero, whom his country lov'd,
Bends down the head with imitated woe:
So paus'd the princess o'er the breathless clay,
Intranc'd in sorrow. On the dreary wound,
Where Dithyrambus' sword was deepest plung'd,
Mute for a space and motionless she gaz'd;

Then with a look unchang'd, nor trembling hand,
Drew forth a poniard, which her garment veil'd,
And sheathing in her heart th' abhorred steel,
On her slain lover silent sinks in death.

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

§ 43. *Dueſſa weeping over her Enemy, compared to a Crocodile; and a Description of Night.*

AS when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which in false grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep full sore, and sheddeth tender tears:
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up unwares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds another's cares.

So wept Dueſſa until even-tide,
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were light:
Then forth the rose, no longer would abide.
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In slumb'ring swoon nigh void of vital spright,
Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day:
Whom when the found, as the him left in plight
To wail his woful case, she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes speedy way,
Where grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus cheerful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth-coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hue:
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds, yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were
wood.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unusual sound,
With which her iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark grisly look them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

—On every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends' infernal flock'd on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night
durst ide.

§ 44. *Description of Lucifer's Palace.*

A Stately palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor
And golden foil all over them display'd; thick,
That purest sky with brightness they dismay'd:

High

High lifted up were many lofty tow'rs,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows, and delightful bow'rs;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mold
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shook it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

§ 45. *Lucifera ascending her Coach.*

SUDDAIN uprileth from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hurlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As fair Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze;
The heaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze: [amaze.
Her glorious glittering light doth all men's eyes
So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold, and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house thro' heaven's brass-paved
way,
Drawn of fair peacocks that excel in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tails dispietden wide.

§ 46. *Description of Prince Arthur in his Habili-
ments of War.*

UPON the top of all his lofty crest
A bunch of hairs, discolour'd diversly
With sprinkled pearl, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender looks do tremble every one
At every little blait that under heaven is blown.

§ 47. *Description of Diana with her Nymphs,
returned from the Chase, and preparing to
bathe.*

SHORTLY unto the wasteful woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddess and her crew,
After late chase of their embred game
Sitting beside a fountain in a row,
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
And soil, which did deform their lively hue;
Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance great.
She having hong upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac'd

Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts unbrac'd,
After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks that late in tresses bright
Embreded were for hindring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders long undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all besprinkled light.
Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was aham'd to be so loose surpris'd;
And wox half wroth against her damself slack,
That had not her thereof before advis'd,
But suffer'd her so carelessly disguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments loose
Upgathering in her bosom the compriz'd,
Well, as the might, and the goddess rose:
Whilst all her nymphs did like a girlond her enclose.

§ 48. *Description of a Garden.*

EFTSOONS they heard a most delicious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear;
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that mote be,
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.
The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemp'r'd sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall;
The water's fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

§ 49. *Description of the Garden of Adonis.*

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime;
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

§ 50. *Devastation which Time makes in this
Garden.*

GREAT enemy to it, and all the rest
That in the garden of Adonis springs,
Is wicked Time; who, with his scythe adrest,
Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings.
Where they do wither, and are foolishly marr'd:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

§ 51. *Description of Jupiter.*

SO having said he ceas'd, and with his brow,
His black eye-brow, whose doomful dreaded
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow, [beck
And even the highest powers of heaven to check,
Made sign to them in their degrees to speak.

-----With that he shook

His nectar-dew'd locks, with which the skies,
And all the world beneath, for terror quook,
And eft his burning leven-brond in hand he took.

§ 52. *Guyon conducted by Mammon through a Cave under Ground, to see his Treasure.*

AT length they came into a larger space,
That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
Thro' which a beaten broad high-way did trace,
That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign;
By that way's side there sat infernal Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandish'd a bloody knife,
And both did gath their teeth, and both did threaten life.

On the other side in one consort there fate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despire,
Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear full to and fro did fly,
And found no place where safe he shroud him
- - - - - might.

Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.
And over them sad Horror, with grim hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whilst sad Celeno, sitting on a cliff,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That heart of flint asunder would have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flieth swift.

§ 53. *Description of Despair, and her Speech.*

ERE long they come, where that same wicked
wight

His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baneful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl:
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

And, all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hang'd been,

Whose carcases were scatter'd on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other forc'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That curst man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his tullen mind;
His greasy locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face: thro' which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penny and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas!
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woeful tale that Trevisan had told,
When as the gentle Red Cross knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold;
And to the villain said: Thou damned wight!
The author of this fact, we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee nigh,
With thine own blood to price his blood, hereth in sight.

What frantic fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught,
But he should die, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood that dorth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over-past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man! that grieves at neighbour's
good;

And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas, [please.
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly
The

The knight much wonder'd at his sudden wit,
And said : The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong or shorten it :
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows best the terms established;
And he that 'points the centinel his room,
Doth license him depart at found of morningdroom.

Is not his deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth ? Did not he all create
To die again ? All ends that was begun ;
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny ?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence,
nor why.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment ;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Thro' strife, and bloodshed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent :
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forsook ?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray.

Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensue may :
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake ;
And ever sickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loath-
some life.

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state ;
For never knight that dared warlike deed
More luckless adventures did amate :
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call ;
And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen fall.

Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree ?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee ?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy face with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duesla vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself desil'd ?

Is not he just that all this dork behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye ?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety ?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die ?

Die shall all flesh ? What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Than linger till the glass be all out-run ?
Death is the end of woes. Die soon, O Fairy's son.

The knight was much enmored with this speech,
That as a sword's point through his heart did
pierce,

And in his conscience made a secret breath,
Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly pow'rs it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rhimes,
That oftentimes he quak'd, and fainted oftentimes.

In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
With trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soul assail :
To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
He shew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned ghosts, that do in torments wail,
And thousand fiends that do them endless pain
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall re-
main.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dismay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law :
Then 'gan the villain him to over-crow,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw ;
And bade him choose what death he would desire.
For death was due to him that had provok'd God's
ire.

But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it in his hand ; his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of alpin green,
And troubled blood thro' his pale face was seen
To come and go ; with ridings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been :
At last resolv'd to work his final smart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did start.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
The cruded cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoon : but soon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said : Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight !
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife ?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and
bright ?

Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshy wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spirit :
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
Why shouldst thou then despair, that chosen art ?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater
grace,

The which doth quench the brand of hellish smart,
And

And that accurs'd hand-writing doth deface:
Arise, fir knight, arise, and leave this cursed
place.

So up he rose, and thence amount'd streights.
Which when the earl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet nath'less it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

§ 54. *The Arrival of Satan at Hell; and the Allegory of Sin and Death.*

SATAN, with thoughts inflam'd of high'st
design,

Puts on swift wings, and tow'rd's the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight; sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape
Ply, stemming nightly tow'rd the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend: at last appear
Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were
brafs,

Three iron, three of adamantin rock;
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and
howl'd,

Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant-blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Of substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head

The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode:
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he nor shunn'd,
And with disdainful look thus first began:
Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:
Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he, [then
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both
thou

And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and
scorn

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings;
Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unselt
before.

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side
Incens'd with indignation Satan stood
Unterrified; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th' other, as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space; till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that he
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd
stood;

For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forcerers that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O father, what intends thy hand, he cried,
Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
Possesseth thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom?
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute

Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both.

She spoke, and at her words the hellish post
Forbore; then these to her Satan return'd:

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till first I know of thee
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
Me farther, and that phantasm call'st my son:
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable than him and thee.

T' whom thus the portress of hell-gate replied:
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye to foul? once deem'd so fair
In Heaven, when at th' assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy, 'st Heaven's King,
All on a sudden in me pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swam
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth; till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung: amazement seiz'd
All th' host of heaven; back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven; wherein re-
main'd

(For what could else?) to our almighty foe
Clear victory, to our part loss and rout
Through all the empyrean: down they fell
Dri'ning headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I also; at which time this pow'ful key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd: but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy: I fled, and cried out, Death;
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sigh'd
From all her caves, and back resounded Death.
I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust than rage); and, swifter far,
Me overtook, his mother, all dismay'd,
And in embraces forcible and foul
Ingen'd'ring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceiv'd

And hourly born, with sorrow infinite.
To me; for, when they list, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw
My bowels, their repast! their bursting forth
Afresh with conscious torments vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd: and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
Whenever that shall be; so fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, thou
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd; and the subtle fiend his love
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd
In smooth: [fire,

Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy
And my fair son here shew'st me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire
change

Befall'n us, unforeseen, unthought of; know
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain
Both him and thee; and all the heavenly host
Of spirits, that in our just pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, and through the void im-
mense

To search with wand'ring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round; a place of bliss
In the pulsive of heaven, and therein plac'd
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Left heaven surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught
Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon re-
turn, [Death
And bring ye to the place where thou and
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd,
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.

He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd; and
Death
Grin'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd; and blest'd his maw
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:

The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamant gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above

Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With tedious and with clamours compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
 My being gav'st me, whom should I obey
 But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
 And tow'rd the gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew;
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
 Could once have mov'd! then in the key-hole
 turns

Th' intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
 Unfastens: on a sudden open fly,
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r: the gates wide open flood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass thro'
 With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
 height,

And time, and place are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.

§ 55. *Milton's Address to the Sun.*

HALL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,
 May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thence I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
 Thro' utter and thro' middle darkness borne,
 With other notes than to th' Orphëan lyre,

I sung of chaos and eternal night;
 Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
 Revist'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tineas, and Phineus, prophets old:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the waken'd bird
 Sings dawning, and in shade'st covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerless ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her pow'rs
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and dispel, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

§ 56. *Address from the Deity to his Son.*

O THOU, in Heaven and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how
 dear
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,
 Though last created; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee awhile, the whole race lost.
 Thou therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join;
 And be thyself Man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth: be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,
 As from a second root, shall be restor'd
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd, and die,

And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
So dearly to redeem what hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own,
Because thou hast, though thron'd in highest bliss,
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
Godlike fruition, quitted all, to save
A world from utter loss, and hast been found
By merit more than birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being good,
Far more than great or high; because in thee
Love hath abounded more than glory's bounds;
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt.
With thee thy manhood also to this throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all pow'r
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume
Thy merits; under thee, as head supreme,
Thrones, principdoms, pow'rs, dominions, I re-
duce:

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In heaven or earth, or under earth in hell.
When thou, attended gloriously from heaven
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
The summoning archangels to proclaim
Thy dread tribunal; forthwith from all winds
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past ages, to the general doom
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shalt judge
Bad men and angels; they arraign'd shall sink
Beneath thy sentence; hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile
The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
And, after all their tribulations long,
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With joy and love triumphing, and fair truth:
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies;
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest'd voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions: lowly reverent,
Tow'rs either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold;
Immortal amaranth, a flow'r which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To heaven remov'd, where first it grew, there
grows,

And flow'rs aloft shading the fount of life;

And where the river of bliss through midst of
heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her grader stream:
With these that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent tresses, inwreath'd with
beams;

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took;
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

§ 47. *Satan's Address to the Sun.*

○ THOU that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless
King.

Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was,
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up to high,
I 'tain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe,
Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd; what burden then?
Oh had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? some other pow'r
As great might have aspir'd, and me though
mean

Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hast thou the same free will and pow'r to stand?
Thou hast: whom hast thou then, or what,
t' accuse,

But Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I fly

Infinite

Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
Oh then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission: and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spi'rits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recal high thoughts, how soon
unsay

What feign'd submission swore! ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep:
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost:
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I held,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

§ 58. *Description of Adam and Eve.*

TWO of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd),
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd:
For contemplation he, and valour form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthian locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore,
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,

Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame, dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity, and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve,
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whisp'ring soft, by a fresh fountain-side
They sat them down; and after no more toil
Of their sweet gard'ning labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers;
The savory pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles,
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as befits
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they.

§ 59. *Adam's Address to Eve, relative to the Tree of Knowledge, and Eve's Reply.*

SOLE partner, and sole part, of all these joys,
Dearer thyself than all; needs must the Pow'r
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires
From us no other service than to keep
This one, this easy charge, of all the trees
In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing, no doubt; for well thou
know'st
God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signs of pow'r and rule
Confer'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful-task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these
flow'rs,
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve replied: O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks: I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and
how.

Not distant far from thence a murmur'ing sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heaven; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: What thou seest,
What thee thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a platan; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following criest aloud, Return, fair Eve;
Whom sleekest thou? whom thou sleekest, of him
thou art,

His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest to my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half; with that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine: I yielded: and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father: half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure.

§ 60. *Discourse between Adam and Eve, retiring to Rest, with the Description of their Bower.*

NOW came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their plassy couch, these to their nests,
Were sunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung:
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: Fair consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive: and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasurable labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie betwixt, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st
Unargued I obey: so God ordains:
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing, I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all pleases alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore, all night long shine these? for
whom

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general ancestor replied:

Daughters

Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Left total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things; which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want
praise:

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r: it was a place
Chos'n by the sov'ran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flow'r,
Iris all hues, roses and jessamin,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
Mosaic; under foot the violet, [wrought
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creature here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In thadrier bower
More sacred and sequester'd, tho' but figur'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,
What day the genial angel to our fire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the Gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and oh too like
In sad event, when to th' unwise son
Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,

Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent! and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

§ 61. *Wedded Love.*

HAIL, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounce'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or trenaite, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.

§ 62. *Adam's Morning Salutation; and Eve's
Account of her Dream.*

NOW morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl;
When Adam wak'd, so custom'd, for his sleep
As airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'n'd Eve
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Such whisp'ring wak'd her, but with startled eye

On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :

O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,

My glory, my perfection, glad I see

Thy face, and morn return'd : for I this night

(Such night till this I never pass'd) have dream'd,

If dream'd, not (as I oft am wont) of thee,

Works of day past, or morrow's next design;

But of offence and trouble, which my mind

Knew never till this irksome night : methought

Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk

With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,

Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,

The cool, the silent, save where silence yields

To the night-warbling bird, that now awake

Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song; now reigns

Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light

Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,

If none regard : Heaven wakes with all his eyes;

Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire ?

In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment

Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.

I rose as at thy call, but found thee not !

To find thee I directed then my walk ;

And on, methought, alone I pass'd, through ways

That brought me on a sudden to the tree

Of interdicted knowledge : fair it seem'd,

Much fairer to my fancy than by day :

And, as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood

One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from heaven

By us oft seen ; his dewy locks distill'd

Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gaz'd ;

And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,

Deigns none to eat thy load, and taste thy sweet,

Nor God, nor Man ? Is knowledge so despis'd ?

Or envy, or what reserve, forbids to taste ?

Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold

Longer thy offer'd good ; why else set here ?

This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm

He pluck'd, he tasted : me damp horror chill'd

At such bold words, touch'd with a deed so bold.

But he thus overjoy'd—O fruit divine !

Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus copt !

Forbidden here, it seems as only fit

For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :

And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more

Communicated, more abundant grows,

The author not impair'd, but honour'd more ?

Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve,

Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,

Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be :

Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods

Thyself a Goddess, not to earth confin'd,

But sometimes in the air, as we; sometimes

Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see

What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.

So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,

Ev'n to my mouth, of that same fruit held part

Which he had pluck'd; the pleasant savoury smell

So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,

Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds

With him I flew, and underneath beheld

The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide

And various : wond'ring at my sight, and change

To this high exaltation, suddenly

My guide was gone, and I methought sunk down,

And fell asleep : but O how glad I wak'd,

To find this but a dream ! Thus Eve her night

Related, and thus Adam answer'd sad :

Best image of myself, and dearer half,

The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep

Affects me equally : nor can I like

This uncouth dream, of evil spring, I fear :

Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,

Created pure. But know, that in the soul

Are many lesser faculties, that serve

Reason as chief : among these Fancy next

Her office holds ; of all external things,

Which the five watchful senses represent,

She forms imaginations, airy shapes,

Which reason joining or disjoining, frames

All what we affirm or what deny, and call

Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires

Into her private cell when nature rests.

Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes

To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,

Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,

Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.

Some such resemblances methinks I find

Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream,

But with addition strange ; yet be not sad,

Evil in the mind of God or Man

May come and go, so un approv'd, and leave

No spot or blame behind : which gives me hope,

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,

Waking thou never wilt consent to do.

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene

Than when fair morning first smiles on the world ;

And let us to our fresh employments rise,

Among the groves, the fountains and the flow'rs

That open now their choicest bosom'd smells,

Reserv'd from night, and kept for thee in store.

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd ;

But silently a gentle tear fell

From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair ;

Two other precious drops that ready stood,

Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell

Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse,

And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

So all was clear'd, and to the field they haste.

But first, from under shady arb'rous roof

Soon as they forth were come to open sight

Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up risen,

With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,

Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,

Discovering in wide landskip all the east

Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,

Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began

Their orisons, each morning duly paid

In various style ; for neither various style

Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise

Their Maker, in fit strains pronounce'd, or sung

Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence

Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,

More tuneable than needed lute or harp

To add more sweetness ; and they thus began,

§ 63. *The Battle of Angels.*

THE shout

Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
Th' apostate in his sun-bright chariot far,
Idol of majesty divine, inclos'd
With flaming cherubim and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front.
Prestened stood in terrible array

Of hideous length : before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it join'd,
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold ;
Abdiel that sight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores :

O Heaven ! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reality
Remain not : wherefore should not strength and
might

There fail where Virtue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest, though to fight unconquerable ?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aid,
I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
Unfound and false ; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of truth hath won,
Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
Victor ; though brutish that contest, and foul,
When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that reason overcome.

So pondering, and from his armed peers
Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens'd, and thus securely him defied :

Proud, art thou met ? thy hope was to have reach'd
The height of thy aspiring unoppos'd,
The throne of God ungarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy pow'r
Or potent tongue : fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in arms ;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant armies to defeat
Thy folly ; or with solitary hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finish'd thee, and whelm'd
Thy legions under darkness ; but thou seest
All are not of thy train ; there be who faith
Prefer, and piety to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seem'd in thy world erroneous to dissent
From all : my sect thou seest ; now learn too late
How few sometimes may know, when thousands
err.

Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye a glance,
Thus answer'd : Ill for thee, but in with'd hour
Of my revenge, first fought for thou return'st
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive,
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok'd, since first that tongue,
Inspir'd with contradiction, durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in synod met,
Their deities to assert, who while they see

Vigour divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st
Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me some plume, that thy success may shew
Destruction to the rest : this pause between
(Unanswer'd left thou boast) to let thee know ;
At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven
To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Minist'ring spirits, train'd up in feast and song ;
Such hast thou arm'd, the minstrelsy of Heaven,
Servility with freedom to contend,
As both their deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied :
Apostate, still thou err'st, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same,
When he who rules it worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude,
To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebell'd
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
Thyself not free, but to thyself enthral'd ;
Yet lowly dar'st our minist'ring upbraid.
Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
In heaven God ever blest, and his divine
Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd ;
Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect ; meanwhile
From me return'd, as erst thou saidst from
flight,

This greeting on thy impious crest receive.
So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee
His massy spear upstaid ; as if on earth
Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,
Sidelong had push'd a mountain from his seat,
Half sunk with all his pines. Amazement seiz'd
The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
Thus foil'd their mightiest ; ours joy fill'd, and shout,
Presage of victory, and fierce desire
Of battle : whereat Michael bid sound
Th' Arch-Angel trumpet ; thro' the vast of heaven
It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze
The adverse legions, nor less hideous join'd
The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
And clamour such as heard in heaven till now
Was never ; arms on armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
Of brazen chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
And flying vaulted either host with fire.
So under fiery cope together rush'd
Both battles main, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage : all Heaven
Resounded ; and had Earth been then, all Earth
Had to her centre shook. What wonder ? when
Millions of fierce encounter'd Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could wield

These

These elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions : how much more of pow'r
Army against army numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;
Had not th' eternal King omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heaven high over-ru'd
And limited their might ; though number'd such
As each divided legion might have seem'd
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand
A legion, led in fight yet leader seem'd
Each warrior, single as in chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of battle, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim war : no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear ; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory : deeds of eternal fame
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread
That war, and various ; sometimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tornmented all the air ; all air seem'd then
Conflicting fire : long time in even scale
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day
Prodigious pow'r had shewn, and met in arms
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once ; with huge two-handed sway
Brandish'd aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rocky orb
Of renfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach
The great arch-angel from his warlike toil
Surceas'd, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued
Or captive dragg'd in chains, with hostile frown
And visage all inflam'd first thus began :

Author of evil unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself,
And thy adherents : how hast thou disturb'd
Heaven's blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion ! How hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now prov'd false ! But think not here
To trouble holy rest ; heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,
Or some more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.

So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
The adversary : Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom y'er with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turn'd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquish'd ; easier to transact with me

That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with
To chafe me hence : Ere now, that I shall end [threats
The strife which thou call'st evil, but my style
The strife of glory ; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heaven itself into the hell
Thou fablest : here however to dwell free,
If not to reign : meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have fought thee far and nigh.

They ended parle, and both address'd for fight
Unspeaking ; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likewise on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of Godlike pow'r : for likest gods they seem'd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
Now wav'd their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror : from each hand with speed retir'd,
Where erst was thickest fight, th' angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion ; such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung,
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition in mid-sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.
Together both, with next to 'Almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of pow'r at once ; nor odds appear'd
In might or swift prevention : but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stay'd,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep cut'ring, thar'd
All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro, convolv'd ; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pals'd thro' him : but th' ethereal substance clos'd,
Nor long divisible ; and from the gath
A stream of nec'rous humour issuing flow'd
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stain'd, ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of war : where they him laid
Gnasking for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in pow'r.
Yet soon he heal'd ; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in ev'ry part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense ; and as they please,
They

They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king; who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heaven
Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing,
Uriel and Raphael, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond arm'd,
Vanquish'd Adramalech and Asnadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than Gods
Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in their
flight,

Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy [mail.
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel scorch'd and blasted overthrow.

I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous, and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancell'd from Heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Ilaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy, yet to glory aspire,
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

§ 64. *The Angels Second Battle, and the
Messiah's Victory on the third Day.*

NOW when fair morn orient in heaven appear'd,
Up rose the victor angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung: in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, resplendent host,
Soon banded; others from the drawing hills
Look'd round, and scouts each coast light-armed
scour,

Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for flight,
In motion or in halt: him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalions; back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:

Arm, warriors, arm for fight; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure: let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orb'd shield,
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling show'r,
But rattling storm of arrows barb'd with fire.

So warn'd he them aware themselves, and soon

In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward move embattled: when behold
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching grots and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginry, impal'd
On ev'ry side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
Awhile; but suddenly at head appear'd
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:

Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold;
That all may see, who hate us, how we seek
Peace and compofure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:
But that I doubt; however witness Heaven,
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part: ye who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.

So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended; when to right and left the front
Divided, and to either flank retir'd:
Which to our eyes discover'd, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seem'd,
Or hollow'd bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd)
Bra's, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
Wide hideous orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow truce: at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tip with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd:
Not long, for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscur'd with smoke, all heaven appear'd,
From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose
roar

Imbowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts, and hail
Of iron globes; which, on the victor host
Levell'd, with such impetuous fury smote,
That whom they hit, none on their feet might
stand,

Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands. Angel on arch-angel roll'd,
The sooner for their arms; unarm'd they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foul dissipation follow'd, and forc'd rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax their ferried files.
What should they do? if on they rush'd, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to their foes a laughter; for in view
Stook rank'd of seraphim another row,
In posture to dislodge their second fire
Of thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhor'd. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision call'd:

O friends! why come not on these victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when ye,

To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?) propounded
terms

Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild, perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace: but I suppose,
If our proposal once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.

To whom thus Belial in like gamefome mood:
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heighten'd in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory; eternal might
To match with their inventions they presum'd
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
Awhile in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them
Against such hellish mischief fit t' oppose. [arms
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the pow'r,
Which God hath in his mighty angels plac'd)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heav'n
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale)

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew;
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They pluck'd the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands. Anaze,
Be sure, and terror seiz'd the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turn'd;
Till on those cursed engines triple-row
They saw them whelm'd, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole legions
arm'd; [bruise'd

Their armour help'd their harm, crush'd in and
Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.

The rest in imitation to like arms
Betook them, and the neighb'ring hills upore;
So hills amid the air encounter'd alls
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade;
Infernal noise; war seem'd a civil game
To this uproar: horrid confusion heap'd
Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven
Had gone to wreck, with ruin overspread;
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shin'd in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
Contemning on the sum of things, foreseen

This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
To honour his anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All pow'r on him transferr'd: whence to his Son,
Th' assessor of his throne, he thus began:
Effulgence of my glory, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deity, I am,
And in whose hand what by decree I do,
Second Omnipotence, two days are past,
Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
Since Michael and his pow'rs went forth to tame
These disobedient: sore has been their fight,
As likeliest was when two such foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them; and thou know'st,
Equal in their creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impair'd; which yet hath
wrought

Insensibly, for I suspend their doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
War wearied hath perform'd what war can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reins,
With mountains as with weapons arm'd: which
makes

Wild work in heaven, and dang'rous to the main.
Two days are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far
Have suffer'd, that the glory may be thine
Of ending this great war, since none but thou
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In heaven and hell thy pow'r above compare;
And this perverse commotion govern'd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be heir
Of all things, to be heir, and to be king
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might,
Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh:
Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep:
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God, and Messiah his anointed king.

He said, and on his Son with rays direct
Shone full; he all his Father full express'd
Ineffably into his face receiv'd;

And thus the Filial Godhead answer'd spake:
O Father! O Supreme of heavenly Thrones!
First, Highest, Holiest, Best! thou always seek'st
To glorify thy Son, I always thee,
As is most just: this I my glory account,
My exaltation, and my glory delight,
That thou, in me well pleas'd, declar'st thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfill is all my bliss.
Sceptre and pow'r, thy giving, I assume;
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,

Arm'd with thy might, rid heaven of these rebell'd,
To their prepar'd ill mansion driven down,
To chains of darkness, and th' undying worm,
That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy saints unmix'd, and from th' impure
Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.

So said, he o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through heaven. Forth rush'd with
whirlwind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel un-
drawn,

Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes, with eyes the wheels
Of brill, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a saphir throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the show'ry arch.
He in celestial panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd; beside him hung his bow,
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bick'ring flame, and sparkles dire.

Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came, far off his coming shone;
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in saphir throne'd,
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own
First seen: them unexpected joy surpris'd,
When the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd
Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven;
Under whole conduct Michael soon reduc'd
His army, circumfus'd on either wing,
Under their head embodied all in one.
Before him pow'r divine his way prepar'd;
At his command th' uprooted hills retir'd
Each to his place; they heard his voice, and went
Obssequious; heaven his wonted face renew'd,
And with fresh flow'rets hill and valley smil'd.

This saw his hapless foe, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied their pow'rs
Inensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what signs avail,
Or wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They harden'd more by what might most reclaim,
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took gavy; and aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin left; and now
To final battle drew, disdainful flight,

Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
To all this host on either hand thus spake:

Stand still in bright array, ye saints, here stand,
Ye angels arm'd, this day from battle rest;
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause;
And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye done
Invincibly: but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this day's work is not ordain'd,
Nor multitude; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless pour'd
By me; not you, but me, they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, t' whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and pow'r, and glory appertains,
Hath honour'd me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assign'd;
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.

So spake the Son, and into terror chang'd
His countenance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot roll'd, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night; under his burning wheels
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd, in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
Plagues: they astonish'd, all resistance lost,
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt:
O'er shields, and helms, and helmeted heads he rode
Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the mountains now might be again
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-vifag'd Four
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;
One spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th' accurs'd, that wither'd all their strength,
And of their wonted vigour left them drain'd,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven;
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a herd
Of goats or timorous flock together throng'd,
Drove them before him thunder-struck, pursued
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And crystal wall of heaven; which op'ning wide,
Roll'd inward, and a spacious gap disclos'd
Into the wasteful deep. the monstrous fight

Struck

Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind; headlong themselves they
threw

Down from the verge of heaven; eternal wrath
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted; but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
Incumber'd him with ruin: Hell at last
Yawning receiv'd them whole, and on them clos'd;
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
Disburden'd Heaven rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
Her mural breach, returning whence it roll'd.

Sole victor from th' expulsion of his foes
Messiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanc'd; and as they went,
Shaded with branching palm each order bright,
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign; he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid-heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father thron'd
On high: who into glory him receiv'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

§ 65. *Formation of the World, and Man, related
by Raphael to Adam.*

THE Son on his great expedition now appear'd;

Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of majesty divine; sapience and love
Immenſe, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harnes'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious found
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory in his pow'ful Word
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyſs
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds,
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

Silence, yet troubled waves, and thou deep, peace,
Said then th' omniscient Word, your discord end;
Nor stay'd, but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into chaos and the world unborn;
For chaos heard his voice: him all his train

Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stay'd the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world.

Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter uniform'd and void; Darkness profound
Cover'd th' abyſs; but on the wat'ry calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life: then found'd, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air,
And Earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.

Let there be light, said God, and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
Sprung from the deep, and from her native east
To journey through the airy gloom began,
Spher'd in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle
Sojourn'd till the while. God saw the light was good;
And light from darkness by the hemisphere
Divided; light the Day, and darkness Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first day even and morn,
Nor pass'd uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the celestial quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd,
And touch'd their golden harps, and hymning
prais'd

God and his works, Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

Again, God said, Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters: and God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round: partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far remov'd, lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might dis Temper the whole frame;
And Heaven he nam'd the firmament: so even
And morning chorus sung the second day,

The earth was form'd, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature involv'd,
Appear'd not: over all the face of earth
Main ocean flow'd; not idle, but with warm
Prolific humour, soft'ning all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiate with genial moisture; when God said,
Be gather'd now ye waters under heaven
Into one place, and let dry land appear.

Immeſe

Immediately the mountains huge appear
 Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
 Into the clouds, their tops ascend the dry;
 So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of waters: thither they
 Hasted with glad precipitance, uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the dry;
 Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
 For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
 On the swift floods: as armies at the call
 Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to their standard, so the watry throng,
 Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture; if through plain,
 Soft ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With serpent error wand'ring, found their way,
 And on the watry ooze deep channels wore;
 Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
 All but within those banks, where rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
 The dry land, Earth; and the great receptacle
 Of congregated waters he call'd Seas;
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th'earth
 Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
 And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
 Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.
 He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
 Desart and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
 Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
 Her universal face with pleasant green;
 Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flower'd
 Opening their various colours, and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
 Forth flourish'd thick the clust'ring vine, forth crept
 The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
 Imbattled in her field, and th' humble shrub,
 And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
 Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
 Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemm'd
 Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were
 crown'd,

With tufts the valleys, and each fountain side,
 With borders long the rivers: that earth now
 Seem'd like to heaven, a seat where Gods might
 dwell,

Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
 Her sacred shades: though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
 None was; but from the earth a dewy mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground, and each
 Plant of the field, which, ere it was in th'earth
 God made, and ev'ry herb, before it grew
 On the green stem; God saw that it was good:
 So even and morn recorded the third day.

Again th' Almighty spake, Let there be lights
 High in th' expanse of heaven, to divide
 The day from night; and let them be for signs,
 For seasons, and for days, and circling years,
 And let them be for lights, as I ordain
 Their office in the firmament of heaven
 To give light on the earth; and it was so.
 And God made two great lights, great for their use

To Man, the greater to have rule by day,
 The less by night altern; and made the stars,
 And set them in the firmament of heaven
 To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
 In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
 And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
 Surveying his great work, that it was good:
 For of celestial bodies first the sun
 A mighty sphere he fram'd, unlightsome first,
 Though of ethereal mould: then form'd the moon
 Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of stars,
 And sow'd with stars the heaven thick as a field;
 Of light by far the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and plac'd
 In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
 Her gather'd beams, great palace now of light.
 Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
 Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
 And hence the morning-planet gilds her horns;
 By tincture of reflection they augment
 Their small peculiar, though from human sight
 So far remote, with diminution seen.
 First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
 Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
 Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
 His longitude thro' heaven's high road; the gray
 Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd,
 Shedding sweeter influence: less bright the moon,
 But opposite in level'd west was set
 His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the east her turn she thines,
 Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
 With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
 Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorn'd
 With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
 Glad evening and glad morn crown'd the fourth
 day.

And God said, Let the waters generate
 Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul:
 And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
 Display'd on th' open firmament of heaven.
 And God created the great whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plentifully
 The waters generated by their kinds,
 And ev'ry bird of wing after his kind:
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
 And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;
 And let the fowl be multiplied on th' earth.
 Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
 With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
 Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
 Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
 Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and thro' groves
 Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance,
 Shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,
 Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food
 In jointed armour watch: on smooth the seal

And

'And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean : there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from th'egg that
soon

Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
Their callow young, but feather'd soon and sledge
They summ'd their pens, and soaring th'air
sublime,

With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar tops their eyries build :
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on wings; the air
Flotes, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd
plumes;

From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solac'd the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft lays :
Others on silver lakes and rivers bath'd
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck,
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dank, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid-ærial sky : others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested cock, whose clation sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay train
Adorns him, colour'd with the florid hue
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
With fish replenish'd, and the air with fowl,
Evening and morn solemniz'd the fifth day.

The sixth, and of creation last, arose
With evening harp and matin; when God said,
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth.
Each in their kind. The earth obey'd, and straight
Op'ning her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full grown : out of the ground up rose,
As from his lair, the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walk'd;
The cattle in the fields and meadows green :
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould

Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness; fleec'd the flocks, and bleating
As plants : ambiguous between sea and land
The river-horse and scaly crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm : thofe way'd their limber fans
For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
In all the liveries deck'd of summer's pride,
With spots of gold and purple, azure and green :
These as a line their long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of nature; some of serpent-kind,
Wondrous in length and corpulence, involv'd
Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart inclos'd,
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular tribes
Of commonalty : swarming next appear'd
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,
And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown [names,
The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
And hairy main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course; earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was shown, was seen, was walk'd
Frequent : and of the sixth day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works : therefore th' omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake :

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
And ev'ry creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he form'd thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life : in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female for thee; then blest'd mankind, and said,
Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
Over fish of the sea, and fowl of th' air,
And ev'ry living thing that moves on th' earth.
Wherever

Wherever thus created, for no place
~~Is~~ yet distinct by name: thence, as thou know'st,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee; all sorts are here that all th' earth
 Variety without end; but of the tree, [yields,
 Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou may'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou
 Death is the penalty impos'd; beware, [diest;
 And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.

Here finish'd he, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
 So even and morn accomplish'd the sixth day;
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
 Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Refounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),
 The Heavens and all the constellations ring,
 The planets in their station list'ning stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 Open, ye everlasting gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heavens, your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his six days work, a world:
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged messengers
 On errands of supernal grace. So sung
 The glorious train ascending. He through Heaven,
 That open'd wide her blazing portals, led
 To God's eternal house direct the way;
 A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
 And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,
 Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
 Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
 Powder'd with stars. And now on earth the seventh
 Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
 Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
 Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
 Of Heaven's high-seated top, th' imperial throne
 Of Godhead, fix'd for ever firm and sure,
 The Filial Pow'r arriv'd, and sat him down
 With his great Father; for he also went
 Invisible, yet stay'd (such privilege
 Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordain'd,
 Author and end of all things; and from work
 Now resting, bless'd and hallow'd the seventh day,
 As resting on that day from all his work,
 But not in silence holy kept; the harp
 Had work, and rested not; the solemn pipe
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire
 Temper'd soft tunings; intermix'd with voice

Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
 Creation and the six days acts they sung:
 Great are thy works, Jehovah, infinite
 Thy pow'r; what thought can measure thee, or
 tongue

Relate thee? greater now in thy return
 Than from the giant Angels: thee th' it day
 Thy thunders magnified; but to create
 Is greater than created to destroy.
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
 Thy empire? Easily the proud attempt
 Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
 Thou hast repell'd, while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
 To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might: his evil
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
 Witness this new-made world, another heaven,
 From Heaven gate not far, founded in view
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
 Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st
 Their seasons: among these the seat of Men,
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfus'd,
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy Men,
 And sons of Men whom God hath thus advanc'd;
 Created in his image, there to dwell,
 And worship him; and in reward to rule
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
 And multiply a race of worshippers
 Holy and just: thrice happy, if they know
 Their happiness, and periculis upright.
 So sung they, and the empyrean rung
 With Halleluhs. Thus was Sabbath kept.

§ 66. Adam's Account of himself to Raphael.

AS new wak'd from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried. and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky, till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapie of murmur'ing streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or
 flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling, all things smil'd,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 What'er I saw. Thou Sun, said I, fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plains,
 And

And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent;
 Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know.

While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not
 whither,

From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
 Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My drows'd sense, untroubled, though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:

When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd

My fancy to believe I yet had being, [vine,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape di-

And said, Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise.
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd

First Father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd.

So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
 And over fields and waters, as in air

Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,

A circuit wide, inclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I saw

Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Laden with fairest fruit that hung to th' eye

Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat, whereat I wak'd, and found

Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun

My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,

Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
 In adoration at his feet I fell [I am,

Submits: he rear'd me, and Whom thou sought'st
 Said mildly, Author of all this thou see'st

Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine

To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
 Of every tree that in the garden grows

Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 But of the tree whose operation brings

Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,

Amid the garden by the tree of life,
 Remember what I warn thee, thun to taste,

And shun the bitter consequence; for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command

Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die,
 From that day mortal, and this happy state

Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd

The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice

Yet not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:

Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
 As space and to thy race I give; as lords

Possess it, and all things that therein live,

Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl.

In sign whereof each bird and beast behold

After their kinds; I bring them to receive

From thee their names, and pay thee fealty

With low subjection; understand the same

Of fish within their watry residence,

Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change

Their element, to draw the thinner air.

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold

Approaching two and two, the caw'ring low

With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.

I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood

Their nature, with such knowledge God endued

My sudden apprehension. But in these

I found not what methought I wanted still;

And to the heavenly vision thus presum'd:

Oh by what name, for thou above all these,

Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,

Surpass'st far my naming, how may I

Adore thee, Author of this universe,

And all this good to Man? for whose well-being

So amply, and with hands so liberal,

Thou hast provided all things: but with me

I see not who partakes. In solitude

What happiness, who can enjoy alone,

Or all enjoying, what contentment find?

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,

As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:

What call'st thou solitude? Is not the earth

With various living creatures, and the air

Replenish'd, and all these at thy command

To come and play before thee? Know'st thou not

Their language and their ways: they also know,

And reason not contemptibly; with these

Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.

So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd

So ord'ring. I, with leave of speech implor'd,

And humble deprecation, thus replied:

Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Pow'r,

My Maker, be propitious while I speak.

Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,

And these interior far beneath me set?

Among unequals what society

Can sort, what harmony or true delight?

Which must be mutual, in proportion due

Given and receiv'd; but in disparity

The one intense, the other still remits,

Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove

Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak

Such as I seek, fit to partipate

All rational delight, wherein the brute

Cannot be human consort: they rejoice

Each with their kind, lion with lions;

So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,

So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;

Woe then can man with beast, and least of all.

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd:

A nice and subtle happiness I see

Thou to thyself propos'st, in the choice

Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste

No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.

What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?

Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd?

Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me, or like; equal much less.
How have I then with them to hold converse,
Save with the creatures which I made, and those
To me inferior, infinite descents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?

He ceas'd; I lowly answer'd: To attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways,
All human thoughts come short. Supreme of
things,

Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found: not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation, with his like to help
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagate, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though one;
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiplied,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amity.
Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deified:
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice divine:

Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still: I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for man to be alone;
And no such company as thou thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd;
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.

He ended, or I heard no more; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpower'd,
Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the
height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought
repair

Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
Thou sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping open'd my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warmp

And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the
wound,

But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd
now

Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love, and amorous delight.
She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her lots, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: on she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eyes,
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.
I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud:

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator, bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor envious. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
Before me: Woman is her name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

She heard me thus; and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, nor obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable; or, to say all,
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd:
I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
I led her blushing like the morn; all heaven
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence; the earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wing
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sang spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On this hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

§ 67. *Eve's Ascendancy over Adam; Raphael's Advice to him, relative to his Conduct towards her; and Adam's Reply.*

—WHEN I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say.

Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded, wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenance'd, and like folly shews;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat,
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

To whom the angel with contracted brow
 Accuse not nature, she hath done her part;
 Do thou but thine; and be not diffident
 Of wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.
 For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
 An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
 Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself,
 Then value; oft-times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well-manag'd; of that skill the more thou
 know'st,

The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her flows:
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou mayst love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other, think the same vouchsaf'd
 To cattle and each beast! which would not be
 To them made common and divulg'd, if aught
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him more.
 What higher in her society thou find'st
 Attractive, human, rational, love still;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not: love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
 In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
 By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure; for which cause
 Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash'd Adam replied:
 Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mix'd with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful than harmonious sound to th' ear;
 Yet these subject not: I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foil'd,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing; yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou say'st
 Leads up to heav'n, is both the way and guide:

Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask.
 Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their
 Exp.ects they—by looks only, or do they
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
 Answer'd: 'Tis suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happy, and without love no happiness.
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st,
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars:
 Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, union of pure with pure
 Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need,
 As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.
 But I can now no more; the parting sun
 Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles
 Helterian sets, my signal to depart.
 Be strong, live happy, and love, but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
 His great command; take heed lest passion sway
 Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
 Would not admit; thine and of all thy sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware.
 I in thy persevering shall rejoice,
 And all the bless'd stand fast; to stand or fall
 Fate in thine own arbitrement it lies.
 Perfect within, no outward aid require:
 And all temptation to transgresses repl.

§ 68. *Adam's Advice to Eve, to avoid Temptation.*

O WOMAN, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordain'd them; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created, much less man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force; within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his pow'r:
 Against his will he can receive no harm.
 But God left free the will, for what obeys
 Reason is free, and reason he made right;
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Left by some fair appearing good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinform the will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me,
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborn'd,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
 Were better, and most likely if from me
 Thou sever not; trial will come unsought.
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve
 First thy obedience; th' other, who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if you think trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warn'd thou seem'st,
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely

On what thou hast of virtue, summon all,
For God tow'rds thee hath done his part, do thine.

§ 69. *God's Sentence in Paradise.*

FROM his radiant seat he rose
Of high collateral glory : him thrones and pow'rs,
Princedom, and dominations ministrant
Accompanied to heaven-gate, from whence
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.
Down he descended straight : the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
wing'd.

Now was the sun in western cadence low
From noon, and gentle ains due at their hour
To fan the earth now wak'd, and usher in
The evening cool ; when he, from wrath more cool,
Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,
To sentence man. The voice of God they heard,
Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
Brought to their ears, while day declin'd ; they
heard,

And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God
Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud :

Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off ? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious duty erewhile appear'd unfought :
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains ? Come forth.

He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though
first

T' offend ; discountenanc'd both, and decompos'd :
Love was not in their looks, either to God
Or to each other ; but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
Whence Adam falt'ring long, thus answer'd brief :
I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
Afraid, being naked, hid myself. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile replied :
My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoic'd ; how is it now become
So dreadful to thee ? that thou art naked who
Hath told thee ? hast thou eaten of the tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat ?

To whom thus Adam fore beset replied :
O Heaven ! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergo
Myself the total crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life ;
Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint : but strict necessity
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd ; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldest easily detect what I conceal.

This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no ill ;
And what she did, whatever in itself,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed ;
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

To whom the Sov'ran Presence thus replied :
Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice ? or was she made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee
And for thee, whose perfection far excell'd
Hers in all real dignity ? Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy love, not thy subjection ; and her gifts
Were such as under government well seem'd,
Unseemly to bear rule : which was thy part
And person, hast thou known thyself aright.

So having said, he thus to Eve in few :
Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done ?

To whom sad Eve with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abash'd replied :
The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To judgment he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer
The guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his creation ; justly then accus'd,
As vitiated in nature : more to know
Concern'd not man (since he no further knew),
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom applied,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best,
And on the serpent thus his curse let fall :
Because thou hast done this, thou art accus'd
Above all cattle, each beast of the field ;
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
Between thee and the woman I will put
Enmity, and between thine and her seed ;
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verified
When Jesus son of Mary, second Eve,
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from heaven,
Prince of the air ; then rising from his grave
Spoil'd principalities and pow'rs, triumph'd
In open show, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the air,
The realm itself of Satan long usurp'd :
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the woman thus his sentence turn'd.
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring.
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounc'd :
Because thou hast hearken'd to th' voice of thy
wife,

And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof :
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake : thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life ;

Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid; and thou shalt eat th' herb of the field.
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

§ 70. *Adam's Soliloquy after his Fall.*

O MISERABLE of happy! is this the end
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accurs'd of blessed! hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve;
All that I eat or drink, or shall begot,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply."
Now death to hear! for what can I increase
Or multiply, but curse, on my head?
Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My head? Ill fare our ancestor impure.
For this we may thank Adam, but his thanks
Shall be the execration: so besides
Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound,
On me as on their natural centre light
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign and render back
All I receiv'd, unable to perform
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late
I thus contest; then should have been refus'd
Those terms, whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? And though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if my son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I fought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But natural necessity, begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust return.
O welcome hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death, and lengthen'd out

To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be eath
Insensible! how glad would lay me down
As in my mother's lap! there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To me and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still; lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod; then in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows?
But I shall die a living death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of life that I sinn'd; what dies but what had life
And sin? the body properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die: let this appease
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrath also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on man whom death must end?
Can he make deathless death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as argument
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
For anger's sake, finite to infinite
In punish'd man, to satisfy his rigour
Satisfied never? That were to extend
His sentence beyond dust, and nature's law,
By which all causes else according still
To the reception of their matter act,
Not to th' extent of their own sphere. But say
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
Bereaving sense, but endless misery
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuity. Ah me! that fear
Comes thund'ring back with dreadful revolution
On my defenceless head; both Death and I
Are found eternal, and incorporate both;
Nor I on my part single, in me all
Posterity stands curs'd: fair patrimony
That I must leave ye, sons! Oh were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind
For one man's fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both mind and will deprav'd,
Not to do only, but to will the same
With me: how can they then acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all disputes
Forc'd I absolve: all my evasions vain,
And reasonings, though thro' mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction; first and last
On me, me only, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
So might the wrath. Fond wish! couldst thou
support
That burden heavier than the earth to bear,
Than all the world much heavier, though divided
With that bad woman? Thus what thou dost sit
And

And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future,
To Satan only like both crime and doom.
Conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me, out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

§ 71. *Christ interceding with his Father for Adam, and the Almighty's Reply.*

SENE, Father, what first fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man, these sighs
And pray'rs, which in this golden censer mix'd
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring;
Fruits of more pleasing favour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which his own hand manuring all the trees
Of Paradise could have produc'd, ere fall'n
From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
To supplication; hear his sighs though mute;
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
Interpret for him, me his advocate
And propitiation; all his works on me,
Good or not good, ingraft; my merit those
Shall perfect; and for their my death shall pay.
Accept me, and in me from these receive
The smell of peace tow'rd mankind; let him live
Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
Number'd, tho' sad, till death, his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
To better life shall yield him, where with me
All my redeem'd may dwell in joy and bliss,
Made one with me, as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene:
All thy request for man, accepted Son,
Obtain; all thy request was my decree.
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The law I gave to nature him forbids:
Those pure immortal elements, that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to air as gross,
And mortal food, as now dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
Distemper'd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first, with two fair gifts
Created him endow'd, with happiness
And immortality: that fondly left,
This other serv'd but to eternize woe,
Till I provided death; so death becomes
His final remedy, and after life
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By faith and faithful works, to second life,
Wak'd in the renovation of the just,
Ratifies him up with heaven and earth renew'd.

§ 72. *L'ALLEGRO.* MILTON.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy,

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
And the night-raven sings; [wings,

There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,

In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth,

With two sister Graces more,

To ivy-crown'd Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some sages sing)

The frolic wind that breathes the spring,

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,

As he met her once a Maving,

There on beds of violets blue,

And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,

Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair;

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful jollity,

Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

And love to live in dimple cheek;

Sport that wrinkled Care derides,

And Laughter holding both his sides:

Come, and trip it as you go

On the light fantastic toe,

And in thy right hand lead with thee,

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth, admit me of thy crew,

To live with her, and live with thee,

In unprovoked pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight,

And singing sparkle the dall night,

From his watch-tow'r in the skies,

Till the dappled dawn doth rise;

Then to come in spite of sorrow,

And at my window bid good-morrow,

Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,

Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock with lively din

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack, or the barn-door,

Stoutly fronts his dames before:

Oft lifting now the horn and horn

Cheerly route the slumbering morn,

From the side of some hoar hill,

Through the high wood echoing shrill:

Some time walking not unseen,

By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,

Where the great sun begins his state,

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,

The clouds in thousand liveries dight:

While the ploughman near at hand

Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,

And the milk-maid singeth blithe,

And the mower whets his scythe,

And every shepherd tells his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures;
 Ruffet lawns, and fallows grav,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbour'ing eyes.
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs, and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
 And then in haste her bow'r the leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
 So numerous with scute delight
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks found
 To many a youth and many a maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holy-day,
 Till the love-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
 She was pincht and pull'd, she said,
 And by the frier's lantern led;
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath thrash'd the corn,
 That ten day-lab'rs could not end;
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
 And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
 Tow'rs red cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream,
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever again t' earing cars,
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out.
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may leave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

§ 73. IL PENSEROSO. MILTON,

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly, without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose faintly visaged is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might bestow;
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their pow'rs offended;
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain):
 Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:

There

'There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
 But first and chiefest with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne;
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hid along,
 'Lest Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er th' accus'd oak ;
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, misting thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wand'ring moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the Heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,
 Over some wide-water'd shore,
 Swinging slow with fullen roar ;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm :
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet, or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
 Or else the tale of Troy divine,
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy pow'r
 Might raise Musæus from his bow'r,
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarife,
 And who had Canacé to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride ;
 And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.
 Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc'd as she was wont,
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud,
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves,
 And when the sun begins to sing
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arch'd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak,
 Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee with honied thigh,
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such concert as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
 Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
 But, let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light.
 There let the pealing organ blow,
 To the full-voic'd quire below,
 In service high, and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of ev'ry star that Heaven doth shew,
 And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choos'd to live.

§ 74. LYCIDAS. MILTON.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more,
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year;
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And as she passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lav'ns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together herd
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Tow'rd Heaven's descent had slop'd his westering
wheel.

Meanwhile the rural duties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Dametas lov'd to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change! now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weaning teats that graze;
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas? [deep
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream:
Ah me, I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting strain,

Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His geary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble minds)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor is the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
Thar stream I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What land misshap hath down'd this gentle swain?
And question'd ev'ry gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story,

And sage Hippotades their answer bring,
That not a bird was from his dungeon stray'd,
The tide was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Proteus with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Cannus, reverend fire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r infern'd with woe.
Ah! who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Know of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how
to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on the scrannel pipes of wretched straw;

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread :
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smites no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That thrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enanell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs,
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy fickle with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearth where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under thewhelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead;
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompence, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:

And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twiich'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

§ 75. *Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation.*

MILTON.

VIRTUE could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self
Of seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

§ 76. *Meditation and Beauty.* MILTON.

MUSING Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a senate-house;
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.

§ 77. *Chastity.* MILTON.

SHE that has that, is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Famous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where very desolation dwells
By grotts, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the hontress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she ran'd the brinded-lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at naught

The

The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th'
woods.

What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
That wife Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heaven is fairly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal: but when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in dislement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodied, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

§ 78. *Philosophy.* MILTON.

HOW charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

§ 79. *True Liberty.* MILTON.

TRUE Liberty
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no individual being:
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obey'd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart passions catch the government
From reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free.

§ 80. *Prowe's of Body and Mind.* MILTON.

OH how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
Hardy and indutrious to support
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue
The righteous, and all such as honour truth!
He all their ammunition
And seats of war defeats

With plain heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Their armories and magazines contemn,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose their defence distracted and amaz'd.

§ 81. *On Shakespeare.* MILTON.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd
bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our Fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulch'r'd in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

§ 82. *Song: On May Morning.* MILTON.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

§ 83. *Virtue and Evil.* MILTON.

VIRTUE may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self consumed: if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble.

§ 84. *Patience.* MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise
In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
And to the bearing well of all calamities,
All chances incident to man's frail life,

Consolatories writ

With studied argument, and much persuasion fought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought;
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;
Unless he feel within
Some source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
And fainting spirits uphold.

§ 85. *Sonnet. On his deceased Wife.* MILTON.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alceſtis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great ſon to her glad huſband
gave,
Reſcued from death by force, tho' pale and faint.
Mine, as whom waſh'd from ſpot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Lav did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heaven without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied ſight
Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me ſhe inclin'd,
I wak'd, ſhe ſlept, and day brought back my night.

§ 86. *Spirits.* MILTON.

—SPIRITS when they pleaſe
Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompanied is their eſſence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous ſluſh; but in what ſhape they
chooſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

§ 87. *Pain.* MILTON.

-WHAT avails
Valour or ſtrength, tho' matchleſs,
quell'd with pain,
Which all ſubdues, and makes remits the hands
Of mightieſt? Senſe of pleaſure we may well
Spare out of life—perhaps, and not repine;
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfect miſery, the worſt
Of evils! and, exceſſive, overturns
All patience.

§ 88. *Hypocriſy.* MILTON.

NEITHER man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, thro' heaven and earth:
And eſt the Wiſdom wake, Suſpicion ſleeps

At Wiſdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Reſigns her charge, while goodneſs thinks no ill
Where no ill ſteins.

§ 89. *The Lady reproving Comus.* MILTON.

IHATE when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride,
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous
With her abundance; ſhe, good caterciſs,
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare Temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with yaſt exceſs,
Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpens'd
In unſuperfluous even proportion,
And ſhe no whit encumber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praife due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heaven amidſt his gorgeous feaſts,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Crams, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid enough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Aga'inſt the ſun-clad pow'r of Chaſtity,
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt not ear, nor ſoul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery,
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhouldeſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
That have ſo well been taught her dazzling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thyſelf convince'd;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontroled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rapt ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and
ſhake,
Till all thy magic ſtructures, rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o'er thy falſe head.

§ 90. *Sonnet to the Nightingale.* MILTON.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy ſpray
Warbleſt at eve, when all the woods are ſtill,
Thou with freſh hope the lover's heart doſt fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of day,
Fiſt heard before the ſhallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend ſucceſs in love; oh if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome grove high;
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief, yet haſt no reaſon why:
Whether the muſe, or love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

§ 91. *Echo: A Song.* MILTON.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen,
 Within thy airy shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are?
 Oh if thou have,
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere,
 So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

VARIOUS DESCRIPTIONS FROM SPENSER.

§ 92. *Adonis's Garden.*

BUT were it not that Time their troubler is,
 All that in this delightful garden grows
 Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flows,
 And sweet love gentle fits amongst them throws.
 Without fell rancour, or fond jealousy;
 Frankley each paramour his leman knows,
 Each bird his mate; ne any does envie
 Their goodly merriment, and gay felicitie.

Right in the midst of that paradise
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
 Whole shady boughs sharp Steele did never lop,
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop;
 But, like a girlond, compassed the height,
 And from their fruitfull sides sweet gumes did drop,
 That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

And, in the thickest covert in that shade,
 There was a pleasant labour, not by art,
 But of the trees own inclination made,
 Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
 With wanton ivie-twine extail'd athwart,
 And eglantine and caprisole emong,
 Fashion'd above within her inmost part,
 That neither Phoebus' beams could thro' them throng,

Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
 To which sad lovers were transform'd of yore;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus paramoure,
 And dearest love;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the war'ry storé;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flowre but late;
 Sad Amaranthes, in whose purple gore
 Metemes I see Amintas' wretched fate,
 To whom sweet poets verse hath given endless date.

§ 93. *Affections.*

HOW great a toil to stem the raging flood,
 When beauty stirs the mals of youthful blood!

When the swoln veins with circling torrents rise,
 And softer passions speak thro' wishing eyes!

The voice of reason's drown'd; in vain it speaks,
 When hasty anger dyes the gloomy cheeks;
 And youthful pride hurries the mortal on
 To deeds unheard, and cruelties unknown.

Then 'gan the palmer thus: Most wretched man,
 That to afflictions does the bridle lend;

In their beginning they are weak and wan,
 But soon, through suffrance, growe to fearfull end;

Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
 For when they once to perfect strength do growe,

Strong warres they make, and cruel batt'ry bend,
 'Gainst fort of reason it to overthrowe:

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, this 'quire have
 laid thus lowe.

Wrath, jealousy, grief, love, do thus expell:

Wrath is a fire, and jealousy a weed;

Grief is a flood, and love a monster fell.

The fire of sparke, the weed of little seed,

The flood of drops, the monster filth did breed:

But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do did decay;
 The sparks soon quench, the springing seed out-weed,

The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away;
 So shall wrath, jealousy, grief, love, die and decay.

§ 94. *Ambition.*

AROUT of people there assembled were,

Of every sort or nation under sky,

Which with great uprore preass'd, to draw near,

To th' upper part, where was advanced hie

A stately seat of soveraigne majestie,

And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,

And richly clad in robes of royaltie,

That never earthly prince in such array

His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seem to be,

That her broad beauties beam great brightness threw

Thro' the diin shade, that all men there might see:

Yet was not that same her own native hew,

But wrought by art, and counterfeited hew,

Thereby more lovers unto her to call;

Nath'less, more heavenly faire in deed and view

She by creation was, till she did fall;

Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimes withall.

There, as in glitt'ring glory she did sit;

She held a great gold-chain ylinked well,

Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,

And lower part did reach to lowest hell;

And all that prease did round about her swell,

To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby

To climb aloft, and others to excell;
That was Ambition, rash desire to stie,
And ev'ry link thereof a step of dignitie.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
By riches and unrighteous reward;

Some by close should'ring, some by flatterec;
Others through friends, others for base reward;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves prepar'd.
Those that were up themselves, kept others lowe;

Those that were lowe themselves, held others hard,
Ne suffer'd them to rise, or greater growe;
But every one did strive his fellow down to throwe.

O sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raigne!
Who neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor laws of men, that common weals containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts restrain,

Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdom to obtaine.

No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.

§ 95. *Anguish.*

WHAT equal torment to the griefe of minde,

And pynning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds itself with thoughts unkinde,
And nourisheth her own consuming finait?

What medicine can any leache's art
Yield such a sore, that dorh her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?

§ 96. *Arbour.*

AND over him, art striving to compaire
With nature, did an arbour green dispred,

Framed with wanton ivie, flowering faire,
Thro' which the fragrant eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entayl'd with roses red,

Which dainty odours round about him threw;
And all within with flowies was garnished,

That, when mild Zephyrus emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bounteous sinells, and painted
colours shew.

§ 97. *Avarice.*

AND greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel laden all with gold;

Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap a heap of coin he told;

For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold:
Accursed usury was all his trade, [waide.
And right and wronge ylike in equall ballance

At last he came into a gloomie glade, [light,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heaven's

Whereas he sitting fowad, in secer shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivill wight,

Of grisly hew, and foul ill-favour'd sight;

His face with smooke was tann'd, and eyes
were bea'd;

His head and beard with soot were ill bedight;
His coale-blackhands did seem to have been fear'd
In smithe's fire-speting forge, and nail-like claws
appear'd.

His iron coat, all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistering gloss, darkened with filthy dust,

Well it appeared to have been of old

A work of rich entaile, and curious mould,

Woven with anticks, and wild imagery;

And in his lap a mass of coine he told,

And turned up-side down, to feed his eye,

And covetous desire, with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay, on every side,

Great heaps of gold, that never could be spent;

Of which, some were ore not purifide

Of Mulciber's devouring element;

Some others were new driven, and distent

Into great ingots, and to wedges square;

Some in round plates withouten monument;

But most were stamp'd, and in their metall bare

The antick shapes of kings and Cæsars strange
and rare.

§ 98. *Bashfulness.*

THE whiles, the fairie knight did entertaine

Another damfel of that gentle crew,

That was right faire, and modest of demaine,

But that too oft she chang'd her native hue.

Strange was her tirc, and all her garments blue,

Close round about her tuckt, with many a
plight:

Upon her fist, the bird that shunneth view,

And keeps in covert close from living wight,

Did sit, as if asham'd how rude Dan did her
dight.

So long as Guyon with her communed,

Unto the ground the cast her modest eye,

And ever and anone, with rosie red,

The bathfull blood her snowy cheekes did die,

And her became as polish'd ivorie,

Which cunning craftiman's hand hath overlaid

With fair vermillion, or pure lastery.

Great wonder had the knight to see the maid

So strangely passioned, and to her gently said;

Fair damsell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,

That either me too bold yec weene, this wise

You to molest, or other ill to feare,

That in the secret of your heart close lyes,

From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.

If it be I, of pardon I you pray;

But if ought else that I mote not devise,

I will (if please you it discrue) assay

To caie you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for
shame,

Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face

The flushing blood with blushing did inflame,

And the strong passion marr'd her modest grace,

That

That Guyon marvail'd at her uncouth case :
 Till Alma him bespake, Why wonder yce,
 Fair sir, at that which you so much imbrace ?
 She is the fountaine of your modestie :
 You shame-fac'd are, but Shame-fac'dness itself
 is shee.

Another.

And next to her late goodly Shame-fac'dness ;
 Ne ever durst her eyes from ground up-reare,
 Ne ever once did look up from her drefs,
 As if some blame of evill she did feare,
 That in her cheek made roses oft appear.

§ 99. *Beauty.*

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide
 hollownes
 That moves more dear compassion of mind,
 Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretched-
 ness

By envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind :
 I, whether lately thro' her brightness blind,
 Or thro' allegiance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feel my heart pierc'd with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

Estloons there stepped forth

A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance, borne of heavenly
 birth.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly portraict of bright angels hiew,
 Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
 Thro' goodly mixture of complexions dew,
 And in her cheeks the vermill' red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above, at th' heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fiery beams out of the same,
 So passing preaceant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders of their
 sight :

In them the blinded God his lustful fire
 To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might ;
 For, with dread majesty, and awful ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base
 desire.

Nought under heaven so strongly doth allure
 The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
 As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
 Great warriors of their rigour to repress,
 And mighty hands forget their manlines,
 Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing eye,
 And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
 That can with melting pleasance mollify
 Their harden'd hearts, enur'd to blood and
 cruelty.

So whilome learn'd that mighty Jewish swain,
 Each of whose locks did match a man of might,
 To lay his spoils before his tennant's train :

So also did the great Ceteen knight,
 For his love's sake, his lion's skin undight :
 And so did warlike Anthony neglect
 The world's whole rule, for Cleoparra's fight.
 Such wond'rous pow'r has women's fair aspect,
 To captive men, and make them all the world
 reject.

§ 100. *Boar.*

AND then two boars with rankling malice met,
 Their goary sides, fresh bleeding, fiercely
 frut,
 Till breathless both, themselves aside retire,
 Where foaming wrath their cruel tusks they
 whet,
 And trample th' earth thewhiles they may respire ;
 Then back to fight again, new breathed and
 entire.

§ 101. *Bower of Bliss.*

THENCE passing forth, they shortly do arrive
 Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate ;
 A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
 That nature's work by art can imitate ;
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may daintiest fantastic aggregate,
 Was poured forth with plentiful dispense,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence ;
 Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 As well their enter'd guests to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin :
 Nought fear'd their force that fortilage to win,
 But wisdom's pow'r and temperance's might,
 By which the mightiest things enforced bin :
 And eke the gate was wrought of substance
 light,

Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

It framed was of prutious ivory,
 That seem'd a work of admirable wit ;
 And therein all the famous historie
 Of Jason and Medæa was ywrit ;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and love to lightly flit,
 The wondrous Argo, which invent'rous peece
 First thro' the Euxian seas bore all the flow'r
 of Greece.

Ye might have seen the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemed waves were into ivory,
 Or ivory into the waves were sent,
 And other where the snowy substance spent,
 With vermill-like the boyes bloud therein shed :
 A pitibus spectacle did represent ;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled,
 It seem'd th' enchanted flame which did Creûse
 wed.

All this and more might in this goodly gate
 Be read ; that ever open stood to all

Which.

Which thither came; but in the porch there sat
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing more than natural,
That travellers to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garments to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblance which he makes us
He of this garden had the governall, [see,
And Pleasure's porter was devis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitie.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine on ev'ry side
Strow'd with pleasure, whose faire grassie
ground

Mantled with green, and goodly beatifide
With all the ornaments of Floras pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride,
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorne,
When forth from virgin bowre she comes
in th' early morne.

Thereto the heavens always joviall,
Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffer'd storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did dwell;
But the milde air with season moderate
Gently attempted and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and
wholesome smell.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleasant hill
Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that bore
A giant-babe, her selfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempè, where of yore
Faïre Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did gore,
Or Ida, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
When-ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of muses faïre;
Or Eden, if that aught with Eden mote compare.

Pill that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad
dilate

Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings
intricate.

So fashioned a perch with rare devise,
Archt over head with an embracing vine,
Whose bunches hanging downe, seem'd to entice
All passers by to taste their luscious wine,
And did themselves into their hands incline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the hyacin,
Some as the rubine, laughing sweetly red,
Some like faïre emerauldes not yet ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
Which did themselves amongst the leaves en-
fold,

As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
That the weak boughes, with so rich load oppress,
Did bow adown as over-burthened.

There the most daintv paradise on ground,
It self doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plentifully abound,
And none does others happiness envie:
The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hie,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing place,
The trembling groves, the cryfall running by;
And that which all fair works doth most agrace,
The art which wrought it all appeared in no
place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)

That Nature had for wantonness confude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So striving each the other to undermine,
Each did the other's worke more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweeter diversitie,
This garden to adorne with all varietie.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channell running, one might see;
Most goodly it with pure imagere
Was over-wrought, and shap'd of naked boyes,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton foyes,
Whiles others did themselves embay in liquid
joyes.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
A trayle of ivie in his native hew:
For the rich metall was so coloured,
That wight that did not well advised view,
Would surely deem it to be ivie true:
Lowe his lascivious armes adowne did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did steepe,
Which drops of cryfall seem'd for wantonness
to weepe.

Infinite streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faïre to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seem'd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with Jasper shining bright
That seem'd the fountaine in that sea did sayle
upright.

And all the margent round about was set
With shady lawrell-trees, thence to defend
The sunny beames, which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.

§ 102. *Bower of Proteus.*

HIS bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
Under a mighty rock, 'gainst which doe rave
The roving billocks in their proud dildaine;
That

That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand, with engine
keen,
Had long while labour'd it to engrave:
There was his wonne, no living wight was seen,
Save an old nymph, hight Panopæ, to keep it
clean.

§ 103. *Bull.*

AS salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bair,
When rancour doth with rage him once be-
gore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing out disdain,
That all the forest quakes to hear him rore.

Another.

As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the plaine:
So these two champions to the ground were feld.

Another.

Like a wild bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most the curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him inkomber,
That in his clauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the
thunder.

§ 104. *Calumny.*

IT is a monster bred of hellish race,
Then answer'd he, which often had annoy'd
Good knights and ladies true, and many else
destroy'd.

Of Cerberus whylome he was begot,
And fell Chimæra in her darksome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot,
Where he was fostred long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent,
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
Ill fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

§ 105. *Cannon.*

AS when the devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the aire doth
choke,
That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at will,
Thro' smouldry cloud of dusky stinking smoke
That th' only breath him daunts who hath escap'd
his stroke.

§ 106. *Charity.*

SHE was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That eye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The feast was all in yellow robes arraied still.

A multitude of babes about her hang,
Plying their sports, that joy'd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whilst they were weak and
young,
But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:
And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fair,
Whose passing price uncase was to be told;
And by her side there sat a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chaire.

§ 107. *Concord.*

BUT lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breeds;
Weake she makes strong, and strong things does
increase,
Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds.
Brave be her warres, as honourable decdes,
By which the triumphs over ire and pride,
And winnes an olive girlond for her meed.

§ 108. *Contemplation.*

THERE they doe find that godly aged sire,
With snowy locks, adown his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be read,
And every sinew seen through his long fast:
For nought he car'd, his carcase long unfed;
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pynd his flesh, to keep his body lowe and
chaste.

§ 109. *Cupid.*

LIKE a Cupido on Idæan hill,
When having laid his cruel bowe away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with wondrous spoiles and bloudie prey:
With his faire mother he him digns to play,
And with his goodly sisters, graces three;
The goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers herself through sleep beguill'd to bee,
The whiles the other ladies mind their merry
glee.

First, she him sought in court where most he us'd
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
But many there she found, which sore accus'd
His falsheood, and with foule infamous blot,
His cruel doeds and wicked wiles did spot:

Ladies

Ladies and lords she every-where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoyned shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had why leare,
And so had left them languishing 'twixt hope
and feare.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, did he him see;
And every one her answer'd, and too late
He had him seen, and felt the crueltie
Of his sharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischievous deeds, and said, that hee
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages enquired;
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had fired,
And false venim thorough their veines inspired;
And eke the gentle shepherd swaines, which
fate

Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired:
Shee sweetly heard complaine, both how and
what
Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile
thereat.

And at the upper end of the faire towne,
There was an altar built of precious stone,
Of passing value, and of great renowne,
On which there stood an image all alone,
Of mattie gold, which with his own light shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolour'd bow she spreads thro'
heaven bright.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrowes keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when he list:
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
(Ah, man! beware now thou those darts behold).
A wounded dragon under him did lye,
Whose hideous tayle his left foot did unfold,
And with a shaft was shot through eyther eye,
That no man forth could draw, ne no man
remedy.

Next after her, the winged God himself
Came riding on a lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
That man and beast, with powre imperious
Seducth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he had awhile unbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen he much rejoyceth in his cruel mind.

Of which full proud, himself up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdain;

And did survey his goodly company:
And marshalling the evil ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twaine,

That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho', binding him againe, his way he forth
did take.

§ 110. *Danger.*

WITH him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged
weed,
Made of a beares skyn, that him more dreadful
made:

Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his grisly shade;
A net in th' one hand, and a rusty blade
In th' other was: this mischief, that mishap;
With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practis'd to
entrap.

Another.

But in the porch did ever more abide
An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entrance with his spacious stride;
And with the terror of his countenance bold,
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.

His name was Danger, dreaded over all,
Who day and night did watch and duly ward,
From fearful cowards entrance to forfall,
And faint-heart fooles, whom shew of peril hard
Could terrifie from Fortune's faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint hearts at first espiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching fear'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
Excludes from faire hope, withouten further
triall.

Yet many doughty warriors, often tride
In greater perills to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternness of his look abide;
But soon as they his countenance behoid,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, some other, that in hard affairs
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
Crept in by stooping lowe, or stealing of the kaies.

§ 111. *Day-break.*

BY this, the northern waggoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast star,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandering are:
And chearful Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus' fiery carre
In haste was climbing up the eastern hill;
Full envious that night so long his room did fill.

§ 112. *Death.*

AND in his hand a bended bow was scene,
And many arrowes under his right side,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudie dide,

Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :

Those could he well direct, and strait as line,
And bid them strike the mark which he had cyde;
Ne was there false, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds ; so iuly they
did tunc.

As pale and wan as asflies was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered as a dried rook,
Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake,
That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake ;
All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a gaffly
light.

§ 113. *Defamation.*

HIM in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forc't him turn againe ;
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strooke
With his sharp Steele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the utmost brunn,
All set with iron teeth with ranges twaine,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus, grisly grim.

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kinde, and sundry quality ;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry :
And some of bears, that grownd continually ;
And some of tygers that did seem to gren
And snar at all that ever passed by :
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
That spake reproachfully, not caring where nor
when.

And then amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with thre forked stings,
That spat out poison, and bore bloody gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And spake licentious words, and hateful things .
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie ;
Ne Cæsars spared he a whit, nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

§ 114. *Desire.*

AND him beside marcht amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other
swaine ;
Yet was that other swaine the elder syre,
And gave him being, common to them twaine :
His garment was disguised very vaine,
And his embroidered bonet fate awry ;
'Twixt both his hands flew sparkes he close did
strain,

Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceiv'd, and forth in
flames did fly.

§ 115. *Detraction.*

THE other nothing better was than she ;
Agreeing in bad will and canered kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree ;
For, what-to Envie good or bad did find,
She did conceale and murder her own mind ;
But this, whatever evil she conceived,
Did spread abroad, and throw in th' open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all she sought was mens good names to
have bereaved.

For whatsoever good by any said,
Or done, she heard, she would strar-waies invent
How to deprave, or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companys frequent,
To hawk what any one did good report,
To blot the fame with blame, or wrest it wicked
sort.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make it worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling :
Her name was high Detraction, and her dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next ;
A wicked hage, and Envy's self excellling
In mischief: for, her self she only vext :
But this fame, both herself and others eke per-
plext.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poison round about her gills,
In which her cursed tongue (full sharp and
short)
Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-so she wills :
A disaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she little spinnes, but spils,
And faines to weave false tales and leavings bad,
To throw among the good, when others had disprad.

§ 116. *Discord.*

FIREBRAND of hell, first tin'd in Phlegeton,
By thousand furies, and from thence out-
thrown,
Into this world, to work confusion,
And set it all on fire (by force unknown),
Is wicked Discord, whose small sparkes once
blowne,
None but a god, or godlike man, can slake :
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was grown
Amongst those famous impes of Greece, did take
His silver harp in hand, and shortly friends them
make,

§ 117. *Discord's House.*

HARD by the gates of hell her dwelling is,
 There whereas all plagues and harmes abound,
 Which punish wicked men, that walk amils :
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes environd round,
 That none the same way may out-win ;
 Yet many ways to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in ;
 For discord harder is to end than to begin.

And all within the riven walles were hung
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
 Of which, the sad effects of discord tung :
 There were rent robes, and broken scepters plac't ;
 Altars desil'd, and holy things defac't,
 Disliverd spears, and shields ytorne in twaine,
 Great cittys ransackt, and strong castles ras't,
 Nations captivd, and huge armies slane :
 Of all which ruines there some reliques did
 remaine.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raign'd long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ithon,
 For memoy of which, on high there hong
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three faire goddesses did strive :
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
 Of Alexander, and his princes five,
 Which shad'd to them the spoiles which he had
 got alive.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the Lapithes befell,
 And of the bloody feast, which sent away
 So many centaurs drunken souls to hell,
 That under great Alcides' furie fell :
 And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
 The noble Argonants to out-rage fell,
 That each of life sought other to deprive,
 All mindless of the golden-leece which made
 them strive.

And eke of private persons many moe,
 That were too long a worke to count them all ;
 Some of sworne friends, that did their faith
 forgoe ;
 Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnatural ;
 Some of deare lovers, foes perpetual ;
 Witness their broken bands there to be seene,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres dispos'd all ;
 • The monuments whereof there byding been,
 As plaine as at the first, when they were fresh
 and green.

Such was the house within ; but all without
 The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
 Which the herself had sown all about,
 Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of evil words, and factious deedes ;
 Which when to ripeness due they growen are,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
 The which most often end in blood-shed and
 in warre.

And those same curfed seeds do also serve
 To her for bread, and yield a living food :
 For life it is to her, when others starve
 Through mischievous debate, and deadly feed,
 That she may suck their life, and drink their blood,
 With which she from her childhood had been fed,
 For she at first was born of hellish brood,
 And by infernal furies nourish'd,
 That by her monstrous shapenighteasily beread.

Her face most foule and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrary ways extended,
 And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be ;
 That nought but gall and venom comprehended,
 And wicked words that God and man offended :
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both contended ;
 And as her tongue, so was her heart decided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly still,
 was guided.

Als as the double speake, so heard she double,
 With matchless cares deform'd and distort,
 Fil'd with false rumours, and seditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report.
 And as her cares, so eke her feet were odde,
 And much unlike ; th' one long, the other thort,
 And both misplac't ; that when th' one forward
 gode,

The other back retired, and contrary trode.

Likewise unequal were her handes twaine ;
 That one did reach, the other pusht away :
 The one did make, the other ma'd againe,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay ;
 Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possidours often did dismay.
 For all her study was, and all her thought,
 How she might overthrowe the thing that con-
 cord wrought.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty self she did maligne,
 Because to man to mercifull he was,
 And unto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith she her self was of his grace indigne :
 For all this world's faire workmanship she tride,
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chain quite to divide,
 With which irbliss'd concord hath together tide.

§ 118. *Dolphin.*

AS when a dolphin and a sele are met,
 In the wide champion of the ocean plaine,
 With cruel chaufe their courages they whet,
 The masterdome of each by force to gaie,
 And dreadful battaile 'twixt them do darraine :
 They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they rage,
 they rore,
 That all the sea (disturbed with their traine)
 Doth frie with some above the surges hore,
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome
 uprore.

§ 119. *Doubt.*

NEXT after him went Doubt, yclad
 In a discolour'd cote of strange disguise,
 That at his back a brode cappuccio had,
 And sleeves dependant Albanefe wife :
 He lookt askew with his mistrustful eyes,
 And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did avise,
 And on a broken reed he still did stay
 His feeble steps, which shrinke, when hard
 thereon he lay.

Another.

That was to weet, the porter of the place,
 Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
 His name was Doubt, he had a double face,
 Th' one forward looking, and th' other backward
 bent ;
 Therein resembling Janus auncient,
 Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare ;
 And evermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proved perill he did feare,
 Or did misdoubt some ill, whoes cause did not
 appeare.

§ 120. *Dungeon.*

DEEP in the bottom of an huge great rocke
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither yron barrs, nor brazen lock
 Did need to guard from force or secret theft
 Of all her lovers, which would have her rest.
 For wal'd it was with waves, which rag'd and
 roar'd
 As they the cleft in pieces would have cleft :
 Besides, ten thousand monsters, foule abhor'd,
 Did waite about it, gaping grisly, all begor'd.

§ 121. *Eagle.*

LIKE to an eagle in his kingly pride,
 Soaring through his wide empire,
 To weather his broad sayles ; by chance hath
 spide
 A goshaulk, which hath seized for her share
 Upon some fowle, that should her feast prepare :
 With dreadful force he flies at her belive,
 That with his souce, which none endure dare,
 Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy prey
 doth rive.

Another.

As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from high,
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaince,
 The stone-dead quarry falls so forcibly,
 That it rebounds against the lowlie plaine,
 A second fall redoubling back againe,

§ 122. *Faith.*

PROCEEDING to the midst he still did stand,
 As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
 And to the vulgar beckning with his hand
 In signe of silence, as to hear a play,

By lively actions he began bewray
 Some argument of matter passioned ;
 Which doen, he back retired soft away ;
 And passing by, his dame discovered,
 Enfe on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

§ 123. *Envy.*

AND next to him malicious Envie rode,
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and til did chaw
 Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
 That all the payson run about his jaw ;
 But inwardly he chawed his own maw
 At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad,
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had :
 But when he heard of harme, he waxed wondrous
 glad.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
 He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes ;
 And in his boiome secretly there lay
 An hateful snake, the which his tail up ties
 In many folds, and mortal sting implies.
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
 Those heaps of gold with griple covetise,
 And grudged at the great felicity
 Of proud Lucifer, and his own company.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
 And him no less, that any like did use :
 And who with gracion bred the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse :
 So every good to bad he doth abuse ;
 And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
 He does back-bite, and spiteful poison spues
 From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ :
 Such on vile Envy was, that first in rowe did sit,

Another.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
 With her dull eye, did seem to look askew,
 That her mis-shape much heipt ; and her foule
 huiue
 Hung loose and loathsomely : thereto her hew
 Was wan and leane, that all her teeth araw
 And all her bones might thro' her cheeks be read ;
 Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blue :
 And as the spake, therewith she flavered ;
 Yet spake she seldome, but thought more the
 less she said.

Her hands were foule and dirty, never washt
 In all her life, with long nails over-raught,
 Like puttocks clawes, with th' one of which
 she scracht
 Her cursed head, although it itched nought ;
 The other held a snake with venime fraught,
 On which she fed, and gnawed hungerly,
 As that long she had not eaten ought ;
 That round about her jaws one might descry
 The bloody gore and poison dropping lothsomely,

Her name was Envy, knownen well thereby,
 Whoes nature is to grieve, and grudge at all
 That ever she sees doen praise worthily :
 Whoes sight to her is greatest cross may fall,

And

And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall.

For when she wanteth other thing to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foul entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous diat.

And if she hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any body happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her flesh for feltness, which she inward hid:
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great chcare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby, and gained a great itake.

§ 124. *Error.*

THIS is a wandring wood, this Error's den;
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate.
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Half like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other half did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile
disdaine.

As she lay upon the durty ground,
Her huge long taile her den all over-spread,
Yet was in knots and many boughs upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, and she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all
were gone.

§ 125. *Excess.*

BUT young Perissa was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sister's kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joy'd herself to prank;
But of her love to lavish, little have she thank.

Another.

Under that porch a comely dame did rest,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule disordered,
And garments loose, that seem'd unmeet for wo-
manhood.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach.
Whoes fappy liquor with that fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scrudz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach.

That so faire wine-press made the wine more
sweet;
Thereof she us'd to give to drink to each,
Whome passing by she happened to meet:
It was her guise, all strangers goodly so to greet.

§ 126. *Faith.*

OF which the eldest, that Fidelia hight
Like funny beames threw from her crystal
fa

That could have daz'd the rash beholder's sight,
And round her head did shine like heaven's light.

She was arraid all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant mood:
And in her other hand the fast did hold
A book that was both sign'd and seal'd with
blood,

Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be
understood.

§ 127. *Falcon.*

—AS a falcon faire

That once has failed of her fouse full neare,
Remounts again into the open aire,
And unto better fortune does herself prepare.

Another.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks, foreby he broke,
The trembling brood diinaid with dreadful sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying look,
Amongst the flags and covert round about.

Another.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an hernelshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless
might,
The warie fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whoes force her first doth bring
Her self quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like senseless thing;
But th' other not so swift as she before,
Fails of her fouse, and passing by doth hurt no
more.

§ 128. *Fancy.*

EMONGST them all fate he which wonned
there,

That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man in yeares, yet fresh as mote appeare,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, sharp stairing eyes,
That mad or foolish seem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him born with ill-disposed skyes,
When oblique Saturne fate in the house of
agonies.

Another.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy,
Of rare aspect, and beauty without peare;
Marchable eyther to that impe of Troy,
Whome Jov: did love, and chose his cup to beare,

Or that same dainty lad, which was so deare
To great Alcides, that when as he did hide,
He wailed woman-like with many a teare,
And every wood and every valley wide
He fill'd with Hylas' name, the nymphs eke
Hylas cride.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the sun-burnt Indians do array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might easily appeare:
For still he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd still here and there.

§ 129. Fear.

NEXT him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby,
But fear'd each shadow moving to and fro;
And his own armes when glittering he did spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As aths pale of hue, and wingy-heel'd;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

§ 130. Sorrow.

AS when a ship that flies fair under saile,
And hidden rock escaped hath unawares,
That lay in wait her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet half amazed stares
At peril past, and yet it doubt he dares
To joy at his fool-happy over sight.

Answer.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
Whome raging wind, threatening to make the prey
Of the rough rock, do diversly disease,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either side do sore assay,
And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
She, scornng both their spights, does make wide
way,
And with her breast breaking the foamy wave,
Doth ride on both their backs, and faire her self
doth save.

§ 131. Feeling.

BUT the fift troupe most horrible of hue,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to reporte:
For some like snails, some did like spiders shew,
And some like ugly urchins, thick and short;
They cruelly assailed that fift fort,
Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
Of feeling pleasure, with which day and night
Against that same fift bulwark they continued
fight.

§ 132. Fire.

LIKE as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been underkept and down suppress,
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And gudge in so streight prison to be prest,
At last breaks forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that carst it hinder and molest,
It now devours with flames and scorching heat,
And carries into smoake with rage and horror
great.

§ 133. First Age.

THE antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unproved truth,
The gifts of soveraigne bounty did embrace:
Like angels life was then man's happy case;
But later ages pride (like corn-fed steed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat swoln encrease,
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.
Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacrifice to dig. Thertin he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride effronces he did compound,
Then avarice gan through his veins to inspire
His greedy flames, and kendle life-devouring fire.

§ 134. Flood.

AS he that strives to stop a sudden flood,
And in strong banks his violence enclose,
Forceth his swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflowe the fruitful plaine,
That all the country seems to be a maine,
And the rich furrowes sote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth loud complaine,
To see his whole yeares labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle
boon.

§ 135. Fury.

BUT Fury was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
With ghastfull looks and deadfull drery head;
For from her back her garments she did teare,
And from her head oft rent her snarled haire:
In her right hand a fire-brand she did tosse
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayed deere in chace embest,
Forgetful of his safety hath his right way lost.

§ 136. Giant.

HIS monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant horrible and hie,

That

That with his talnefs seem'd to threat the sky ;
The ground eke groned under him for dread ;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold ; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed.

§ 137. *Gluttony.*

AND by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatten's swollen were his eyne :
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine ;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.
In a green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which salt trickled down the sweat :
Still as he rode he somewhat did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can,
On which he sate so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can,
In shape and life more like a monster than a man.
Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stirre or go ;
Not meet to be a council to a king,
Whoes minde in meat and drink was drowned so ;
Full of discafe was his carcase blue,
And a dry droply thro' his flesh did flow,
Which by misdeet daily greater grew :
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

§ 138. *Greediness.*

THAT is the Gulfe of Greediness, they say,
That deep engorgeth all this world's prey :
Which having swallowed up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belchereth forth his superfluitie.
That all the seas for fear doe seem away to fly.

§ 139. *Grief.*

NEXT him went Grief and Fury matcht yfere ;
Griefe, all in sable sorrow fully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy cheere,
Yet inly being more than seemly sad :
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinced people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they had,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

§ 140. *Griffon.*

AS when a griffon seized on his prey,
A dragon fierce encountreth in his sight :
Thro' wildest ayre making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away ;
With hedious horreur, both together smight,

And sounce so fore, that they the heavens affray.
The wife fourthlayer sicing so sad a sight,
The amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortal fight.

§ 141. *Grove.*

INTO that forrest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately theatre it made,
Spreading it self into a spacious plaine,
And in the midst a htle river plaid
Amongst the pumy stones, which seem'd to plaine
With gentle murmur that his course they did
reitaine.
Enforc't to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not farre away they spide,
That promis't ayde the tempest to withstand :
Whoes lofty trees yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceivable with power of any starre :
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre :
Faire harboure, that them seemes ; so in they
entered are.

§ 142. *Harmony.*

EFTSOONES they heard a most melodious
found,
Of all that more delight a dainty eare,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight that did it heare,
To read what manner musicke that mote be :
For all that pleasing is to living eare,
Was there comforted in one harmonie,
Birds, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all
agree.
The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voyer attempted sweet ;
The angel call soft treambling voyces made
To the instruments divine response meet :
The silver sounding instruments d.d meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall :
The waters fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind lowe answering to all.

§ 143. *Hearing.*

THE second bulwarke was the hearing sense,
'Gainst which the second troupe assignment
makes ;
Deformed creatures, in strange difference,
Some having heads like harts ; some like to snakes ;
Some likewild bores late rous'd out of the breakes,
Slandrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leafings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries,
All those against that fort did bend their bat-
teries.

§ 144. *Hermitage.*

A Little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale hard by a forest side,
Farre from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and fro : a little wide
There was an holy chappell edified,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and even tide :
Thereby a crystal streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth away.

He thence led me into this hermitage,
Letting his steeds to graze upon the green :
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his own turne, yet inly neat and cleane,
Deckt with green boughes, and flowers gay be
scene ;

Therein he them full faire did enttaine,
Not with such forged shewes, as fitter beene
For courting fools that courtiers would faine,
But with entire affection, and appearance plaine.

§ 145. *Hippolytus.*

HIPPOLYTUS a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in chariot chase the foaming boar ;
He all his peers in beauty did surpass,
But lady's love, as loss of time, forbore ;
His wanton stepdame loved him the more,
But when she saw her offer'd sweet refused,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treason false accused,
And with her jealous termes his open ears abused.

Who all in rage his sea-god fire besought
Some cursed vengeance on his son to cast ;
From furling gulph two monsters straight were
brought,

With dread whereof his chasing steeds aghast
Both chariot swift and huntsman overcast ;

His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent
Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

§ 146. *Honour.*

WHOSO in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly blifs,
Does waite his daies in darke obscurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is :
Where ease abounds, it's easie to doe amiss ;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot so easie miss,
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
Who seekes with painefull toile, shall honour
soonest find.

In woods, in waves, in warres she wons to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine ;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attaine :
Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide :
But easie is the way, and passage plaine

To Pleasure's palace ; it may soon be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open
wide.

§ 147. *Hope.*

WITH him went Hope in rank, a handsome
mayd,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite she was light arraid,
And her faire locks were woven up in gold ;
She always smil'd, and in her hande did hold
An holy water sprinkle dipt in dewe,
In which the sprinkled favours manifold,
On whome she list, and did great liking shewe ;
Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

Another.

Her youngest sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseeemed well,
Not all so chearful seemed she of sight,
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell :
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befall :
And ever up to Heaven as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

§ 148. *Hydra.*

OR like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine,
That great Alcides whylome over-threw,
After that he had labour'd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
forth budded, and in greater numbers grew.

Another.

Such own it was, as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long foster'd in the silt of Lerna lake,
Whose many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endless labour to subdue.

§ 149. *Hypocrite.*

AT length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged fire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had ;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad.
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went, [pent.
And often knockt his breast, as one that did re-

§ 150. *Idleness.*

OF which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin ;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amiss thin,
Like an holy monk the servis to begin.
And in his hand a portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red ;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead,
Scarce

Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the waine was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went, or else
aftray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For every work he challenged effoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous maladie;
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking fever raign'd continually:
Such one was Idlenes, first of this company.

§ 151. *Ignorance.*
A last, with creeping crooked pace, forth
came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary steps both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him failed long ago:
And on his arme a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unused, rust did over-growe:
Those were the keys of every inward dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still
in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead;
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the giant dead,
His name Ignaro did his nature right arcad.

§ 152. *Infancy.*
FOR those same islands, seeing now and then,
Are not firme land, or any certain wonne,
But fraggling plots; which to and fro do runne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The Wandering Islands: therefore do them
shonne;
For they have oft drawn many a wandring
wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed plight.
Yet well they seem to him, that farre doth view,
Both faire and fruitful, and the ground dispreed
With grassie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaves unparcelled,
Are deckt with blossoms dyed in white and red,
That mote the passengers thereto allure;
But whosoever once hath fastened
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unfure.

§ 153. *Incontinence.*
THE wanton lady with her lover rose,
Whoes sleepey head she in her lap did fof
dispose,

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arraid, or rather dilanaid,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabafter skin,
But rather shewd more white, it more might be;
More subtil web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more lightly
flee.

§ 154. *Lechery.*
AND next to him rode lustfull Lechery,
Upon a bearded goat, whoes rugged haire,
And whaley eyes (the signe of jealousie)
Was like the person felt whom he did beare;
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Unkiesly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he of ladys oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of woman's
fantasie?
In a green gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthines,
And in his hand a burning heart did bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenes:
For he was false, and fraught with sicklenes,
And learned had to love with secret lookes,
And well could dance and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loveing books,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy
hooke.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdnes fill'd him with reproachful paine
Of that foul evill which all men reprove,
That routs the marrow and consumes the braine:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this
traine.

§ 155. *Life.*
O Why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their days unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soon expire,
Knowing the misery of their estate,
And thousand perils which them still awaite,
Toising themselves like a boat amid the maine
That every hour they knock at deathes gate?
And he that happy seems, and least in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that most doth
plaine.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah see, who so faire thing doth faire to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
All see thy virgin rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peep forth with bashful modestie,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

So passeth in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the lease, the bud, the flowre,
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That earst was fought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a lady, and many a paramoure :
 Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equal
 crime.

§ 156. *Love.*

LIKE as a lion that by chance doth fall
 Into the hunter's toyle, doth rage and roare,
 In royal heart disdain'g to be thral'd :
But all in vaine; for what might one do more ?
 They have him taken captive, tho' it grieve him
 fore.

Anal.

Like as a lion, whos imperial powre
A proud rebellious unicorn denies,
 To avoid the rash assault and wrathful flowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious heine, sought of his enemies,
 Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous
 feast.

§ 157. *Love.*

O Sacred fire that burnest mightily
 In living breasts, ykindled first above,
 Emongst th' eternal spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence pour'd into men, which men call
 love;
 Not that same which doth base affections move
 In brutish minde, and filthy lust inflame;
 But that sweet fire, that does true beauty love,
 And choiceth vertue for his dearest dame,
 Whence spring all noble deeds, and never-
 dying fame.

Well did antiquite a god thee deeme,
 That ever mortal minds has so great might,
 To order them as best to thee doth seeme,
 And all their attions to direct aright;
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
 Thou dost effect in destined descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret might;
 And stirrest up the heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admires for wondrous
 monuments.

Wondrous it is to see in diverse minde,
 How diversly Love doth his pageants play,
 And shews his power in variable kinds:
The baser wit, whos idle thoughts alway,
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth up to sensual desire,
And in lewd sloth to waste its careless day;
 But in brave spirit it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth uncomely idleness
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest;
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness,

Ever to creep into his noble breast;
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Lifteth it up, that else would lowly fall:
 It lets not fall, it lets it not to rest:
 It lets not scarce this prince to breath at all,
 But to his first pursuit him forward still doth
 call.

§ 158. *Mudness.*

WITH hundred iron chains he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him fore con-
 straine:

Yet his great iron teeth he still did grinde,
 And grimly gnash, threatening revenge in vaine:
 His burning eye, whom bloody strokes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire;
 And more for ranke delphight, then for great paine,
 Shak't his long locks, colour'd like copper wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

§ 159. *Mastiff.*

LIKE as a mastiff, living at a bay
 A salvage bull, whos cruel horns do threat
 Desperate danger, if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
 To spy where he may some advantage get;
 The whilst the beast doth rage and loudly roar.

§ 160. *Modesty.*

OF second sister, who did far excel
 The other two; Medina was her name,
 A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame;
 Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became.
 Faire marching forth in honourable wise,
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enter-
 prize.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightness scene, or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
 Above the reason of her youthful years:
 Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
 In brayd tramells, that no looser haire
 Did out of order stray about her dainty cares.

Betwixt them both the fair Medina fate,
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
 With equall measure she doth moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage;
 Thut forward pair she ever would atwige,
 When they would strive due reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need:
 So kept she them in order, and her self in heed.

§ 161. *Mercy.*

THEY, passing by, were guided by degree
 Unto the preffance of that gracious queen:
 Who sat on high, that she might all men see,
 And

And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene ;
Adorned all with gemmes of endless price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workman's rare device;
And all embolt with Lyons and with flowre-de lice.

And over all her cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide unfold;
Whoes skirts were bordered with bright sunny
beames,
Glistering like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept little angels thro' the glittering gleames.

Seemed those little angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did bear the pendants, thro' their numble's bold,
Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate :
She angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
And mighty conquerors, in royal state,
Whilst kings and Cæsars at her feet did them
prostrate.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majestic,
Holding a scepter in her royal hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whoes long rest rusted the bright steely brand,
Yet when as foes enforce't, or friends fought ayde,
She could it steely draw, that all the world dis-
maide ;

And round about before her feet there sate
A beautie of faire virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd to adorne her royal state,
All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
Lete, by him begot in love's delight,
Upon the righteous Themis : those they say
Upon Jove's judgment-seat waite day and night,
And when in wrath he threatens the world's decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruel vengeance
stay.

They also doe, by his divine permission,
Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants through frailtie which offend ;
Those did upon Marcellac's throne attend :
Just Dice, wife Eunomie, mild Eirene ;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly Temperance, in garments clene,
And sacred Reverence, yborne of heavenly firene.

Some clerkes doe doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten, mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,

Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting feat
She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence
of grace.

For if that virtue be of that great might,
Which from just verdict will for nothing flait,
But to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spoils the principal to save the part ;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart :
As it is greater praise to save, than spill ;
And better to reforme, than to cut off the ill.

§ 162. *Minerva.*

LIKE as Minerva, being late return'd
From slaughter of the giants conquered ;
Where proud Encelade, whose wide nosetilla
burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfix'd with his spear, down tumbled dead
From top of Hemus, by him heaped lie,
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
From her left arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

§ 163. *Morning.*

AT last fair Hesperus, in his highest sky
Had spent his lamp, and brought forth dawn-
ing light.
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily :
The dwarf him brought his speed : so both away
did fly.

Another.

Now when the roly-finger'd morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron bed,
Had spred her purple robe thro' dewy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royal virgin shook her drowly head.

Another.

At last, the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phœbus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy heare :
And hurles his glistering beames thro' gloomy aire.

Another.

Soon as the fiery streakes with purple beames
Disperse the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan playing on the casterne streames,
Gan cleare the dewy aire with springing light ;
So soon as day, forth dawning from the east,
Night's humid curtaine from the heavens with-
drew,
And early calling forth both man and beast,
Commanded them their daily workes renew.

§ 164. *Mountain.*

IT was an hill plac'd in an open plaine.
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth to dis-
daine,

In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lowly branches fung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in majesty and powre.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarr'd with ragged mofs or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But nymphs and faeries by the bankes did sit,
In the wood shade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all nolsome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spations plaine
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
Eitherto dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or else to course about their bates light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equal height,
Did seem to over-look the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

§ 165. Mutability.

SUCH is the weaknes of all mortall hope;
So fickle is the state of earthly things,
That ere they come into their aimed scope,
They fall so short of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowing.
Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
This is the state of Cæsars and of kings.
Let none therefore that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.

§ 166. Night.

WHERE grisly Night, with visage deadly sad,
Thar Phœbus' cheerfull face durst never view,
And in a foul black pirchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole-black steeds yborne of hellish brood,
That on their nasty bits did champ, as they were wood.

By this, eternall lamps, where-with high Jove
Doth light the world, were huff yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas shove
Into the ocean deep to drive their wearie drove,
Now when as all the world in silence deep
Yshrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleep.

Night, thou foule mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy death, and nurse of woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape, thrust downe to hell below,
Where, by the grim floud of Cocytus slowe,
Thar dwelling is Herebus' black hous,

(Black Herebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungracious,
Half of thy days doest lead in horreur hedeous.

What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual course to keep,
Thar doest all things deface, ne lettest see
The beautie of his work? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body doth love to sleep
His lustlels limbs, and drowne his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddeis, in his error blind,
And great dame Nature's hand-maid clearing
every kind.

But well I wote, that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smart;
Instead of rest, thou lendest rayling teares,
And dreadful visions, in the which alive,
The dreary image of sad Death appears:
So from the warie spirit thou dost drive
Desired rest, and men of happines deprive.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-shunning thieft, and traverous intent,
Abhorred bloudshed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and danger imminent,
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreiment:
All these (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe shunne, for fear of being shent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdnes love, doe hate the light
to see.

For day discovers all dishonest wayes,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed,
The prayes of high God he fair displayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed,
Days blessed children be the blessed seed;
Which darknes shall subdue, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter, he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot or sin:
Our life is day; but death with darknes doth
begin.

Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
With pearly dew, and the earth's gloomy shade
Did dim the brightnes of the welkin round,
That every bird and beast awarned made
To shrowd themselves, while sleep their senses did
invade.

§ 167. Occasion.

AND him behind, a wicked hagg did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
But on a staff her feeble steps did stay;
Her locks, that loathly were, and hoary grey,
Grew all afore, and loosely hung unroll'd;
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold, [old.
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles
And ever as she went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile despight,
Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight,
Some-

Some times she raught him stones, wherewith to
 finite,
 Sometimes her staff, tho' it her own leg were,
 Withouten which she could not go upright;
 Ne evil means she did forbear, [reare.
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation

§ 168. *Palace of Sleep.*

TO Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire:
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep
 And lowe, where dawning day doth never peep,
 His dwelling is; there Theyrs his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
 In silver dew his ever drouping head,
 Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth
 spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd with burnish'd ivory,
 The other all with silver over-cast;
 And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleep.
 By them the spright doth pass in quietly, [deep
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned
 In drowlie sit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.
 And more to lull him in his slumbers soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling
 down,
 And ever drizzling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the sound
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone:
 No other noise, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the walled town,
 Might there be heard: but careless quiet lies,
 Wrapt in eternal silence, farre from enemies.

§ 169. *Tyger.*

AS when two tygers, pinch'd with hunger's rage,
 Have by good fortune found some beast's flesh
 spoyle,
 On which they ween their famin to assuage,
 And gaine a feastful guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out, do stir up strife-full broyle,
 And cruell battell 'twixt themselves do make.
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the spoyle,
 But either 'sdeignes with other to partake.

Another.

As when a tyger and a lyoness
 Are met a spoyling of some hungry prey,
 Both challenge it with equal greediness:
 But first the tyger claws thereon did lay;
 And therefore, loth to loos her right away,
 Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
 To which the lyon strongly doth gainsay,
 That she to hunt the beast first took in hond;
 And therefore ought it have, where ever she it
 found.

§ 170. *Winds.*

—LIKE as a boist'rous wind, [hid,
 Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long been

And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kind
 To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issue forth may find,
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confound both land and seas, and sky doth overcast.

§ 171. *Sun.*

AS when two Suns appear in th' azure sky,
 Mounted in Phœbus' chariot tierie bright:
 Both darting forth faire beames to each man's eye,
 And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
 All that behold such strange prodigious light,
 Not knowing nature's work, nor what to weene,
 Are wrapt with wonder and with rare aſight.

§ 172. *Phaeton.*

EXCEEDING shone, like Phœbus' fairest
 childe,
 That did presume his father's tierie waine,
 And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wild,
 Thro' highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;
 Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
 While flashing beams doe daze his feeble eyes,
 He leaves the wilkin way most beaten plaine,
 And wrapt with whirling wheels enflame the
 skyen
 With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

§ 173. *Sight.*

THE first troupe was a monstrous rabblement
 Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
 Head'd like owles, with beakes uncomely bent,
 Others like dogs, others like gryphons dicare,
 And some had wings, and some had claws to teare,
 And every one of them had lynxes eyes,
 And every one did bowe and arrowes beare,
 All those were lawless lusts, corrupt envies,
 And covetous aspects, all cruell enemies.

Those same against the bulwarke of the fight
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respite day nor night,
 But soon as Titan gan his head exault,
 And soon again as he his light withlaunt,
 Their wicked engines they against it bent:
 That is, each thing by which the eyes may fault;
 But two than all more huge and violent,
 Beauty and money, they that bulwark forely rent.

§ 174. *Slunder.*

SO when that forest they had passed well,
 A little cortage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
 And entering in, found none therein abide,
 But an old woman sitting there beside,
 Upon the ground, in ragged rude attire,
 With filthy locks about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing

Gnawing her nayles for feltness and for ire,
And therout sucking venom to her parts intirc.

A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no less:

For thee was stult with rancour and despiight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterness

It forth would break, and gush in great excess,

Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall,

Gainst all that truth or virtue doe profess;

Whome she with leefings lewdly did miscall,
And wickedly back-bite: her name men Slander
call.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
And causeless crimes continually to frame;

With which the guiltless persons may accuse,
And steale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame

So chaste and loyal liv'd, but she would strive
With forged cause them falsely to defame:

Ne ever thing was done so well alive,
But she with blame would blot, and of due praise
deprive.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T' express the meaning of the inward minde;

But noisome breath, and poysonous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancer'd malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter winde;

Which passing thro' the cares, would pearce the
heart,

And wound the soul it self with grief unkind:
For, like the stings of aspes, that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did prick and wound the
inher part.

§ 175. *Storme.*

HEE cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does
threat,

The rolling billows beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat

His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering breathren boldly threat,

To move the world from off his stedfast hengt,
And boystrous battell make, each otherto avenge.

Another.

Like to a storm that hovers under skie
Long here and there, and round about doth flie,
At length breaks down in raine, and hails, and sleet;

First from one coast, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewise sleet;
And so from side to side, till all the world be weet.

§ 176. *Superstition.*

WHERE that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beades devoutly penitent;

Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day, [say.

And thrice nine hundred Aves she was wont to

And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,

And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit.

Upon the image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there she stroke;

And the third time, out of an hidden shade,

There forth issued from under the altar smoake,

A dreadful fiend, with foul deformed look,

That stretcht it self, as it had long lain still;

That her long taile and feathers strongly shook,

That all the temple did with terror fill;

Yet him nought terrified, that feared nothing ill.

An huge great beast it was, when it in length

Was stretched forth, that nigh fill'd all the place,

And seem'd to be of infinite great strength;

Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,

Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,

Or other like infernall furies kind:

For of a maile she had the outward face,

To hide the horror which did lurk behind,

The better to beguile whom she so fond did find.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,

Full of fell raven and fierce greediness;

A lyon's claws with power and rigour clad,

To rend and teare what so she can oppress;

And dragon's taile, whoes sting without redress

Full deadly wounds, when so it is empight;

An eagle's wings for scope, and speediness,

Th' it nothing may escape her ravening might,

Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

Much like in foulness and deformitie

Unto that monster, whom the Theban knight

The father of that fatal progeny,

Made kill herself for very heart's despiight,

That he had read her riddle, which no wight

Could ever loose, but suffred deadly doole:

So also did this monster use like flight

To many a one, which came into her school,

Whom she did put to death, deceived like a fool.

§ 177. *Suspicion.*

BUT he was foule, ill-favoured, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking still alcaunce;

And ever as Dissemblance laught on him,

He low'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,

Shewing his nature in his countenance;

His rolling eyes did never rest in place,

But walkt each way for fear of hid mischance,

Holding a lattice still before his face,

Thro' which he still did peep as forward he did
paſs.

§ 178. *Venus.*

RIGHT in the midst the goddesse self did stand,
Upon an altar of some costly masse,

Whoes substance was unceath to understand;

For neither precious stones, nor durefull brasse,

Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;

But yet more rare and pretious to esteeme,

Pure in aspect, and like to crytall glas;

Yet glas was not, if one did rightly deem;

But being faire and brittle, likest glas did seeme.

But

But it in shape and beauty did excell
All other idols which the heathen adore;
Faire passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with slender veile afore,
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whoes head and taile were
fast combined.

The cause why she was covered with a veile,
Was hard to know, for that her priest the same
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She fire and mother is herself alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and spoits and joves,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoes shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to angels playing heavenly toys;
The whilst their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their elder brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

And all about her altar scatter'd lay
Great sorts of lovers pitiuously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,
Some of their pride, some paragons disdaining,
Some fearing fraude, some fraudulently sayning;
As ever one had cause of good or ill.

§ 179. *Temple of Venus.*

THE temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the
mother,

There worshipped of every living wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That ever were on earth, all were they set to-
gether.

Not that same famous temple of Diane,
Whoes height all Ephesus did over-see,
And which all Asia sought with vows profane,
One of the world's seven wonders said to be,
Might match with this by many a degree:

Nor that, which that wise king of Jurie
framed,
With endless cost to be the Almighty's see;
Nor all that else through all the world is
named
To all the heathen gods, might like to this be
claimed.

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approacht, which open stood,
But therein sat an amiable dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a crown
She wore, much like unto a Danish hood;

Poudred with pearl and stone; and all her
gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low
adowne.

On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another,
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate.
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Than th' elder, and him mastered still in all
debate.

Nath'less that dame so well them tempred both,
That the them forced hand to join in hand,
Alike that Hatred was thereof full tock,
And turn'd his face away as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band,
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his iron tusks at that displeasing
fight.

Concord the cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship true;
They both hertwins, both born of heavenly seed,
And she herself likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her works divine did shew:
For strength, and wealth, and happiness she lends,
And strife, and war, and anger, does subdue:
Of little, much, of foes she maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
And all the world in state unmoved stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the aire, and hell them quite,
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
She is the cause of pleasure and delight,
And unto Venus grace the gate doth open
right.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
And odours rising from the altars flame;
Upon an hundred marble pillars round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and gir-
londs gay,
A thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strew'd with flowers
as rich as May.

An hundred altars round about were set,
All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
That with the steme thereof the temple sweet,
Which rould in cloudes, to heaven did aspire,
And in them bore true lovers vows entire:
And eke an hundred brazen cauldrops bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,

Every

Every which was to a damzell hight;
For all the priests were damzells, in soft linnen
dight.

§ 180. *Wrath.*

AFTER that varlet's sight, it was not long
Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guion spide
One in bright armes embattaill'd full strong,
That as the sunny beams doe glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seem'd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maitring spur he did him
roughly fire.

Approaching nigh he never staid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt so fierce, that underneath his feet
The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his steel-headed spear,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling thro' hasty rage, when choler in
him swell'd.

His russh raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rage yrent,
Thro' unadvised rashness woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement;
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent,
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless
haft!

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath;
Abhorred bloudshedd, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despiht, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief, the enemy of life;
And these and many evils more haunt ire,
The swelling spleene, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsy, and St. Francis' fire;
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly
tire.

SONNETS, by SMITH.

§ 181. *To the Moon.*

QUEEN of the silver bow! by thy pale beam,
Alone and pensive, I delight to stray,
And watch thy shadow trembling in the stream,
Or mark the floating clouds that cross thy
way.

And while I gaze, thy mild and placid light
Sheds a soft calm upon my troubled breast;
And oft I think—Fair planet of the night,
That in thy orb the wretched may have rest:
The sufferers of the earth perhaps may go
Releas'd by death—to thy benignant sphere,
And the sad children of despair and woe
Forget in thee, their cup of sorrow here.
O! that I soon may reach thy world serene,
Poor wearied pilgrim—in this toiling scene!

§ 182. *On the Departure of the Nightingale.*

SWEET poet of the woods—a long adieu!
Farewel, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the 'night's dull ear.'
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And the shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall still affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

§ 183. *Written at the Close of Spring.*

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flow'r which she had nurs'd in
dew,
Anemones, that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and hare-bell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths
again.—
Ah! poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flow'rs shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness—no second Spring?

§ 184. *Should the lone Wanderer.*

SHOULD the lone wanderer, fainting on his
way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding
flow'rs;
Weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose;
So have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the
Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come,
Her

Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

§ 185. *To Night.*

I LOVE thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, th' enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell th' embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sudden furies and the viewless wind.
Tho' no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee, cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom th' exhausted heart
Is calm, tho' wretched; hopeless, yet resign'd.
While to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach—tho' lost on earth—the ear of Heaven!

§ 186. *To Tranquillity.*

IN this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
How seldom art thou found—Tranquillity!
Unless 'tis when with mild and downcast eye
By the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
Of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
And bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie;
Or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
Where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
Where care and anguish shall their power resign;
Where hope alike and vain regret shall cease;
And Memory, lost in happiness serene,
Repeat no more—that misery has been mine!

§ 187. *Written in the Church Yard at Middleton in Suffex.*

PRESS'D by the Moon, mute arbitress of tides,
While the loud equinox its pow'r combines,
The sea no more its swelling surge confines;
But o'er the shrinking land sublimely rides.
The wild blast, rising from the Western cave,
Drives the huge billows from their heaving bed;
Tears from their grassy tombs the village dead,
And breaks the silent sabbath of the grave!
With shells and sea-weed mingled, on the shore,
Lp! their bones whiten in the frequent wave;
But vain to them the winds and waters rave;
They hear the warring elements no more:
While I am doom'd, by life's long storm oppress'd,
To gaze with envy on their gloomy rest.

§ 188. *Written at Penzance, in Autumn 1788.*

YE tow'rs sublime, deserted now and drear,
Ye woods, deep sighing to the hollow blast,
The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
While History points to all your glories past:
And startling from their haunts the timid Jeer,
To trace the walks obscur'd by matted fern,
Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
But where now clamours the discordant horn!
The spoiling hand of Time may overturn
These lofty battlements, and quite deface
The fading canvas whence we love to learn
Sydney's keen look, and Sacharissa's grace;
But fame and beauty still defy decay,
Sav'd by th' historic page, the poet's tender lay!

§ 189. *Elegy.*

DARK gathering clouds involve the threatening skies,
'The sea heaves conscious of th' impending gloom,
'Deep hollow murmurs from the cliffs arise;
'They come—the Spirits of the Tempest come!
'O! may such terrors mark th' approaching night
'As reign'd on that these streaming eyes deplore!
'Flash, ye red fires of heaven, with fatal light,
'And with conflicting winds, ye waters, roar!
'Loud and more loud ye foaming billows burst!
'Ye warring elements more fiercely rave!
'Till the wide waves o'erwhelm the spot accurst
'Where ruthless Avarice finds a quiet grave!

Thus with clasp'd hands, wild looks, and streaming hair,
While shrieks of horror broke her trembling speech,
A wretched maid, the victim of despair,
Survey'd the threatening storm and desert beach.

Then to the tomb where now the father slept
Whose rugged nature bade her sorrows flow,
Frantic she turn'd—and beat her breast and wept,
Invoking vengeance on the dust below.

'Lo! rising there above each humbler heap,
'Yon cypher'd stones his name and wealth reveal;
'late,
'Who gave his son, remorseless, to the deep,
'While I, his living victim, curse my fate.

'O my lost love! no tomb is plac'd for thee,
'That may to strangers' eyes thy worth impart;
'Thou hast no grave but in the stormy sea,
'And no memorial but this breaking heart.

'Forth to the world a widow'd wanderer
'driven,
'I pour to winds and waves th' unheeded tear,
'Try with vain effort to submit to heaven,
'And fruitless call on him "who cannot
'hear."

' O might I fondly clasp him once again,
' While o'er my head th' infuriate billows pour,
' Forget in death this agonizing pain,
' And feel his father's cruelty no more !

' Part, raging waters part, and shew beneath,
' In your dread caves, his pale and mangled form ;
' Now, while the demons of despair and death
' Ride on the blast, and urge the howling storm '
' Lo ! by the lightnings momentary blaze,
' I see him rise the whitening waves above,
' No longer such as when in happier days
' He gave th' enchanted hours—to me and love.

' Such as when daring the enchain'd sea,
' And courting dangerous toil, he often said,
' That every peril, one soft smile from me,
' One sigh of speechless tenderness, o'erpaid.
' But dead, disguis'd, while between the roar
' Of the loud waves his accents pierce mine ear,
' And seem to say—Ah, wretch ! delay no more,
' But come, unhappy mourner—meet me here.

' Yet powerful fancy bid the phantom stay,
' Still let me hear him !—'Tis already past ;
' Along the waves his shadow glides away,
' I lose his voice amid the deafening blast.
' Ah ! wild illusion, born of frantic pain !
' He hears not, comes not from his watery bed ;
' My tears, my anguish, my despair are vain,
' Th' infuriate ocean gives not up its dead.
' 'Tis not his voice ! Hark ! the deep thunders roll ;
' Upheaves the ground ; the rocky barriers fall ;
' Approach, ye horrors that delight my soul,
' Despair, and Death, and Desolation, hail !'

The ocean hears—th' embodied waters come,
Rise o'er the land, and with resistless sweep
Tear from its base the proud aggressor's tomb,
And bear the injur'd to eternal sleep !

§ 190. *Elegy to Pity.* ANON.

HAIL, lovely Pow'r ! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye,
When rigid Fate denies the pow'r to bless.
Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare :
Not dew drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.
Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.
Come, lovely nymph ! and range the mead with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
From secret snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And Nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us, slow wandering where the current flows,
Save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart ;
Teach me in Friendship's griefs to bear a share,
And justly boast the generous feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
To Misery's moving cries to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

§ 191. *Extract from a Poem on his own approaching Death,* by MICHAEL BRUCE.

NOW spring returns ; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known :
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' unconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams preface approaching fate ;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu !

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe ;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewel, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

§ 192.

§ 192. *Sonnet to Twilight.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

MEEK Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,
And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;
When o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
That gives to stillness, and to night, the groves.
Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail,
When, in the various blooms of light array'd,
She bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
And rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
Sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
Her choral melodies benignly rise,
Yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
At which her blossoms close, her music dies:
For then mild nature, while she droops her head,
Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

§ 193. *Sonnet to Expression.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

EXPRESSION, child of soul! I love to trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,
The painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,
And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace!
But from my frighted gaze thy form avert,
When horror chills thy tear, thy audent sigh,
When phrenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,
Oh guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart:
Nor ever let my shudd'ring fancy hear
The wailing groan, or view the pallid look
Of him the Muses lov'd, when hope forsook
His spirit, vainly to the Muses dear—
For charm'd with heavenly song, this bleeding breast
Mourns it could sharpen ill, and give despair no rest!

§ 194. *Sonnet to Hope.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

O, EVER skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart;
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom!
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.—
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with dear illusions charm'd my eye!
O strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die.
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

§ 195. *Sonnet to the Moon.*

MISS WILLIAMS.

THE glit'ring colours of the day are fled—
Come, melancholy orb! that dwell'st with
night,
Come! and o'er earth thy wand'ring lustre shed,
Thy deepest shadow and thy softest light.

To me congenial is the gloomy grove,
When with faint rays the sloping uplands shine;
That gloom, those pensive rays, alike I love,
Whole sadness seems in sympathy with mine!
But most for this, pale orb! thy light is dear,
For this, benignant orb! I hail thee most,
That while I pour the unavailing tear,
And mourn that hope to me, in youth is lost!
Thy light can visionary thoughts impart,
And lead the Muse to sooth a sull'ring heart.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

§ 196. *An Ode to the Duchess of Somerset.*
Written in 1750. SHENSTONE.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the Muse inspire!
O, peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!
Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some paunting, timorous hare pursue;
Does nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does the smooth, her lawns for you?
For you does echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry?
See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your savage bleed,
And with no random curies loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of cunning fauns ask support in vain!
But though the various harp oft gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gauze
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the redbreast's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Ashurst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.
Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the spring her flow'ry robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy peak,
The dappled mead without a smile.

O let a rural conscious Muse,
 For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
 Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
 And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 'tis fair.
 Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
 If haply from your haunts ye stray
 To waste with us a summer's day,
 Exclude the taste of ev'ry swain,
 Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
 'Tis nature only gives exclusive right
 To relish her supreme delight;
 She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
 Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.
 Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
 By her auspicious aid refin'd;
 Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
 Or humble hare-bell paints the plain,
 Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
 Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
 For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
 The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
 Even thistleless furze detains their wand'ring
 sight,
 And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
 delight.
 With what suspicious fearful care
 The sordid wretch secures his claim,
 If haply some luxurious heir
 Should alienate the fields that wear his
 What scruples lest some future birth [name!
 Should lictigate a span of earth!
 Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
 prose,
 The towering Muse endures not to disclose;
 Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
 More comprehensive and more free,
 Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.
 Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
 And be the solemn day enroll'd,
 When, to confirm his lofty plea,
 In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
 The grave Venetian weds the sea:
 Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
 Even Adria scorns the mock
 To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
 Allotted, fro' his natal hour,
 With all her myrtle shores in dow'r.
 His breast to admiration prone
 Enjoys the smile upon her face,
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own.
 Fatigued with form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great;
 When, cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell?
 When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
 Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon thro'le chaunt the rising year?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains?

Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of pow'r, unknown to half-man-
 kind?

Ah, can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires:
 While, studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swain's inglorious day:
 Pleas'd from the flow'ry margin to survey
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides
 away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
 Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
 On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
 And ev'ry Muse, prophetic smil'd,
 Not that the poet's boasted fire
 Should fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
 Or on the music of his lyre
 Each future age with rapture dwell;
 Tho' vaunted sweets of praise remove,
 Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
 In all that glads the human heart;
 Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
 All nature's charms immense, and heaven's un-
 bounded love.

And, O! the transport most allied to song,
 In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
 To catch soft hints from nature's tongue,
 And bid Arcadia bloom around:
 Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
 Or smooth below the verdant mead;
 Whether we break the falling rill,
 Or through meandering mazes lead;
 Or in the horrid bramble's room
 Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
 Or let some shelter'd lake serene
 Reflect flow'rs, woods, and spires, and brighten
 all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
 O beauties never known to cloy!
 While worth and genius haunt the favour'd
 bow'r,
 And ev'ry gentle breast partakes the joy!
 While charity at eve surveys the swain
 Enabled by these toils to cheer
 A train of helpless infants dear,
 Speed whistling home across the plain;
 See vagrant luxury, her handmaid grown,
 For half her graceless deeds atone,
 And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with
 her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
 Of soft, unocial toils, of indolence and shame?
 Search but the garden or the wood,
 Let yon admir'd carnation own,
 Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
 Not all for needful use alone;

There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
Tis colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the
smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?

Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?

Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?

For sustenance alone? for use?

For preservation? Ev'ry sphere

Shall bid fair pleasure's rightful claim appear.

And sure there seem, of human kind,

Some born to shun the solemn strife;

Some for amusive tasks design'd,

To soothe the certain ills of life;

Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,

New founts of bliss disclose,

Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view

Of rural nature's blooming face,

Smit by the glare of rank and place,

To courts the sons of fancy flew;

There long had art ordain'd a rival seat;

There had she lavish'd all her care

To form a scene more dazzling fair,

And call'd them from their green retreat

To share her proud control;

Had given the robe with grace to flow,

Had taught exotic gems to glow;

And, emulous of nature's pow'r,

Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flow'r;

Chang'd the complexion's native hue,

Moulded each rustic limb anew,

And warp'd the very soul.

Awile her magic strikes the novel eye,

Awile the fairy forms delight;

And now aloof we seem to fly

On purple pinions through a purer sky,

Where all is wondrous, all is bright:

Now landed on some spangled shore

Awile each dazzled maniac roves

By sapphire lakes, through emerald groves.

Paternal acres please no more;

Adieu, the simple, the sincere delight.

Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,

The rural herds, the vernal gale,

The tangled vetch's purple bloom,

The fragrance of the bean's perfume,

Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,

And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread
of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away!

'Tis nature only, bears perpetual sway.

We pierce the counterfeited delight,

Fatigued with splendor's sicksome beams.

Fancy again demands the fight

Of native groves and wonted streams, [eyes,

Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful

Where truth maintains her court, and banishes
disguise.

Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,

With nature here high converse hold;

For who like Stamford her delights admire,

Like Stamford shall with scorn behold

Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;

Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,

Shall see fair truth, immortal maid,

Friendship in artless guise array'd,

Honour and moral beauty shine

With more attractive charms, with radiance more
divine.

Yes, here alone did highest heaven ordain

The lasting magazine of charms,

Whatever wins, whatever warms,

Whatever fancy seeks to share,

The great, the various, and the fair,

For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—

Or whence the joy 'mid columns, tow'rs,

'Midst all the city's artful trim,

To rear some breathless vapid flow'rs,

Or shrubs fuliginously grim:

From rooms of silken foliage vain,

To trace the dun far distant grove,

Where, smit with undissembled pain,

The wood-lark mourns her absent love,

Borne to the dusty town from native air,

To mimic rural life, and sooth some vapour'd
fair.

But how must faithless art prevail,

Should all who taste our joy sincere,

To virtue, truth, or science dear,

Forego a court's alluring pale,

For dimpled brook and leafy grove,

For that rich luxury of thought they love!

Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires

Example for its giddy bands:

From these impartial heaven demands

To spread the flame itself inspires;

To sift opinion's mingled mafs,

Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they,

Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone

Round the gay precincts of a throne,

With mild effective beams!

Who bands of fair ideas bring,

By solemn grot, or shady spring,

To join their pleasing dreams!

Whom is the rural bliss without alloy,

This only that deserve, enjoy.

What tho' nor *Naiads* haunt their grove,

Nor *Naiad* near their fountain rove,

Yet all embodied to the mental sight,

A train of smiling virtues bright

Shall there the wife retreat allow,

Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wan-
derer's brow.

And though, by faithless friends alarm'd,

Art have with nature wag'd presumptuous war;

By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,

In whom their gifts united shine,

No longer shall their counsels jar,

'Tis hers to meditate the peace:

Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck men,

The rebel seeks her lawful queen,

And havoc and contention cease.

I see the rival pow'rs combine,

And aid each other's fair design;

r 4 Nature

Nature exalt the mound where art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while nature paints the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strept horn!

Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane!
Unless her candour not exclude

The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural crier,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

§ 197. *The Bastard.* SAVAGE.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began:
Blest be the Bastard's birth! through wondrous ways

He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
He lives to build, not boast, a generous race:
No tenth transfixer of a foolish face.
His daring hope no fire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sovereign choice controul,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own.

O Mother, yet no Mother! 'tis to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from fear,
And launch'd me into life without a bar.

What had I lost in conjugality kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to slight,
And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
You had faint drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
And uncaring spirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state;
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumbering in a seat by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away,
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay flutt'ring hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, through conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom how to balance will,
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way,
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress,
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?
Few are my joys; alas, how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall;
Yet thou repeat'st and multipli'st them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er,
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall;
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me, through Pity's eye condemn'd to see!
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows, one day,

What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
Both happy, generous, candid, and below'd;
He might have sav'd some worth now doom'd to fall;
And I perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance, always vain!
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not thine to snatch some pow'ful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death, to live in pain?
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not—what blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother miscall'd, farewell!—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by, to you I owe'd;
Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!

QUEEN

QUEEN of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

§ 198. *On the Recovery of a Lady of Quality from the Small-Pox.* SAVAGE.

LONG a lov'd fair had blest'd her consort's
fight

With amorous pride, and undisturb'd delight;
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He summons each disease!—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire distortions, strike his view!
From various plagues, which various natures
know,

Forth rushes beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the missile mischief flies,
The sanguine streams in raging ferments rise!
It drives, ignipotent, through every vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain!
Now a chill damp the charmer's lustre dims!
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor swims!
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inspire,
Like setting stars, scarce shoot a glimmering fire.

Here stands her consort, sore with anguish
press'd,

Grief in his eye, and terror in his breast.
The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay.
While these revolve, tho' mute each Muse ap-
pears,

Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus listening bends,
On the ninth noon each voice in prayer ascends—
Great God of light, of song, and physic's art,
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart!
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thine own bounty's almost rival'd there.

Each paus'd: the god assents. Would Death
advance?

Phœbus unseen arrests that threatening lance!
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quickening earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And art inspir'd with all her patron glows.
The charmer's opening eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast enlivening feels.
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with reclin'd fire.
As Health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

§ 199. *Ode to Pity.* COLLINS.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,

And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unfated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Aëon too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shewn:
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Pity's toil shall well relate
How chance, or hard involving fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

§ 200. *Ode to Fear.* COLLINS.

THOU, from the world unknown
With all its madd'ning maps is shewn;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.

I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly;
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the rigid steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep;
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:

And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its pow'r to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left awhile o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen †
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering pow'r inspir'd each mournful line;

Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary length hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou throw in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark pow'r, with shuddering meek submitted thought,

Be mine, to read the visions old, † *scam'd*
Which thy awakening hands have reld.

And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'eraw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad;
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou, whose spirit most possess'd
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel;
His cypress wreath my meed decree;
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

* Æschylus.

§ 201. Ode to Simplicity.

COLLINS.

O THOU, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong:
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the pow'rs of song!

Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and p'rgant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,

O chaste, unobscured nymph, to thee I call!

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lost wee,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephissus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wand'ings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamell'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future sect.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flow'rs that sweetest breathe,
Though beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bow'r,
The passions own thy pow'r,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrive,
Nor olive mead, nor vine,

Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.
Though taste, though genius bless
To some divine excess,

Faint's the cold work till thou inspire the whole.
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale;
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

§ 202. Ode on the Poetical Character. COLLINS.

AS once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted Bard

† Jessica.

(Him

(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest'd),
One, only one unrivall'd fair,
My hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tourney hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye:
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the-starting
band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in heaven,
The cest of amplest pow'r is given,
To few the godlike gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her
flame.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing earth,
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main engirring all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, fate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whites, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she from out the veiling cloud
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born.
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the faintest growing woof:
But near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarbol's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind,
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted pow'rs,
Who feed on heaven's ambrosial flow'rs.
Where is the Bard whose soul can now
• Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff to heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude accets, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock;
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.

I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which a Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh sphe'd in heaven its native strains could
hear:
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was
hung:
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven and Fancy, kindred pow'rs,
Have now o'ertum'd th' inspiring bow'rs,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future
view.

§ 203. *Ode. Written in the year 1746.*
COLLINS.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

§ 204. *Ode to Mercy.* COLLINS.

STROPHE.

○ THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many
a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our ills his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;

Thy tender melting eyes they own :
 O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shewn,
 Where Justice bars her iron tow'r,
 To thee we build a roseate bow'r,
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our
 monarch's throne !

§ 205. *Ode to Liberty.*

COLLINS.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fire,
 And call in solemn sounds to life
 The youths whose locks divinely spreading,
 Like vernal hyacinths in fullen hue,
 At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
 Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view !
 What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
 Shall sing the sword in myrtles drest,
 At Wisdom's shrine awhile its flame concealing
 (What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd ?)
 Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing
 It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted
 wound !

O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
 When most its sounds would court thy ears,
 Let not my shell's misgarded pow'r
 E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
 No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
 How Rome, before thy face,
 With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
 Push'd by a wild and artless race,
 From off its wide ambitious base,
 When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
 And all the blended work of strength and grace,
 With many a rude repeated stroke,
 And many a barbarous yell, to thousand frag-
 ments broke.

EPODE.

Yet, ev'n where'er the least appear'd,
 Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd ;
 Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
 Some remnants of her strength were found ;
 They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
 How wondrous rose her perfect form ;
 How in the great, the labour'd wif-
 Each mighty master pour'd his soul ;
 For sunny Florence, seat of art,
 Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
 Till they whom science lov'd to name
 (O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.

And, lo, an humbler relic laid
 In jealous Pisa's olive shade !
 See small Marino joins the theme,
 Though least, not last in thy esteem ;
 Strike, louder strike, th' ennobling strings
 To those whose merchant sons were kings :
 To him who, deck'd with pearly pride,
 In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride :
 Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
 Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure :
 Nor e'er her former pride relate,
 To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
 Ah, no ! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek
 On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak
 (Where when the favour'd of thy choice,
 The daring archer, heard thy voice ;
 Forth from his eyric rous'd in dread,
 The ravening eagle northward fled) :
 Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
 With those ' to whom thy stork is dear ;
 Those whom the rod of Alva bruise'd,
 Whose crown a British queen refus'd !
 The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
 One holier name alone remains :
 The perfect spell shall then avail,
 Hail, Nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail !

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
 The works the wizard Time has wrought,
 The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
 Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand †,
 No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
 He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
 To the blown Baltic then, they say,
 The wild waves found another way,
 Where Orcahowls, his wolfish mountains round-
 ing ;
 Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
 A wide wild storm ev'n Nature's self confounding,
 Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth
 surprise,
 This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
 By winds and inward labours torn,
 In thunders dread was push'd aside,
 And down the shouldering billows borne.
 And see, like gems, her laughing train,
 The little isles on every side,
 Mona ‡, once hid from those who search the main
 Where thousand elfin shapes abide
 And Wight who checks the westering tide,

* The Dutch, among whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

† This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

‡ There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a Mermaid becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horror and surprise at her appearance. This, however, was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wiccked upon its cliffs.

For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride :
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last
abode.

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddets, stood !
There oft the painted natives feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet :
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place ;
Whether the fiery-trail'd Dane,
Or Roman's self o'er-turn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided cloud that lies,
Paving the light embroider'd sky :
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consoled Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold
What never tongue or numbers told ?
How learn, delighted and amaz'd ?
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd ?
Ev'n now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise !
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design ;
The secret builder knew to choose
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues :
Whate'er heaven's purer model contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins ;
There on the walls the Patriot's fight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye laurels divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand !
Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain :
Concord, whose myrtle wand can sleep
Ev'n Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep :
Before whose breathing bosom's balm
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm ;
Her let our fires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore ;
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair ;
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around—
O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west !

§ 206. *Ode to a Lady, on the Death of Colonel Charles Ross, in the Action at Fontenoy. Written in May 1745.* COLLINS.

WHILE, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day ;
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May ;

The thoughts which musing pity paves,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend :
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave,
His country's vows shall bless the grave
Where'er the youth is laid :
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aerial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head ;
And, fallen to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed !

The warlike dead of every age,
Who till the fair recording page,
Shall leave the faintest rest :
And, half reclining on his spear,
Each wond'ring chief by turns appear,
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight :
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And with th' avenging fight.

But, lo ! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
In Freedom lies !
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd :
Till William seek the sad retreat,
And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the fated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart
To dry thy constant tear ;
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near :

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep :

Ev'n humble Harting's cottag'd vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
 And bid her shepherds weep.

§ 207. *Ode to Evening.* COLLINS.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales;

Onymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wary bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing thro' thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
 with sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew; and, lovelier still,
 The passive pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
 Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods;

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his show'rs, as oft he
 wout,

And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name!

§ 208. *Ode to Peace.* COLLINS.

O THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought'st thy native skies:
 When war, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn:
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes upbind!
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train:
 The British lion, Goddess's sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike Honour led!
 And, while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed!

§ 209. *The Manners. An Ode.* COLLINS.

FAREWEL, for clearer ken design'd;
 The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
 Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
 My silent search in vain requir'd!
 No more my sail that deep explores,
 No more I search those magic shores,
 What regions part the world of soul,
 Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
 If e'er I round such fairy field,
 Some pow'r impart the spear and shield,
 At which the wizard passions fly,
 By which the giant follies die!

Farewel the porch, whose roof is seen
 Arch'd with th'enlivening olive's green:
 Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
 By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
 Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
 To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated sight
 Thy walks, Observance, more invite!
 O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
 Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
 And, with her mingled sons allied,
 Throw'st the prattling page aside:
 To me in converse sweet impart
 To read in man the native heart,
 To learn where Science sure is found,
 From Nature as she lives around:
 And gazing oft, her mirror true
 By turns each shifting image view!
 Till meddling Art's officious lore
 Reverse the lessons taught before,
 Alluring from a safer rule,
 To dream in her enchanted school;

Thou,

Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Had bless'd this social science most.

Retiring hence to thoughtless cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the cheerful task,
~~In~~ pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise;
White, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-rob'd maids combin'd,
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now the views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the passions nurs'd, I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
Me-too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-eyed healthful Wit
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side.

By old Miletus*, who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song;
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him† whose knight's distinguish'd name
Relin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat;
Or him‡, whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her fire betray'd:

O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

§ 210. *The Passions. An Ode for Music.*
COLLINS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece the song,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,

And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive pow'r.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret sting,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
down,

And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.

And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
tween,

Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien;
While each in'd ball of sight seem'd bursting
from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state!
Of disfering themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd
on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure
stole,

* Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances,

† Cervantes.

‡ Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in
year 1745.

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an aspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
 The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed
 Satyrs and sylvan boys, were seen [queen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the
 strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
 O Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
 You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recal what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale;
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Ev'n all at once together found
 Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
 O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

§ 211. *An Epistle addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer,
 on his Edition of Shakspeare's Works.*

COLLINS.

WHILE, born to bring the Muse's happier
 days,
 A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;

While, nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
 Green and unwither'd, o'er his honour'd tomb:
 Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
 What secret transports in her bosom swell:
 With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
 And blushing hides her wreath at Shakspeare's
 name.

Hard was the lot those injur'd streams endur'd,
 Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd:
 Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
 A fix'd despair in every tuneful breast.
 Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
 When wint'ry winds deform the plenteous year;
 When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
 Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
 Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
 The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
 And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
 Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes im-
 part

Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
 Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's reign,
 A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
 With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
 Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.

To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
 The comic sisters keep their native ease.
 With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
 Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
 But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
 Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain;
 Ilyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil
 Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' un-
 friendly soil.

As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
 Goths, Priests, or Vandals—all were learning's foes.
 Till † Julius first recall'd each exil'd maid,
 And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade.
 Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
 The soft Provençal pass'd to Arno's stream:
 With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
 Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung:
 The gay description could not fail to move;
 For, led by nature, all are friends to love.

But heaven, still various in its works, decreed
 The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
 The beauteous union must appear at length
 Of Tuscan fancy and Athenian strengh.
 One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
 And ev'n a Shakspeare to her fame be born!

Yet, ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
 In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
 No second growth the western isle could bear,
 At once exhausted with too rich a year.
 Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
 Nature in him was almost lost in Art.
 Of softer mold the gentle Fletcher came,
 The next in order, as the next in name.
 With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
 Each glowing thought that warms the female
 mind;

* The Oedipus of Sophocles.

† Julius II. the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakspeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrivall'd picture of his early hand.

With † gradual steps, and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance;
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.
Till late Corneille, with † Lucan's spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd:
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.

But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call, I view with glad surprize
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall
bleed,

In life's last hours, with horror of the deed:
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent;
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive
spear.

Where'er we turn, by fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.

O, more than all in powerful genius bled,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds th's youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O, bright, some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Nature to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might rise from every
page!

What other Raphaels charm a distant age!
Methinks ev'n now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.

—And see, where § Anthony, in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points th' bleeding wound.

But || who is he whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall,
(So heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, midst the plaintive train,
Hang on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while pity melts the eyes.

Thus, generous Critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires;
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fan tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to nature, own thy forming hand.

So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole
unknown,
Ev'n Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone;
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When, rais'd by fate, some former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the Poet's name.

§ 212. *Dirge in Cymbeline, sung by Guiderius and
Imogen over Fidele, supposed to be dead.*
COLLINS.

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grave;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

* The characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

† About the time of Shakspeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

‡ The favourite author of the elder Corneille.

§ See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

|| Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's Dialogue on the Odyssey. When

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

213. *Ode on the Death of Mr. Thomson.*

COLLINS.

The Scene of the following Stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall dutious rise,
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!
In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.
Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.
Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!
And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening † spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep:
But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!
Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.
But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!
And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!
‡ The genial meads assign'd to blest
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.
Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:

And vales, and wild woods, shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

§ 214. *Verses written on a Paper which contained a piece of Bride-Cake.* COLLINS.

YE curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,

With virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for love and pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic pow'r,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mix'd in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytheria's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,

The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent;
Denials mild, and hint unalter'd truth.

Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward God! hath sworn, while these remain,

With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear;
And cheerful hope, so oft invoc'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall sooth his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O much entreated leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,

Consents at length to bring me short delight;
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away;
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

§ 215. *To a Mouse, on turning her up in her nest with the Plough, November 1785.* BURNS.

WEE, sleekit, cowin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!

Thou need na start awa fae hasty,

Wi' bickering brattle!

I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,

Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion

Has broken nature's social union,

An' justifies that ill opinion,

Which makes thee startle

At me, thy poor earth-born companion,*

An' fellow-mortal!

* The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

† Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

‡ Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then ' poor beastie, thou maun live!
A diamen-icker in a thrave

'S a sna' request;
I'll get a bleffin wi' the lave,
An' never mis't!

Thy wee bit *bouffe*, too, in ruin!
Its filly wa's the wins are strewin;
An' naething, now, to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's wind, enfuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the field laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel *coulter* past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' fibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Music, thou art no thy lane,
In proving *fact* may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But, Och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospect's drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

§ 216. *To a Mountain Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough, in April 1786.* BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet
Th' Jopie *lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat!
Wi' Greek'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods an' wa's maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,

Adorns the hislie *fibble-field*,
Unseen, alone.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* up tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet *floweret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent love*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And overwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

§ 217. *An Epistle to Thomas Lambard, Esq.* FENTON.

"omnis me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in
"amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia; cum lepos, humanitas,
"literae." CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xl.

SLOW though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!
Meantime, intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind,
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapp'd in ease;
Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious
thought,

In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flow'ry heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,

Whose

Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
 And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
 As wearied hinds accute the lingering sun,
 And heirs impatient wait for twenty-one:
 So dull to Horace did the moments glide,
 Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
 To combat vice, and follies to expose;
 In easy numbers near allied to prose:
 Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing,
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his tongue.
 With such a graceful negligence express'd,
 Wit, thus applied, will ever stand the test:
 But he who blindly led by whimsy strays,
 And from gross images would merit praise,
 When Nature sets the noblest stones in view,
 Afflicts to polish copper in Peru:
 So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
 The saltusks of their waves offend the taste:
 But, when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
 In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
 Revive the fainting flow'rs, and swell the
 meager grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
 Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
 Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime,
 In picking epithets, and joking rhyme)
 To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
 And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
 Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
 Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
 And Death perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
 Unkindly cut an Alexandrine throat:
 His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
 For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
 Should list of verse prevail, and urge the man
 To run the trifling race the boy began,
 Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
 My circle end in second infancy.
 I might ere long an awkward humour have,
 To wear my bells and coral to the grave;
 Or round my room alternate take a course,
 Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse.
 Let others wisher grieve, but I'd appear
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;
 Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
 Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our ripper age affords
 Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
 To make his hours in even measures flow,
 Nor think some feet too fast, and some too slow;
 Still equal in himself, and free to taste
 The Now, without repining at the Past;
 Nor the vain pretence of the spleen to employ,
 To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
 To live tenacious of the golden mean,
 In all events of various fate serene;
 With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
 Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay—
 These arts, my Lombard! useful in their end,
 Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
 In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys;
 With books and paternal plenty blest,
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
 Nor the gay scintille of courts enthral,
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
 With a false cringe or undermining smile;
 His manners pure, from affectation free,
 And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
 Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
 Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
 And innocence the want of down supplies;
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
 Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
 Himself unseen he sees the labouring crowd,
 Where all industrious to their ruin run,
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
 Some, by the sordid thirst of gain control'd,
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for
 gold,

Preserve the precious bane with anxious care
 In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
 Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
 To swear in purple, and repine in state;
 Devote their pow'rs to every wild extreme
 For the short pageant of a poisonous dream:
 Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring;
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
 Which open'd fair and flourish'd in the shade:
 So while the Night her ebony sceptre sways,
 Her fragrant blossoms the Indian plant displays;
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties thum,
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
 And tempt the man to make the rash career.
 Fame, Pow'r, and Wealth, which glitter at the goal,
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul;
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
 For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!
 Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
 And grey experience (but too late!) prevails.
 But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
 When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
 When joy and blusky youth forsake his face,
 Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace:
 No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
 Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
 To him what healing balm can art apply,
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die!
 In that last scene, by Fate in fables dress'd,
 Thy power, triumphant Virtue! is confess'd;
 Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
 Through Death's dark vale, and vanquish total
 night;
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
 When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
 Such, happy Twicken! (ever be thy name
 Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)

While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own :
So cassia bruin'd exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd impart,
By too much varnish, or by want of art ;
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold encas'd.
Voces to th' unletter'd 'quire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough :
But arts, address, and force of genius, join
To make a Hamner in the senate shine.
Yet one preiding pow'r in every breast
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest ;
And they who study and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design or sel,
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.
Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
But shall I trust him to reform my creed ?
In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
Fix Love's bright throne in Terantula's face,
With which her faultless shape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, she strives to repare ;
And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
Left Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Ensure a gadgeon, or sometimes a trout :
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite !)
He fish'—because the man attempts to write.
O, if the Water-nymphs were kind to none
But those the Muses bathe in Helicon,
In what far distant age would Belgia raise
One happy wit to net the British fish !

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all :
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flow'rs spontaneous crown the smiling year ;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raise the jasmine or the coy *jasmin* ?
Who finds the peach among the savage slopes,
Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose ?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
Proud to survey the seas her pow'r defends ;
Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
Secure of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear ;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd ;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow ;
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part ;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall ;
Or leave his problems for a birth-right ball ;
Should the rough homicide unheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men ;
Should the soft sop forsake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms ;

Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse ?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
To fish my fancy with ; but looth, to say !
From her Apollo now the Muse clothes,
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.
Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear ;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear :
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue :
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgess on his tripod pr'd the more,
When round him half the joints began to snore.

To lead us safe through Error's thorny maze,
Reason excites her pure ethereal rays ;
But that big it daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active pow'rs to rest ;
Though on that magazine no fever seize,
To caluminate all her beautiful images :
Yet banish'd from the realm by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne :
Or, to know'n good press, in specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will ;
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way ;
And in life's voyage like the pilot faces
Who breaks the compass, and confounds the stars.
To steer by meteors which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues :
And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own.
The boldest they who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
Villain, said Zero to his pilfering slave,
What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave ;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust ?
Sir, blame the stars, felonious culprit cried :
We'll by the statue of the stars be tried.
If their strong influence on our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge :

The bandle must obey the Fates' decree,
As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee.

This heaven logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmless modern bard :
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read !
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkeys draw their pedigree from man ;
To which (tho' by the breed our kind is disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste :
But in their own defence the wits observe
That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve ;

Their patron-planet, with resistless pow'r,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat
For which the college has no sister receipt;
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's smooth insinuating bang:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And Reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's magic mists suffuse the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror shows perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
Though praise to venom turns, if wrong applied.
Me thus she whispers while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review!
"Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
"Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays:
"Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
"Such as the son of Æchæus^{*} sung at Troy;
"When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd
"To emulate the gods he prais'd.
"Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
"At fam'd Blaraginia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
"By France the genius of the fight confess'd,
"For which our patron saint adorns his breast."

Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who sell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O man prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.

But most among the brethren of the bays
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the sly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior would ex-
plode:

Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!
He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And, courteous, with increase the debt repays:

Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both ravish'd sing 'Tc Phœbum for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels! boy, bespeak the press.
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To † Brisquet's calendar, a rubric ass.

Few, wondrous few! are eagle-eyed to find
A plain disease or blemish in the mind:
Few can, tho' wisdom should their health in-
sure,

Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth diffus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We fate the happy desire of every sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit;
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Punilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of bravn;
I scarcely think his picture would have pow'r
To make him fight the champions of the Tow'r;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But vet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Punilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the stare, or give the stamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
Th' aerial songsters list'ning to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confess'd her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his ^{own} tricks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the
grove.

Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Low'ring his crest he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectress there reveals the case,
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus replied the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:

My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species has peculiar gifts assign'd:
The tow'ring eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a legal right;
The swail, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state;
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir,
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratified th' unchanging will of Jove:
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.

* Iliad ix.

† Brisquet, jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

§ 218. *An Ode to the Right Honourable Lord JOHN GOWER. Written in the Spring of 1716.*
FENTON.

Q'ER Winter's long inclement sway
At length the lustrous Spring prevails;
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy hours,
And damasking the ground with flow'rs,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign
For me, the meanest of your train,
Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat:
Where Horace wantons at your springs,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string;
Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides,
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:

Thither, indulgent to my pray'r,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs, repair,
To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So, with inspiring ardours warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the Pole, on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Maids, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan gauls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor-crofs shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours, that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train,
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:

There, secret in her sapphire cell,
He with the Naiads wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine to grow,
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind Opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep Fame, Pow'r, and Wealth away:
The past is all by Death possess'd;
And frugal Fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space
What breath the pow'rs allot to me,
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United and complete in thee.
O flow'r of ancient English faith,
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father thone:
The light his fair example gives
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are hear'd,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse, the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a wider space.

§ 219. *An Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.*
LANDSDowne.

AS when some image of a charming face,
In living paint, an artist tries to trace,
He carefully consults each beautiful line,
Adjusting to his object his design;
We praise the piece, and give the painter fame,
But as the bright resemblance speaks the dame:
Poets are limners of another kind,
To copy out ideas in the mind;
Words are the paint by which their thoughts are
shewn,

And Nature is their object to be drawn;
The written picture we applaud or blame
But as the just proportions are the same.
Who, driven with ungovernable fire,
Or void of art, beyond these bounds aspire,
Gigantic forms and monstrous births alone
Produce, which Nature shock'd disdains to own.
By true reflection I would see my face,
Why brings the fool a magnifying glass?

"But poetry in fiction takes delight,
"And mounting in bold figures out of sight,
"Leaves Truth behind in her audacious flight:
"Fables and metaphors, that always lye,
"And rash hyperboles that soar so high,
"And ev'ry ornament of verse must die."

Mistake me not: no figures I exclude,
And but forbid intemperance, not food.
Who would with care some happy fiction frame,
So mimics truth, it looks the very same;

Not rais'd to force, or feign'd in Nature's scorn,
 But meant to grace, illustrate, and adorn.
 Important truths still let your fables hold,
 And moral mysteries with art unfold:
 Ladies and beaux to please, is all the task;
 But the sharp critic will instruction ask.
 As veils transparent cover, but not hide,
 Such metaphors appear, when right applied;
 When through the phrase we plainly see the sense,
 Truth with such obvious meanings will dispense.
 The reader what in reason's due believes,
 Nor can we call that false which not deceives:
 Hyperbols so daring and so bold,
 Disclaiming bounds, are yet by rules controul'd;
 Above the clouds, but yet within our sight,
 They mount with Truth, and make a towering
 Presenting things impossible to view, [flight,
 They wander through incredible to true:
 Falsehoods thus mix'd like metals are refin'd;
 And truth, like silver, leaves the dross behind.
 Thus Poetry has ample space to soar,
 Nor needs the sudden regions to explore;
 Such vaunts as his voice can with patience read,
 Who thus describes his hero when he's dead—
 "In heat of action slain, yet seems to fall,
 "But still maintains the war, and fights at—All!"
 The noisy culverin, o'er-charg'd, lets fly,
 And bursts, unaiming, in the rended sky;
 Such frantic flights are like a madman's dream,
 And Nature suffers in the wild extreme.
 The captive cannibal, oppress'd with chains,
 Yet braves his foes, reviles, provokes, disdains;
 Of nature fierce, untameable, and proud,
 He bids defiance to the gaping crowd;
 And spent at last, and speechless, as he lies,
 With fiery glances mocks their rage, and dies.
 This is the utmost stretch that Nature can,
 And all beyond is fulsome, false, and vain.
 The Roman wit, who impiously divides
 His hero and his gods to different sides,
 I would condemn, but that, in spite of sense,
 'Th'admiring world still stands in his defence:
 The gods permitting traitors to succeed,
 Become not parties in an impious deed;
 And, by the tyrant's murder, we may find
 That Cato and the gods were of a mind.
 Thus forcing truth with such prepos'trous praise,
 Our characters we lessen when we'd raise;
 Like castles built by magic art in air,
 That vanish at approach, such thoughts appear;
 But, rais'd on truth by some judicious hand,
 As on a rock they shall for ages stand.
 Our king return'd, and banish'd peace restor'd,
 The Muse ran mad to see her exil'd lord;
 On the crack'd stage the Bedlam heroes roar'd,
 And scarce could speak one reasonable word:
 Dryden himself, to please a frantic age,
 Was forc'd to let his judgment stoop to rage;
 To a wild audience he conform'd his voice,
 Complied to custom, but not err'd through choice.
 Deem then the people's, not the writer's sin,
 Almanzor's rage, and rants of Maximin;

That fury spent in each elaborate piece,
 He vies for fame with ancient Rome and Greece.
 Roscommon first, then Mulgrave rose, like light,
 To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
 With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
 They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.
 The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
 Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide;
 Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
 May from their lessons learn the road to fame;
 But let the bold adventurer be sure
 That ev'ry line the test of truth endure;
 On this foundation may the fabric rise
 Firm and unshaken, till it touch the skies.
 From pulpits banish'd, from the court, from love,
 Abandon'd Truth seeks shelter in the grove;
 Cherish'd, ye Muses, the forsaken fair,
 And take into your train this beautiful wanderer.

§ 220. To Mr. Spence, prefixed to the Essay on
 Pope's Oassity. P111.

'TIS done—restor'd by thy immortal pen,
 The critic's noble name revives again;
 Once more that great, that injur'd name we see
 Shine forth alike in Addition and thee.
 Like curs, our critics haunt the poet's feast,
 And feed on scraps refus'd by ev'ry guest;
 From the old Thracian dog they learn'd the way
 To snarl in want, and grumble o'er their prey.
 As though they gudge'd themselves the joys they
 feel,
 Vex'd to be charm'd, and pleas'd against their will.
 Such their inverted taste, that we expect
 For faults their thanks, for beauties their neglect;
 So the full snake rejects the fragrant flow'rs,
 In ev'ry poison of the field devours.
 Like bold Longinus of immortal fame,
 You read your poet with a poet's flame;
 With his, your generous raptures still aspire;
 The critic kindles when the bard's on fire.
 But when some lame, some limping line demands
 The friendly succour of your healing hands;
 The feather of your pen drops balm around,
 And plays, and tickles, while it cures the wound.
 While Pope's immortal labour we survey,
 We stand all dazzled with excess of day,
 Blind with the glorious blaze—to vulgar sight
 'Twas one bright mass of undistinguish'd light;
 But, like the towering eagle, you alone
 Discern'd the spots and splendors of the sun.
 To point out faults, yet never to offend;
 To play the critic, yet preserve the friend;
 A life well spent, that never lost a day;
 An easy spirit, innocently gay;
 A strict integrity, devoid of art;
 The sweetest manners, and sincerest heart;
 A soul, where depth of sense and fancy meet;
 A judgment brighten'd by the beams of wit—
 Were ever yours: be what you were before,
 Be still yourself; the world can ask no more.

§ 221. *On Freedom. Written at an Inn.*

TO thee, fair Freedom ! I retire
From flattery, cards and dice, and din ;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless pow'r I reign ;
And ev'ry health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaign ;
Such Freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
I fly from falsehood's specious grin ;
Freedom I love, and form I hate ;
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter ! take my fordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win ;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been ;
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

§ 222. *The Pious Sailor. An Ode.*

THIS man whose heart from vice is clear,
Whose deeds are honest, true, sincere,
Whom God and virtue guide ;
With cautious circumspection wise,
The dang'rous wrecks of life defies,
And stems the mighty tide.

He hears the storms of fortune rise,
In adverse combat midst the skies,
But hears without dismay ;
His pilot, God, the vessel guides,
And o'er the steady helm presides,
And points the destin'd way.

In vain the Syrens tune the song
With treach'rous music's luring tongue ;
He still maintains his road :
In vain they glance their beck'ning guiles,
Destructive charms, and wanton wiles ;
His soul is fix'd—on God.

At length he kens the promis'd land,
And hails aloud the wish'd for strand,
With heavenly joy possest ;
And 'midst the plenty of his store,
His labour past, his toil no more,
Enjoys the port of rest.

§ 223. *The Enquiry. Written in the last Century.*

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
" Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
" Where may I find my shepherdess ?"
" Thou fool, said Love, know'st thou not this ?"
" In ev'ry thing that's good, she is ;
" In yonder tulip go and seek,
" There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek ;
" In yond enamell'd pansy by,
" There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
" In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
" There weave the streamers of her blood ;
" In brightest lilies that there stand,
" The emblems of her whiter hand ;
" In yonder rising hill there smell
" Such sweets as in her bosom dwell :
" 'Tis true," said he. And thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union ;
But on a sudden all was gone.
With that I stop'd. Said Love, " These be,
" Fond man, resemblances of thee ;
" And as these flow'rs thy joys shall die,
" E'en in the twinkling of an eye ;
" And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
" Like these short sweets that knit together."

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN VERSE.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

CONSISTING OF

LUDICROUS Poems, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Odes, Classical Songs, Ballads,
Prologues and Epilogues, and various other little Pieces calculated for Re-
creation.

§ 1. *The drowning History of John Gilpin; first, as
he went further than he intended, and came
safe home again.*
COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
Thrice twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one;
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the callender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.
So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.
Smack went the whip, round went the wheel,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane;
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again:
For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.
So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it griev'd him sore,
Yet loss of peace, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.
'Twas long before the customer
Were suited to their mind;
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"
Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.
Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul!
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true;
Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.
Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.
But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat;
So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.
So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.
His horse, who never in that fort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.
Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he sat out,
Of running such a rig.
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.
Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And ev'ry-soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.
Away went Gilpin—who but he;
His fame soon spread around—
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound.
And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.
And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.
Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.
But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle brac'd;

For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.
And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife
From balcony espied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.
Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tir'd:
Said Gilpin—So am I.
But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclin'd to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.
So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And fore against his will,
Till at his friend's the caller's
His horse at last stood still.
The caller, amaz'd to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:
What news! what news! your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?
Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And lov'd a timely joke;
And thus unto the caller
In merry guise he spoke:
I came because your horse would come:
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.
The caller, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in;
Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.
He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shew'd his ready wit:
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.
But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding-day;
And all the world would stare;
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse he said
I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a praying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar;
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband passing down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown;
And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back again,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels;
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They rais'd the hue and cry:

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

§ 2. *An Evening Contemplation in a College;
in Imitation of Gray's Elegy in a Country
Church-yard.* DUNCOMBE.

THE curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
With jarring sound the porter turns the key;
Then in his dreary mansion slumbering waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it, though for me.

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And thro' the cloisters peace and silence reign;
Save where some slyder scrapes a drowsy tunc,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain;

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where sleeps a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ele. wide echoes thro' the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimmering
shade

Appear the pamphlets in a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chattering females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife,
Unknown the names of husband and of fire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd beneath the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight.

How jocund are their looks when dinner calls!
How smother the cutlets on their crowded plate!

O! let not temperance, too disdainful, hear
How long their feasts, how long their dinners
lasts the

Nor let the fair, with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarried men reflections cast!

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
(Themselves confess it, and their firer bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace;
These sons of science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gaudy display,
Where through proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault

Melodious Frasi trills her quavering lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to th' a band?

Docs broider'd coat agree with sable gown?

Can Mechlin laces shade a churchman's hand?

Or learning's votaries ape the beaux of town?

Perhaps in these time-tottering walls reside
Some who were once the darling of the fair,
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Control the manager, and awe the player.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils, and truth's exalted views,

Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind;
And bade them slight all females—but the muse.

Full many a lark, high towering to the sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers through the night.

Some future Herring, who, with dauntless breast,
Rebellion's torrent shall like him oppose,
Some mute, unconscious Hardwicke here may rest,
Some Pelham, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Might ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state—

Fate yet forbids; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
fines;

Forbids in Freedom's veil to insult the throne,
Beneath her masque to hide the worst designs;

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
With "pious, taxes, marriages, and Jews;"
Or shut the gates of heaven on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass in Doric style
On polish'd pillars rais'd with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile:

Of late the authors' names, though richly bound,
Mist-spelt by blundering binders' want of care;
And many a catalogue is strewn'd around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless ignorance a prey,
Night-lets to hold short dalliance with a book?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those casts casts a lingering look?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require,
For Songs and Plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who, mindful of thy lov'd compels,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian should enquire thy fate;
Haply some friend may shake his hoary head,
And say, "Each morn unchill'd by frosts he

"ran,
"With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turf'd bed,
"To reach the chapel ere the psalms began;

"There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
"Which rears its old moth-eaten back so high,
"At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
"And poi'd upon the news with curious eye.

"Now by the fire engag'd in serious talk,
"O mirthful converse, would he loitering
"stand;

"Then in the garden chose a funny walk,
"Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady
"hand.

"One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,
"Nor in the hall, nor on his favourite green:
"Another came; nor yet within the chair,
"Nor yet at bowls or chapel was he seen.

"The next we heard that, in a neighbouring
"shire,

"That day to church he led a blushing bride,
"A nymph whose snowy vest and maiden fear
"Improv'd her beauty while the knot was tied.

"Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
"He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent;
"Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
"Read here the letter which he lately sent."

The Letter.

IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to fortune and to fame unknown;
Approving conscience cheers my humble cell,
And social quiet marks me for her own:

Next to the blessings of religious truth,
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage—
A Wife, the joy and transport of my youth;
Now with a Son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move;
Content with calm domestic life, where meet
The sweets of friendship, and the smiles of love.

§ 3. *The Three Warnings. A Tale.*

By Mrs. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?'
'With you?' the hapless husband cried:
'Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
'Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:
'My thoughts on other matters go;
'This is my wedding-night, you know.'
What more he urg'd I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;

So death the poor delinquent spar'd,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
 'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewel; no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
 And farther, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summon'd to the grave:
 Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve;

In hopes you'll have no more to say,
 But, when I call again this way,
 'Well pleas'd the world will leave.'
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befel,
 How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,
 How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,

The willing muse shall tell:
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
 Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
 Nor thought of Death as near;
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
 Many his gains, his children few,
 He pass'd his hours in peace:
 But while he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus along Life's dusty road
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,
 As alone he sat,

Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
 Once more before him stood.
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
 'So soon return'd!' old Dobson cries.
 'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies;
 'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
 Since I was here before
 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore.'
 'So much the worse,' the clown rejoin'd;
 'To spare the aged would be kind:
 However, see your search be legal;
 And your authority—is't regal?
 Else you are come on a fool's errand,
 With but a Secretary's warrant.
 Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
 But for that loss of time and ease,
 I can recover damages.'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that, at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least:
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable;
 Your years have run to a great length;
 I wish you joy, tho', of your strength.'
 'Hold,' says the farmer, 'not so fast!
 I have been lame these four years past.'

'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
 'However, you still keep your eyes;
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms would make amends.'
 'Perhaps,' says Dobson, 'so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight.'
 'This is a shocking story, faith;
 Yet there's some comfort still,' says Death:
 'Each strives your sadness to amuse;
 I warrant you hear all the news.'
 'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
 'Nay, then!' the spectre stern rejoind,
 'These are unjustifiable yearnings;
 If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,
 You've had your Three sufficient Warnings,
 So come along, no more we'll part.'
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
 And now, old Dobson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

§ 4. *The Cit's Country Box.* LLOYD.

*Vos sapere, et solum alio bene vivere, quorum
 Conspectus nitidus fundata pecunia villos.*

THE wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
 Now wishes for the rural shade,
 And buckles to his one-horse chair
 Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare;
 While, wedg'd in closely by his side,
 Sirs Madam, his unwieldy bride,
 With Jacky on a stool before 'em,
 And out they jog in due decorum.
 Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
 'How all the country seems to smile!
 And as they slowly jog together,
 The cit commends the road and weather;
 While Madam doats upon the trees,
 And longs for ev'ry house the fies;
 Admires its views, its situation,
 And thus she opens her oration:

'What signifies the loads of wealth,
 Without that richest jewel, health?
 Excuse the fondness of a wife,
 Who doats upon your precious life!
 Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
 Is more than human strength can bear:
 One may observe it in your face—
 Indeed, my dear, you break apace;
 And nothing can your health repair,
 But exercise, and country air.
 Sir Traffick has a house, you know,
 About a mile from Chuncy-row:
 He's a good man, indeed, 'tis true;
 But not so warm, my dear, as you:
 And folks are always apt to sneer—
 One would not be set-done, my dear!

Sir Traffick's name, so well applied,
 Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost deference to his wife,
 Confess'd her arguments had reason;
 And by th' approaching summer season
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his Country Box.

Some three or four miles out of town
 (An hour's ride will bring you down)

He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road;
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar,
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past;
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fust of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head!

' Well; to be sure, it must be own'd,
' It is a charming spot of ground:
' So sweet a distance for a ride,
' And all about so countryfied;
' 'Twould come but to a trifling price
' To make it quite a paradise!
' I cannot bear those nasty rails,
' Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales:
' Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
' We build a railing all Chinese;
' Altho' one hates to be expos'd,
' 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd:
' One hardly any objects sees—
' I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
' Objects continual passing by,
' Were something to amuse the eye;
' But to be pent within the walls,
' One might as well be at St. Paul's.
' Our house beholders would adore,
' Was there a level lawn before,
' Nothing its views to incommode,
' But quite laid open to the road;
' While ev'ry traveller, in amaze,
' Should on our little mansion gaze;
' And, pointing to the choice retreat,
' Cry, "That's Sir Thrifty's country-seat!"

No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.

Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Tho', like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Christian names—
As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, Goût,
Whim, Caprice, Je ne sçai quoi, Virtù:
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern tasteful tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wondrous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew tree's wood,
The traveller with amazement sees
A temple Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four feet wide,
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs:

In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where Taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, fly ha-ha;
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-park Corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a taste;
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

§ 5. *Report of an adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books.* COWPER.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest
arose,

The spectacles set them unhappily wrong;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows;
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.
So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of
leaning;

While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So fam'd for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear.
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly
find,

That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a
straddle,

As wide as the ridge of the Nose is; in short,
Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles
then?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shews,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally
wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be
shut.

§ 6. *On*

§ 6. *On the Birth-Day of Shakspeare. A Cento.*
Taken from his Works. BERENGER.

Natura ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu affari.

—PEACE to this meeting!
Joy and fair time, health and good wishes:
Now, worthy friends, the cause why we are met
Is in celebration of the day that gave
Immortal Shakspeare to this favour'd isle,
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
Which from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.
O thou divinest Nature! how thyself thou blazon'st
In this thy son! form'd in thy prodigality,
To hold thy mirror up, and give the time
Its very form and pressure! When he speaks
Each aged ear plays truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd,
So voluble is his discourse—gentle
As Zephyr blowing beneath the violet,
Not wagging its sweet head—yet as rough
(His noble blood enchain'd) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.—'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame him
To loyalty, unlearn'd; honour, untaught;
Civility, not seen in others; knowledge
That wildly grows in him, but yields a crop
As if it had been sown. What a piece of work!
How noble in faculty! infinite in reason!
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal!
Heaven has him now—yet let our idolatrous fancy
Still sanctify his relics: and this day
Stand aye distinguish'd in the kalendar
To the last syllable of recorded time:
For, if we take him but for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

§ 7. *On the Invention of Letters.*

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
The lively image of the voice to paint;
Who first the secret how to colour sound,
And to give shape to reason, wisely found;
Wise *babies* how to clothe ideas, taught;
And how to draw the picture of a thought:
Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear
A silent language roving far and near;
Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's sound,
And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast
round;
A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
Which dead men speak, as well as those alive—
Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

§ 8. *The Answer.*

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
He first in wondrous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave colour form, and body to the thought.

§ 9. *On a Spider.* DR. LITTLETON.

ARTIST, who underneath my table
Thy curious texture hast display'd!
Who, if we may believe the fable,
Wert once a lovely blooming maid!
Insidious, restless, watchful spider,
Fear no officious damsel's broom;
Extend thy artful fabric wider,
And spread thy banners round my room:
Swept from the rich man's costly ceiling,
'Thou'rt welcome to my homely roof;
Here mayst thou find a peaceful dwelling,
And undisturb'd attend thy woof.
Whilst I thy wondrous fabric stare at,
And think on hapless poet's fate;
Like thee confin'd to lonely garret,
And rudely banish'd rooms of state.
And as from out thy tortur'd body
'Thou draw'st thy slender string with pain;
So does he labour, like a noddy,
To spin materials from his brain.
He for some fluttering tawdry creature,
That spreads her charms before his eye;
And that's a conquest little better
Than thine o'er captive butterfly.
Thus far 'tis plain we both agree,
Perhaps our deaths may better shew it—
'Tis ten to one but penury
Ends both the spider and the poet.

§ 10. *The Extent of Cookery.* SHENSTONE.

Alimique et Idem.

WHEN Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown *bow* he wore,
Read much, and look'd as tho' he meant
To be a fop no more.
See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.
Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house;
And soon a Judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.
Adieu, ye *bobs*! ye *bags* give place!
Full-bottoms come instead!
Good Lord! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a *calf's head*.

§ 11. *Slender's Grief.* SHENSTONE.

Certe leveis loquuntur, ingentes supant.

BENEATH a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve, methought I spied
Poor Slender's ghost; that whimpering cried,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!
Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose;
Come learn of me to weep your woes!
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!
Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?

I never dreamt of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast, or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose love-sick minds
No medicine can assuage,
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage,
Who talk of fetters, links, and chains,
Attend, and imitate my strains:
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

And you, who *boast* or *grieve*,
What horrid wars ye wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye,
Yet mean as I do when I sigh,
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd, or of sage!
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way,
Expresses all you have to say—
O sweet! O sweet Anne Page!

§ 12. *Hamlet's Soliloquy imitated.* JAGO.

TO print, or not to print—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
The quirks and crotchets of outrageous Fancy,
Or send a well-wrote copy to the press,
And, by disclosing, end them. To print, to doubt
No more; and by one act to lay we end
The head-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
Of scribbling phrenzy—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's
the rub—

For to what clus a writer may be doom'd,
When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
Must give us pause. There's the respect that makes
Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years.
For who would bear th' impatient thirst of fame,
The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
The tedious importunity of friends,
When as himself might his quietus make
With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a load of wit,
But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill
(That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
Few travellers return) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear to live unknown,
Than run the hazard to be known and damn'd?
Thus critics do make cowards of us all;
And thus the healthful rage of many a poem
Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
And enterprizes of great fire and spirit
With this regard from Doddsley turn away,
And lose the name of Authors.

§ 13. *To the Memory of George Lewis Langton, Esq. who died on his Travels to Rome.* SHIPLEY.

LANGTON, dear partner of my soul,
Accept what pious passion meditates
To grace thy fate. Sad memory,

And grateful love and impotent regret,
Shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,
Thy wise good-nature, friendship delicate
In secret converse, native mirth
And sprightly fancy, sweet antheic
Of social pleasure; nor forgot
The noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame
That led thee far through foreign climes
Inquisitive: but chief the pleasured banks
Of Tiber, ever-honour'd stream,
Detain'd thee visiting the last remains
Of ancient art; fair forms exact
In sculpture, column, and the mould'ring bulk
Of theatres. In deep thought wrapp'd
Of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes
Delighted where the first of men
Once dwelt, familiar: Scipio, virtuous chief,
Stern Cato, and the patient mind
Of faithful Brutus, but philosopher.
Well did the generous seach employ
Thy blooming years by virtue crown'd, tho' death
Unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,
A helpless stranger. No familiar voice,
No pitying eye, cheer'd thy last pangs.
O worthy longest days! for thee shall now
The pious solitary tear,
And thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.

§ 14. *The Brewer's Coachman.* TAYLOR.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd
fellow,
Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.
His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses
Took that care of their babes that he took of his
horses.
He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more;
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got o'er:
So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, says he, you see the plain case;
Had you drank as he does, you'd keep a good place.
Drink water! quoth William—I ad all men done so,
You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.
They're soakers, like me, whom you load with
reproaches,
That enable you brewers to ride in your coaches.

§ 15. *Ode on the death of Matzel, a favourite Bullfinch. Addressed to Phil. Stanhope, Esq. (natural Son to the Earl of Chesterfield), to whom the Author had given the Reversion of it when he left Dresden.* WILLIAMS.

TRY not, my Stanhope, 'tis in vain,
To stop your tears, to hide your pain,
Or check your honest rage;
Give sorrow and revenge their scope,
My present joy, your future hope,
Lies murder'd in his cage.
Matzel's no more! Ye graces, loves,
Ye linnets, nightingales, and doves,
Attend th' untimely bier;

§ 21. *Written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book.*
1699. SWIFT.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou feest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wife.
Here you may read, "Dear charming salot!"
Beneath, "A new receipt for paint:"
Here, in bean-spelling, "Tru tel deth;"
There, in her own, "For an el breth;"
Here, "Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom!"
There, "A safe way to use perfume:"
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux:
On t'other side, "Laid out for shoes."
"Madam, I die without your grace:"—
"Item, for half a yard of lace."—
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping top to jeer?
In pow'r of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clip his own nonsense in the place.
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

§ 22. *Mrs. Harris's Petition.* 1699.

TO their Excellencies the Lords Justices of
Ireland, the humble petition of Frances
Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth,
That I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's †
chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shil-
lings and six-pence, besides farthings, in
money and gold:
So, because I had been buying things for my
Lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now, you must know, because my trunk has
a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God
knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle,
near to my stock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God
would have it, my snock was unripp'd,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down
it slip'd; [to bed;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady
And, God knows, I thought my money was as
safe as my maidenhead. [very light:
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel

But when I search'd, and mis'd my purse, Lord!
I thought I should have such outright.
Lord! Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? In-
deed, says I, never worse;
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done
with my purse?
Lord help me! said Mary, I never stir out of
this place: [that's a pious cate.
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady Betty's † chamber,
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd in exp'arm;
However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm. [well think,
So I tumbl'd and tosd'd all night, as you may see
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went
and search'd the folks round.
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's ‡ box, tied in a
rag, the money was found. [a-five wing:
So next morning we told Whistle §, and he fell
Then my dame Wadger ‖ came; and she, you
know, is thick of hearing.
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you
know what a loss I have had?
Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ¶ folks are all
very sad; [without fail.
For my Lord Dromedary comes o' Tuesday
Pugh! said I, but that's not the business that I ask.
Says Cary ††, says he, I have been a servant this
five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of
such a thing.
Yes, says the steward ‡‡, I remember, when I
was at my Lady Sorewbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time
of gooseberries.
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief, [I hate a thief).
(Now you must know, of all things in the world,
However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse
silly about: [happen'd out:
Mrs. Duke, said I, here's an ugly accident has
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
louse §§;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and six-
pence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
these ages. [understands,
Now, Mrs. Duke, you know, and every body
That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
without hands. [ever I saw 't!
The Devil take me! said the (blest thing herself) if
So the roar'd like a bellam, as tho' I had call'd
her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone
to the cunning man!
No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the chaplain will
be here anon.

* The Earls of Berkeley and of Galway.

† Wife to one of the footmen.

‡ Galway.

†† Clerk of the kitchen.

** The Earl of Drogheda, who wish the Primate was to succeed the two Earls.

‡‡ Ferris.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

‡ Earl of Berkeley's Valet.

‖ The old deaf housekeeper.

¶ An usual saying of hers.

So the chaplain * came in; now the servants
say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I al-
ways take his part.

So, as the Devil would have it, before I was
aware, out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a nativity, when a
body's plunder'd? [son like the Devil!]

(Now you must know he hates to be call'd par-
Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you
to be more civil; [d' ye see,

If your money be gone, as a learned divine says,
You are no text for *my* handling; so take that
from me: [you to know.

I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have
Lord! said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never
thought you so;

You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a
parson's wife; [all my life.

I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope,
as who should say, [went away.

Now you may go hang yourself for me! and so
Well, I thought I should have swoon'd: Lord!
said I, what shall I do? [love too!

I have lost my money, and shall lose my true-
Then my lord call'd me: Harry †, said my Lord,
don't cry;

I'll give something towards thy loss; and, says
my Lady, so will I.

O! but, said I, what if, after all, the chaplain
won't come to? [I must petition you.

For that, he said (an't please your Excellencies),
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies protection,

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's
collection; [cellencies letter,

And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-
With an order for the chaplain aforesaid, or, in
stead of him, a better:

And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the chaplain (for 'tis his trade), as in duty
bound, shall ever pray.

§ 23. *A Description of the Morning.* 1709.

NOW hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.

Now Bet y from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;

The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel sedge, where wheels had worn the place.

The small-coat-man was heard with cadence deep,
Till down'd in thriller notes of chimney-sweep:

Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet:
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half
the street:

The dunkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees.

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And school-boys lag with fatchels in their hands.

§ 24. *A Description of a City Shower.* In *Imi-
tation of Virgil's Georgics.* 1710.

CARIFUL observers may foretel the hour,
By sure prognosticks, when to dread a show'r.

While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her folies, and pursues her tail no more.

Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.

If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.

A coming show'r your shooting corns preface,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage:

Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,

That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.

Brisk Susan whips her men from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne alope:

Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:

You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whisks on her mop.

Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life;

And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was run, and which was dust.

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?

Sole coat! where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes
down,

Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,

Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templer spruce, while every spout's abroad,

Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The ruck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,

While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,

Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs

Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,

While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din

The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,

Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,

Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,

And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,

And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they fall'd from by their sight and smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course;
And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts,
and blood,
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd
in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling
down the stream.

§ 25. *On the little House by the Church-yard of
Cusltunck. 1710.*

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire
Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
The grey old fellow poet Joe *
The philosophic cause will shew.
Once on a time a western blast
At least twelve inches overcast,
Reck'ning roof, weather cock, and all,
Which came with a prodigious fall;
And, tumbling topsy-turvy round,
Light with its bottom on the ground.
For, by the laws of gravitation,
It fell into its proper station.
This is the little strutting pile
You see just by the church-yard stile;
The walls in tumbling gave a knock,
And thus the steeple got a shock;
From whence the neighbouring farmer calls
The steeple, Knock; the vicar, † Walls.
The vicar once a week creeps in,
Sits with his knee up to his chin;
Here conns his notes and takes a whet,
Till the small ragged flock is met.
A traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the roof behind the grass;
On tip-toe stood, and rear'd his snout,
And saw the parson creeping out;
Was much surpris'd to see a crow
Venture to build his nest so low.
A school-boy ran unto 't, and thought
The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
A third, who lost his way by night,
Was forc'd for safety to alight;
And, stepping o'er the fabric roof,
His horse had like to spoil his hoof.
Warburton ‡ took it in his noddle,
This building was design'd a model
Of a pigeon-house or oven,
To bake one loaf, and keep one dove in.
Then Mrs. Johnson § gave her verdict,
And every one was pleas'd that heard it:
All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout.
The reverend Dr. ¶ Raymond guess'd,
More probably than all the rest;
He said, But that it wanted room,
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.
The doctor's family came by,
And little miss began to cry;

Give me that house in my own hand!
Then madam bade the chorist stand;
Call'd to the clerk, in manner mild,
Pray, reach that thing here to the child:
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her, in a heat,
What! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes every week from town!
He would not sell it for a crown.
Po! fellow, keep not such a pother;
In half an hour thou'lt make another.

Says Nancy ¶, I can make for miss
A finer house ten times than this;
The dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron full of b.cks.

§ 26. *The Fable of Midas. 1711.*

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold:
He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden-pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chang'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit:
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it to Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
Gave asses ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, ere long and wide,
Which he could neither give nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pætolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people track
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader,
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim,
† Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.

‡ Archdeacon Wall, a correspondent of Swift's.
§ Stella. Minister of Trim.

¶ The waiting-woman.
t 3. What

What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As another Midas did before?

None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the Poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays:
To Pan alone rich misers eul;
And there's the jest, for Pan is all.
Here English wits will be to seek;
However, 'tis all one in the Greek.

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath alien ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a throat of lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.

But gold I desire with frequent touch;
There's nothing souls the hands so much:
And scholar give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dire misfortune.

Which while the secret mine to scour,
They would have away the ear, not power.

While he his turn fit five applied
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden fools flew on his prey;
Hark! sell a pennyworth of place:
The torrent madd'ned multitudes
Con multions, p'nsions, and bribes.
By then owa weight t'ired to the bottom;
Much good may do them that have caught 'em!
And Midas now n'ed not find fault,
With asses ears, or dirty baund.

§ 27. *Horace, Book I. Ep. VII. Alli edd to
the Earl of Oxford. 1713.*

HARLEY, the nation's great support,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possest
All Europe's business in his breast),
Observed a parson near Whitehall
Cheeping old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen;
Of size that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to sit still.
My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
Loves mischief better than his meat)
Was now dispos'd to crack a jest;
And bid friend Lewis go in quest
(This Lewis is a cunning flatter,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In quest who might this parson be,
What was his name, of what degree;
If possible, to learn his story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter sift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of special note
For shunning those of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no sort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought;
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat;
In state opinions *à-la-mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad;
Had given the farmer many a wound,
And hark'd all the jumbo round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in every street,
But seldom rose above a sheet:
Of late indeed the paper-ramp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And, since he could not spend his fire,
He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, "I desire to know
From his own mouth if this be so;
"Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
"I'd have him dine with me to-day."
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had sent:
So my Lord said once to stir;
But coolly said, "Your servant, Sir!"
"Does he refuse me?" Harley cried.
"He does, with insolence and pride."
Some few days after, Harley spies
The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes
At Claring-cross among the rout,
Where painted monsters are hung out:
He pull'd the string, and stopp'd his coach,
Beckoning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came snaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse:
He never meant the least abuse—
"My Lord—the honour you design'd—
"Extremely proud—but I had din'd—
"I'm sure I never should neglect—
"No man alive has more respect."
"Well, I shall think of that no more,
"If you'll be sure to come at four."

The Doctor now obeys the summons,
Likes both his company and comings;
Displays his talent, sits till ten:
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
Either at morning or at meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jest,
And down to Windsor takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In summer round the park to ride,
In winter never to reside.

* Erasmus Lewis, Esq. the treasurer's secretary.

A canon!

A canon ! that's a place too mean ;
No, Doctor, you shall be a Dean ;
Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all :
You need but cross the Irish seas,
To live in plenty, power, and ease.
Poor Swift departs ; and, what is worse,
With borrow'd money in his purse ;
Travels at least an hundred leagues,
And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a Dean complete,
Demurely lolling in his seat ;
The silver verge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cushion-side ;
Suppose him gone through all vexations,
Patents, incitements, abjurations,
First-fruits and tenths, and chapter-treats ;
Dues, payment, fees, demands, and cheats—
(The wicked buty's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent ;
The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind :
And Parvul's discounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his losses vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thousand pounds in debt,
Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at Harley's gate ;
But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read † would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, " Welcome, Reverend Dean !

" What makes your worship look so lean ?

" Why, sure you won't appear in town

" In that old wig and rusty gown ?

" I doubt your heart is set on self

" So much that you neglect yourself.

" What ! I suppose now stocks are high,

" You've some good purchase in your eye ?

" Or is your money out at use ?"

" Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,"

The Doctor in a passion cried,

" Your raillery is misapplied ;

" Experience I have dearly bought ;

" You know I am not worth a groat :

" But you resolv'd to have your jest,

" And 'twas a folly to contest.

" Then, since you now have done your worst,

" Pray leave me where you found me first."

§ 28. *Honour, Book II. Sat. VI.*

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store ;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die ;

" I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.

" If I ne'er got or lost a groat,

" By any trick, or any fault ;

" And if I pray by reason's rules,

" And not like forty other fools :

" As thus, " Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker !

" To grant me this, and nothing more :

" Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,

" Direct my plough to find a treasure"

" But only what my station fits,

" And to be kept in my right wits,

" Preserve, Almighty Providence !

" Just what you gave me, competence :

" And let me in these shades compose

" Something in verse as true as prose ;

" Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,

" Not puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."

In short, I'm perfectly content ;

Let me but live on this side Trent ;

Nor cross the channel twice a year,

To spend six months with statesmen here.

I must by all means come to town,

'Tis for the service of the crown.

" Lewis, the Dean will be of use ;

" Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toll, the danger of the seas—

Great ministers ne'er think of these ;

Or let it cost five hundred pound,

No matter where the money's found ;

It is but too much more in debt,

And that they ne'er consider'd yet,

" Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown ;

" Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haste away,

Nor thinking it is levee-day ;

And find his honour in a pound,

Hemm'd by a triple circle round,

Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green ;

How should I thrust myself between ?

Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,

And, smiling, whispers to the next :

" I thought the Dean had been too proud

" To juggle here among a crowd !"

Another, in a surly fit,

Tells me I have more zeal than wit :

" So eager to express your love,

" You ne'er consider whom you shove,

" But rudely press before a duke."

I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,

And take it kindly meant, to shew

What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw ;

When twenty fools I never saw

Come with petitions fairly penn'd,

Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case ;

That begs my interest for a place :

A hundred other men's affairs,

Like bees, are humming in my ears.

" To-morrow my appeal comes on ;

" Without your help, the cause is gone."

The duke expects my Lord and you,

About some great affair, at two.

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† The Lord Treasurer's porter.

* Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind
 "To get my warrant quickly sign'd :
 "Consider, 'tis my first request."
 Be satisfied, I'll do my best.
 Then presently he falls to tease :
 "You may for certain, if you please ;
 "I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
 "And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
 'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)
 Since Harley bid me first attend,
 And chose me for an humble friend ;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that ;
 As, "What's o'clock ?" and, "How's the wind ?"
 "Whose chariot's that we left behind ?"
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country signs ;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day ?"
 "From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay ?"
 Such tattle often entertains
 My lord and me as far as Staines,
 As once a week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well.
 "How think you of our friend the Dean ?
 "I wonder what some people mean !
 "My lord and he are grown so great,
 "Always together, *lie-à-lie* :
 "What ! they admire him for his jokes ?
 "See but the fortune of some folks !"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court :
 I'm stepp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catch'd in ev'ry street.
 "You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great ;
 "Inform us, will the Emperor treat ?
 "Or do the prints and papers lye ?"
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 "Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest !
 "Tis now no secret."—I protest
 'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
 "When are the troops to have their pay ?"
 And, though I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my lord mayor,
 They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.
 Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
 My choicest hours of life are lost ;
 Yet always wishing to retreat,
 O could I see my country-seat !
 There, leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or pursue some ancient brook ;
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town.

§ 29. *A True and Faithful Inventory of the Goods belonging to Dr. Swift, Vicar of Laracor, upon lending his House to the Bishop of Meath, till his Palace was rebuilt.*

A broken elbow-chair ;
 A candle-cup without a ear ;

* A tavern in Dublin, where Demar kept his office.

A batter'd, shatter'd ash bedstead ;
 A box of deal, without a lid ;
 A pair of tongs, but out of joint ;
 A back-sword poker, without point ;
 A pot that's crack'd across, around
 With an old knotted garter bound ;
 An iron lock, without a key ;
 A wig, with hanging quite grown grey ;
 A curtain worn to half a stripe ;
 A pair of bellows, without a wire ;
 A dith which might good mea afford once ;
 An Ovid, and an old Concordance ;
 A bottle-bottom, wooden platter,
 One is for meal, and one for water :
 There likewise is a copper skillet,
 Which runs as fast out as you fill it ;
 A candlestick, snuff-dish, and save-all :
 And thus his household goods you have all.
 These to your Lordship, as a friend,
 Till you have built, I freely lend :
 They'll serve your Lordship for a shift ;
 Why not, as well as Doctor Swift ?

§ 30. *An Elegy on the Death of Demar the Usurer, who died the 6th of July 1720.*

KNOW all men, by these presents, Death the tamer

By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar :
 Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
 His faithful steward's in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak ;
 He din'd and sup'd at charge of other folk ;
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms.
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his betters ;
 Lords, knights, and squires, were all his humble debtors ;

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
 Were forc'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat.

His coffers from the coffin could not save,
 Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument could not be right,
 Because we with the earth upon him lie.

O London tavern ! thou hast lost a friend,
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend ;
 He touch'd the pence, when others touch'd the pot ;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
 Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
 On him could ever boast a power to seize ;

* But, as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death
 "In spite

"Cast in his dart, which made three moidores
 light ;

"And, as he saw his darling money fail,
 "Blow his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
 He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
 If he should now be cried down since his change.

+ These four lines were written by Steele.
 The

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas, the sexton is thy banker now!
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality.

§ 31. *Epitaph on a Miser.*

UNDERNEATH this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
~~His heirs, that he might safely rest,~~
Have put his carcase in a chest;
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

§ 32. *To Mr. Houghton of Bormount, upon praising her Husband to Dr. Swift.*

YOU always are making a God of your spouse;
But this neither reason nor conscience allows:
Perhaps you will say, 'tis in gratitude due,
And you adore him because he adores you.
Your argument's weak, and so you will find;
For you, by this rule, must adore all mankind.

§ 33. *Dr. Delany's Villa.*

WOULD you that Delville I describe?

Believe me, Sir, I will not jibe:
For who would be satirical
Upon a thing so very small?

You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you're at the very centre.
A single crow can make it night,
When o'er your farm she takes her flight:
Yet, in this narrow compass, we
Observe a vast variety;
Both walks, walls, meadows, and parterres,
Windows and doors, and rooms and stairs,
And hills and dales, and woods and fields,
And hay, and grass, and corn, it yields;
All to your haggard brought so cheap in,
Without the mowing or the reaping:
A razor, though to say't I'm loth,
Would shave you and your meadows both.

Though small's the farm, yet here's a house
Full large to entertain a mouse;
But where a rat is dreaded more
Than savage Caledonian boar;
For, if it's anger'd by a rat,
There is no room to bring a cat.

A little rivulet seems to steal
Down through a thing you call a vale,
Like tears adown a wrinkled cheek,
Like rain along a blade of leak;
And this you call your sweet meander,
Which might be suck'd up by a gander,
Could he but force his nether bill
To scoop the channel of the rill.
For sure you'd make a mighty clutter,
Were it as big as city-gutter.

Next come I to your kitchen-garden,
Where one poor mouse would fare but hard in;

And round this garden is a walk,
No longer than a tailor's chalk;
Thus I compare what space is in it,
A snail creeps round it in a minute.
One lettuce makes a shift to squeeze
Up through a tuft you call your trees:
And, once a year, a single rose
Peeps from the bud, but never blows;
In vain then you expect its bloom!
It cannot blow for want of room.
In short, in all your boasted fear,
There's nothing but yourself that's great.

§ 34. *Mary the Cook-Maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan. 1723.*

WELL, if ever I saw such another man since
my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up! I wonder
where you were bred. [cloth;
I'm sure such words do not become a man of your
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and
troth. [ridan! 'tis a shame
Yes, you call'd my master a knave: sic, Mr. She-
For a parson, who should know better things, to
come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a
shame and a sin; [you and all your kin:
And the Dean, my master, is an honest man than
He has more goodness in his little finger than you
have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-
thank'd huddy-doddy. [excuse,
And now, where by I find you would fain make an
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you
goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four
years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than sweet-heart,
drunk or sober: [to my knowledge,
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out
so late in your college. [eat grass!
You say you will eat grass on his grave: a christian
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose
or an ass: [die before ye;
But that's as much as to say, that my master should
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't
believe that's a true story:
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my
master, what care I? [Mary.
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Every body knows that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil! [should be civil.
I am but a poor servant, but I think gentlefolks
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day
that you was here; [year;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the
And Saunders the man says you are always jesting
and jucking: [ster's stocking),
Mary, said he (one day as I was mending my ma-
My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school—
I thought my master a wife man, but that man
makes him a fool.

Saunders,

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin
a dishcloth to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct
this letter; [she writes better.

For I write but a sad scrawl, but my sister Marger
Well, but I must run and make the bed, before my
master comes from pray'rs :

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming
up stairs; [write written hand :

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
command. MARY.

§ 35. *Riddles, by Doctor Swift and his Friends,
written in or about the Year 1724.*

On a Pen.

IN youth exalted high in air,
Or bathing in the waters fair,
Nature to form me took delight,
And clad my body all in white,
My person tall, and slender waist,
On either side with fringes grac'd;
Till me that tyrant man espied,
And dragg'd me from my mother's side :
No wonder now I look so thin;
The tyrant stript me to the skin :
My skin he slay'd, my hair he cropt;
At head and foot my body lop't :
And then, with heart more hard than stone,
He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
To vex me more, he took a freak
To slit my tongue, and make me speak :
But, that which wonderful appears,
I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
He oft employs me in disguise,
And makes me tell a thousand lies :
To me he chiefly gives in trust
To please his malice or his lust;
From me no secret he can lude,
I see his vanity and pride :
And my delight is to expose
His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
Yet not a word I understand.
Without my aid, the best divine
In learning would not know a line :
The lawyer must forget his pleading;
The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay, man, my master is my slave :
I give command to kill or live;
Can grant ten thousand pounds a year,
And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But, while I thus my life relate,
I only hasten on my fate.
My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
I hardly now can force a word.
I die unpitied and forgot.
And on some dunghill left to rot.

On Gold.

ILL-RULING tyrant of the earth,
To vilest slaves I owe my birth.

How is the greatest monarch blest,
When in my gawdy liv'ry drest !
No haughty nymph has pow'r to run
From me, or my embraces shun.
Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
My constancy is still the same.
The favourite messenger of Jove,
And Lemnian God, consulting strove
To make me glorious to the sight . . .
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.

On a Corkjereau.

THOUGH I, alas ! a prisoner be,
My trade is, prisoners to set free.
No slave his lord's commands obeys
With such insinuating ways.
My genius piercing, sharp, and bright,
Wherein the men of wit delight.
The clergy keep me for their ease,
And turn and wind me as they please.
A new and wondrous art I shew
Of raising spirits from below ;
In scarlet some, and some in white :
They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
In at each mouth the spirits pass,
Distinctly seen as through a glass ;
O'er head and body make a rout,
And drive at last all secrets out :
And still, the more I shew my art,
The more they open ev'ry heart.

A greater chemist near than I,
Who from materials here and dry
Have taught men to exorcise with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often out of case,
I'm not ashamed to shew my face.
Though at the tables of the great
I near the side-board take my seat ;
Yet the plain squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one :
He kindly bids me near him stand ;
And often takes me by the hand.

I twice a day a hunting go ;
Nor ever fail to seize my foe ;
And, when I have him by the pole,
I drag him upwards from his hole ;
Though some are of so stubborn kind,
I'm forc'd to leave a limb behind.
I hourly wait some fatal end ;
For I can break, but scorn to bend.

On a Circle.

I'M up and down, and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out.
Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
Nay in the compass of a farthing.
There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch, except I will.

On Ink.

I AM jet-black, as you may see,
 The son of pitch, and gloomy night;
 Yet all that know me will agree,
 I'm dead except I live in light,
 Sometimes in panegyric high,
 Like lofty Pindar, I can soar;
 And raise a virgin to the sky,
 Or ~~from the tower~~ ^{to the} ~~only~~ ^{only} whore.
 My blood this day is very sweet,
 To-morrow of a bitter juice;
 Like milk, 'tis cried about the street,
 And so applied to different use.
 Most wondrous is my magic pow'r:
 For with one colour I can paint;
 I'll make the devil a saint this hour,
 Next make a devil of a saint.
 Through distant regions I can fly,
 Provide me but with paper wings:
 And fairly shew a reason why
 There should be quarrels among kings.
 And, after all, you'll think it odd,
 When learned doctors will dispute,
 That I should point the word of God,
 And shew where they can best confute.
 Let lawyers bawl and strain their throats:
 'Tis I that must the fends convey,
 And strip the clients to their coats;
 Nay, give their very souls away.

On the First Senses.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wondrous kind;
 Yet among us all no brother
 Knows one tittle of the other.
 We in frequent councils are,
 And our marks of things declare,
 Where, to us unknown, a clerk
 Sits, and takes them in the dark.
 He's the register of all
 In our ken, both great and small;
 By us forms his laws and rules;
 He's our master, we his tools;
 Yet we can with greatest ease
 Turn and wind him where we please.
 One of us alone can sleep,
 Yet so watch the rest will keep;
 But the moment that he closes,
 Ev'ry brother else reposes.
 If wine's bought, or victuals drest,
 One enjoys them for the rest.
 Pierce us all with wounding steel,
 One for all of us will feel.
 Though ten thousand cannons roar,
 Add to them ten thousand more,
 Yet but one of us is found
 Who regards the dreadful sound.
 Do what is not fit to tell,
 There's but one of us can smell.

On an Echo.

NEVER sleeping, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak:

The delight of old and young,
 Though I speak without a tongue.
 Nought but one thing can confound me,
 Many voices joining round me;
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble
 Like the labourers of Babel.
 Now I am a dog or cow,
 I can bark, or I can low;
 I can bleat, or I can sing
 Like the warblers of the spring.
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain;
 Let the happy swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping voice;
 Both are welcome, guest or joy,
 I with either sport and toy.
 Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out;
 Then I clash, and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudest thunder,
 When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under;
 Yet so tender is my ear,
 That the lowest voice I fear.
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit's out of date;
 For I hate a silent breath,
 And a whisper is my death.

On a Shadow in a Glass.

BY something form'd, I nothing am,
 Yet ev'ry thing that you can name;
 In no place have I ever been,
 Yet ev'ry where I may be seen;
 In all things false, yet always true,
 I'm still the same—but ever new.
 Lifeless, life's perfect from I wear,
 Can shew a nose, eye, tongue, or ear,
 Yet neither smell, see, taste, or hear.
 All shapes and features I can loat,
 No flesh, no bones, no blood—no ghost:
 All colours, without paint, put on,
 And change like theameleon.
 Swiftly I come, and enter there
 Where not a chink lets in the air;
 Like thought I'm in a moment gone,
 Nor can I ever be alone;
 All things on earth I imitate
 Faster than nature can create;
 Sometimes imperial robes I wear,
 Anon in beggar's rags appear;
 A giant now, and straight an elf,
 I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er myself;
 Ne'er sad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice;
 I move my lips, but want a voice;
 I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die;
 Then pr'ythee tell me, what am I?

On Time.

EVER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full repast,
 Till I eat the world at last.

On the Vowels.

WE are little airy creaturas,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

On Snow.

FROM heaven I fall, though from earth I begin,
No lady alive can shew such a skin.
I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather,
But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make,
The foulest impressions I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another,
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

On a Cannon.

BEGOTTEN, and born, and dying with noise,
The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
I'm chiefly unruly when strongest confin'd.
For silver and gold I don't trouble my head,
But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
One property more I would have you remark,
No lady was ever more fond of a spark;
The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.

§ 36. *To Quilra, a Country-House of Dr. Sheridan, in no very good Repair.* 1725.

LET me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin, dropping rain;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses:
Air ripens not, nor earth produces;
In vain we make poor Sheelah's toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns:
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

§ 37. *The grand Question debated: Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-House.* 1729.

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight † full of care,
“ Let me have your advice in a weighty affair:

“ This Hamilton's bawn ‡, whilst it sticks on my
“ hand,
“ I lose by the house what I get by the land;
“ But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
“ For a barrack § or malt-house, we now must
“ consider.

“ First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
“ Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
“ There's nine hundred pounds for labour and
“ grain,

“ I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
“ A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
“ Three dishes a day, and three hogheads a year;
“ With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be
“ stor'd;

“ No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
“ And you and the Dean no more shall combine;
“ To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
“ Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to pur-
“ loin.

“ A stone and a quarter of beef from my furloin.
“ If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
“ My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't.
“ In poundage and draw backs I lose half my rent;
“ Whatever they give me, I must be content,
“ Or join with the court in every debate;
“ And rather than that I would lose my estate.”
Thus ended the Knight. Thus began his meek
wife:

“ It must and it shall be a barrack, my life.
“ I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
“ But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums ¶:
“ With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
“ I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean;
“ But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
“ The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
“ I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
“ For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
“ Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
“ Will tell him that chaplains should not be so
“ pert;

“ That men of his coat should be minding their
“ prayers,

“ And not among ladies to give themselves airs.”
Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;

The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But Hannah ¶, who listen'd to all that was said,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, “ Madam, why surely my master's pos-
“ selt.

“ Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will
“ sound!

“ I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.

“ But, madam, I guess'd there would never come
“ good,

“ When I saw him to often with Darby ** and
“ Wood,

* The name of an Irish servant.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

‡ A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur's seat.

§ The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

¶ A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

¶ My lady's waiting-woman.

** Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

" And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
 " That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
 " And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
 " And Molly, she said I should hear some ill news.
 " Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 " You might have a barrack whenever you please:
 " And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
 " That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 " If I had a husband like him, I *partest*,
 " Till he gave me my will, I would give him no
 " rest;
 " And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 " With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
 " But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
 " And worry him out till he gives his consent.
 " Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
 " An' I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
 " For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
 " I can't get it out, though I never so fain.
 " I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
 " At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
 " Of this to be sure Sir Arthur has warning,
 " And waits on the Captain betimes the next
 " morning.
 " Now see, when they meet, how their Honours
 " behave:
 " Noble Captain, your servant."—"Sir Arthur,
 " your slave;
 " You honour me much."—"The honour is
 " mine."
 " 'Twas a sad rainy night."—"But the morning
 " is fine."
 " Pray how does my Lady?"—"My wife's at your
 " service."
 " I think I have seen her picture by Jervas."—"
 " Good-morrow, good Captain. I'll wait on you
 " down."
 " You shan't stir a foot."—"You'll think me a
 " clown,
 " For all the world, Captain."—"Not half an inch
 " farther."
 " You must be obey'd!"—"Your servant, Sir
 " Arthur!
 " My humble respects to my Lady unknown."
 " I hope you will use my house as your own."
 " Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
 " plate,
 " Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
 " Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
 " You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
 " Next day, to be sure, the Captain will come,
 " At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
 " Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
 " The man with the kettle-drums enters the gate;
 " Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
 " Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
 " See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with
 " gold lace:
 " O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
 " And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
 " With the fine flaming sword that he holds in
 " his hand;
 " And his horse, the dear creature, it prances and rears.
 " With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
 " At last comes the troop, by the word of com-
 " mand,
 " Drawn up in our court, when the Captain cries,
 " STAND!
 " Your Ladyship lifts up the fash to be seen,
 " (For sure I have *dozen'd* you out like a queen)
 " The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
 " Looks up to your window, and cocks up his
 " beaver
 " (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
 " For a Captain of horse never takes off his hat,
 " Because he has never a hand that is idle;
 " For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
 " the bridle);
 " Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
 " As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
 " (How I tremble to think of the blood it hath
 " spilt!);
 " Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the
 " hilt.
 " Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
 " Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk
 " in."
 " The Captain salutes you with congee profound,
 " And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the
 " ground.
 " Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
 " to us:
 " I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
 " And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
 " And take a short dinner here with us to-day?
 " You're heartily welcome: but as for good cheer,
 " You come in the very worst time of the year;
 " If I had expected so worthy a guest—"
 " Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
 " You banter me, madam, the kingdom must
 " grant—"
 " You officers, Captain, are so complaisant!"
 " Hilt, hussy, I think I hear somebody com-
 " ing—"
 " No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
 " To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
 " The Captain at dinner appears in his glory;
 " The Dean and the Doctor have humbled their
 " pride,
 " For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;
 " And, because he's their betters, you carve for
 " him first;
 " The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
 " The servants an' az'd are scarce ever able
 " To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
 " And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 " To peep at the Captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
 " Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
 " Do but hear on the Clergy how glib his tongue
 " ran;
 " And, madam," says he, "if such dinners you
 " give,
 " You'll ne'er eat fat for Parsons as long as you live.
 " I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
 " But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
 " G—d—n me! they bid us reform and repent.
 " But, z—ds! by their looks they never keep
 " Lent:

* Dr. Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood,

" Miller

'Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm
 "afraid
 "You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
 "I wish the would lend you her pretty white hand
 "In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
 "band
 "(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a
 "ninny,
 "That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to
 "Jinny).
 "Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 "A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
 "Observe how a Parson comes into a room;
 "G—d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom:
 "A *foolhard*, when just from his college broke loose,
 "Can hardly tell how to cry *ho* to a goose:
 "You *Novice*, and *Brunists*, and *Omurs*, and
 "stuff;
 "By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff;
 "To give a young gentlem in right education,
 "The army's the only good school in the nation:
 "My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 "But at cuffs I was always the cock of the
 "school;
 "I never could take to my book for the blood
 "o' me,
 "And the puppy confess'd he expected no good
 "o' me.
 "He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 "But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my
 "life:
 "So I took to the road; and what's very odd,
 "The first man I robb'd was a Parson, by G—.
 "Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to
 "say,
 "But the sight of a book makes me sick to this
 "day."
 "Never since I was born did I hear so much
 "wit;
 "And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should
 "fly lit.
 "So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
 "As who sh^d say, *Now, am I jkmy and lean?*
 "But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 "And the Doctor was pluggin' down in the
 "hips."
 "Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
 "Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your Lady-
 "ship walk?"
 "Her Ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
 "Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 "Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 "Cried—"Hudly, why sure the wench is gone
 "mad!
 "How could these chimeras get into your
 "brains?
 "Come hither, and take this old gown for your
 "pains.
 "But the Dean, if this secret should come to his
 "ears,
 "Will never have done with his jibes and his
 "jeers:
 "For your life, not a word of the matter, I
 "charge ye:
 "Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

§ 38. *On the Death of Dr. Swift. Occasioned by
 reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault;*
 "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis, nous
 "trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous
 "déplaît pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that
 "doth not displease us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe them true:
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
 Is thought too base for human breast:
 "In all distresses of our friends,
 "We first consult our private ends;
 "While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 "Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

We all beheld with envious eyes
 Our equals rais'd above our size.
 Who would not at a crowded show
 Stand high himself, keep others low?
 I love my friend as well as you:
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most.
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
 Rather than thus be over-top'd,
 Would you not wish his lance's crook?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
 How patiently you bear him groan!
 How glad the case is not your own!

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end when emulation nuzzles,
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.
 Vain human kind! fantastic race!
 Thy various follies who can trace?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.

Give others riches, pow'r, and station,
 'Tis all to me an usurpation.
 I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine:
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him, and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbutnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Releas'd it first, and shew'd its use.

St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

"To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of poem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:

"See how the Dean begins to break!
"Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
"You plainly find it in his face.
"That old vertigo in his head
"Will never leave him till he's dead.
"Besides, his memory decays:
"He recollects not what he says:
"He cannot call his friends to mind;
"Forgets the place where last he din'd;
"Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
"He told them fifty times before.
"How does he fancy we can fit
"To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
"But he takes up with younger folks,
"Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
"Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
"Or change his comrades once a quarter:
"In half the time he talks them round,
"There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime:
"He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
"His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
"His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
"I'd have him throw away his pen;
"But there's no talking to some men!"

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
"And well remembers Charles the Second.
"He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
"And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
"His stomach too, begins to fail:
"Last year we thought him strong and hale;
"But now he's quite another thing:
"I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:

"It is not yet so bad with us!"

In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess

(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell
That, "God be pleas'd, the Dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
"And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lye.
Not one foretels I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty pray'rs that I should mend!
Inquire what regimens I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept!
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the travelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
I hough your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead!

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who's his heir?
"I know no more than what the news is;
"Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
"To public uses! there's a whim!
"What had the public done for him?
"Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
"He gave it all—but first he died.
"And had the Dean, in all the nation,
"No worthy friend, no poor relation?
"So ready to do strangers good,
"Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Witely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess his case was nice;
"But he would never take advice.
"Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
"He might have liv'd these twenty years.
"For, when we open'd him, we found
"That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "The Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he shou'd.
"He's dead, you say? then let him rot;
"I'm glad the meddles † were forgot.
"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the Princess then:

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.

† Which the Dean in vain expected in return for a small present he had sent to the Princess.

"But now, as comfort of the King,
"You know, 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a cheer the tidings heavy:

"What! 't' he dead without his shoes,"

Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:

"O woe the wretch, but living still,

"And in his place my good friend Will!

"Or had a mire on his head,

"Provided Bollingbroke were dead!"

Now Curl his shop from rubbish drains:

Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!

And then, to make them pass the glibber,

Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.

He'll treat me as he does my betters;

Publisk my will, my life, my letters;

Revive the libels born to die,

Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene, to represent

How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay

A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"

Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,

All fortitude of mind supplies:

For how can stony bowels melt

In those who never pity felt?

When we are lath'd, they kiss the rod,

Resigning to the will of God.

The fields, my juniors by a year,

Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;

Who wily thought my age a screen,

When death approach'd, to stand between:

The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling:

They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts

Have better learn'd to act their parts,

Receive the news in doleful dumps:

"The Dean is dead: (pray what is trumps?)

"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!

"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vote).

"Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall:

"(I wish I knew what king to call).

"Madam, your husband will attend

"The funeral of so good a friend."

"No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight;

"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:

"My Lady Club will take it ill

"If he should fail her at quadrille.

"He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)—

"But dearest friends, they say, must part.

"His time was come; he ran his race;

"We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friend should die?

No loss more easy to supply.

One year is past—a different scene!

No farther mention of the Dean;

Who now, alas! no more is mis'd,

Than if he never did exist.

Where's now the favourite of Apollo?

Deputed—and his works must follow;

Must undergo the common fate;

His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.

Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;

"He died a year ago?"—"The same."

He searches all the shop in vain.

"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:

"I sent them with a load of books,

"Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.

"To fancy they could live a year!

"I find you're but a stranger here.

"The Dean was famous in his time,

"And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

"His way of writing now is past:

"The town has got a better taste.

"I keep no antiquated stuff;

"But spick and span I have enough.

"Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em:

"Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.

"This ode you never yet have seen,

"By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.

"Then here's a letter finely penn'd

"Against the Craftsman and his friend:

"It clearly shews that all reflection

"On ministers is disaffection.

"Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,

"And Mr. Henley's last oration.

"The hawkers have not got them yet:

"Your Honour please to buy a set?"

"Here's Wollston's tracts, the twelfth edition;

"Tis read by every politician:

"The country-members, when in town,

"To all their boroughs send them down:

"You never met a thing so smart;

"The courtiers have them all by heart:

"Those maids of honour who can read

"Are taught to use them for their creed.

"The reverend author's good intention

"Hath been rewarded with a pension:"

"He doth an honour to his gown,

"By bravely running priestcraft down:

"He shews, as sure as God's in Gloucester,

"That Moses was a grand impostor;

"That all his miracles were cheats,

"Perform'd as jugglers do their feats.

"The church had never such a writer:

"A shame he hath not got a mire!"

Suppose me dead; and then suppose

A club assembled at the Rose;

Where, from discourse of this and that,

I grew the subject of their chat.

And while they toss'd my name about,

With favour some, and some without;

One, quite indifferent in the cause,

My character impartial draws;

"The Dean, if we believe report;

"Was never ill receiv'd at court.

"Although ironically grave;

"He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;

"To steal a hint was never known,

"But what he writ was all his own."

"Sir, I have heard another story:

"He was a most confounded Tory;

"And grew; or he is much belied,

"Extremely dull before he died."

"Can we the Drapier then forget?

"Is not our nation in his debt?"

* Wollston is here confounded with Woolaston.

" 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters !"
 " He should have left them for his betters ;
 " We had a hundred abler men,
 " Nor need depend upon his pen.
 " Say what you will about his reading,
 " You never can defend his breeding ;
 " Who, in his fatires running riot,
 " Could never leave the world in quiet ;
 " Attacking, when he took the whim,
 " Court, city, camp—all one to him.
 " But why should he, except he *jabber'd*,
 " Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
 " Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
 " To save the nation every hour ?
 " What scenes of evil he unravels
 " In satires, libels, lying travels :
 " Not sparing his own clergy cloth ;
 " But eats into it, like a moth !"
 " Perhaps I may allow the Dean
 " Had too much satire in his vein,
 " And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 " Because no age could more deserve it.
 " Yet malice never was his aim ;
 " He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 " No individual could resent,
 " Where thousands equally were meant :
 " His satire points at no defect
 " But what all mortals may correct ;
 " For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
 " Who call it humour when they jibe :
 " He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
 " Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 " True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 " Unless it offer'd to be witty.
 " Those who their ignorance confess'd,
 " He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 " But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
 " A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 " Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 " Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
 " If you resent it, who's to blame ?
 " He neither knows you, nor your name.
 " Should vice expect to scape rebuke,
 " Because its owner is a duke ?
 " As friendships, still to few confin'd,
 " Were always of the middling kind ;
 " No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 " Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 " Where titles give no right or pow'r,
 " And peerage is a wither'd flow'r ;
 " He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 " If such a wretch had known his face.
 " On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 " He vented oft his wrath in vain .
 " * * * * * Squires to market brought ;
 " Who sell their souls and * * * for nought ;
 " The * * * go joyful back,
 " To rob the church, their tenants rack,
 " Go snacks with * * * justices,
 " And keep the peace to pick up fees :
 " In every job to have a share,
 " A gaol or turnpike to repair ;
 " And turn * * * to public roads
 " Commodious to their own abodes .
 " He never thought an honour done him,
 " Because a peer was proud to own him ;

" Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 " To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 " And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 " So often seen careering Chaires,
 " He never couited men in station,
 " No persons held in admiration ;
 " O! no man's greatness was afraid,
 " Because he sought for no man's aid.
 " I though trusted long in great affairs,
 " He gave himself no naughty airs :
 " Without regarding private ends,
 " Spent all his credit for his friends :
 " And only chose the wife and good ;
 " No flatterers, no allies in blood :
 " But succour'd virtue in distress,
 " And seldom fail'd of good success ;
 " As numbers in their hearts must own,
 " Who, but for him, had been unknown.
 " He kept with princes due decorum ;
 " Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 " He follow'd David's lesson just ;
 " In princes never put his trust ;
 " And, would you make him truly sour,
 " Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.
 " The Irish senate if you nam'd,
 " With what impatience he declaim'd !
 " Fair LIBERTY was all his cry ;
 " For her he stood prepar'd to die ;
 " For her he boldly stood alone ;
 " For her he oft expos'd his own.
 " Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 " Had set a price upon his head ;
 " But not a traitor could be found,
 " To sell him for six hundred pound.
 " Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 " He might have rose like other men :
 " But pow'r was never in his thought,
 " And wealth he valued not a groat :
 " Ingratitude he often found,
 " And pitied those who meant the wound :
 " But kept the tenor of his mind,
 " To merit well of human-kind :
 " Nor made a sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true, to please his foes.
 " He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
 " To reconcile his friends in pow'r ;
 " Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 " While they pursued each other's ruin.
 " But, finding vain war all his care,
 " He left the court in mere despair.
 " And, O! how short are human schemes !
 " Here ended all our golden dreams.
 " What St. John's skill in state affairs,
 " What Omond's valour, Oxford's cares,
 " To save their sinking country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one event.
 " Too soon this precious life was ended,
 " On which alone our weal depend'd,
 " When up a dangerous faction starts,
 " With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 " By solemn league and covenant bound,
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 " To turn religion to a fable,
 " And make the government a Babel ;
 " Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown ;
 " Corrupt the senate, rob the crown ;

"To

" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
 " And make her infamous in story :
 " When such a tempest shook the land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand !
 " With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
 " Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 " His friends in exile, or the Tower,
 " Himself within the frown of power ;
 " Pursued by base-invenom'd pens,
 " Far to the land of f—— and fens ;
 " A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most when treated worst.
 " By innocence and resolution,
 " He bore continual persecution ;
 " While numbers to preferment rose,
 " Whose merit was to be his foes ;
 " When ev'n his own familiar friends,
 " Intent upon their private ends,
 " Like renegades now he feels
 " Against him lifting up their heels.
 " The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 " An infamous destructive cheat ;
 " Taught fools their interest how to know,
 " And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 " To save that hapless land from ruin ;
 " While they who at the steerage stood,
 " And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.
 " To save them from their evil fate,
 " In him was held a crime of state.
 " A wicked monster on the bench,
 " Whose fury blood could never quench ;
 " As vile and profligate a villain,
 " As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian ;
 " Who long all justice had discarded,
 " Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;
 " Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 " And make him of his zeal repent.
 " But Heaven his innocence defends,
 " The grateful people stand his friends :
 " Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 " Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 " Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.
 " In exile, with a steady heart,
 " He spent his life's declining part ;
 " Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 " Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."

" Alas, poor Dean ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a misanthrope :
 " This into general odium drew him ;
 " Which if he lik'd, much good may 't do him.
 " His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
 " But discontent against the times :
 " For, had we made him timely offers
 " To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown ;
 " For party he would scarce have bled :—
 " I say no more—because he's dead.
 " What writings has he left behind :"
 " I hear they're of a different kind :
 " A few in verse, but most in prose."
 " Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose :
 " All scribbled in the worst of times,
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes ;
 " To praise Queen Anne ; nay more, defend her,
 " As never favouring the Pretender :
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spite.
 " Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
 " A lye at every second word—
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :
 " But not one sermon, you may swear."
 " He knew an hundred pleasing stories,
 " With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
 " Was cheerful to his dying day ;
 " And friends would let him have his way.
 " As for his works in verse or prose,
 " I own myself no judge of those.
 " Nor can I tell what critics thought them ;
 " But this I know, all people bought them,
 " As with a moral view design'd
 " To please and to reform mankind :
 " And, ~~as~~ he often mis'd his aim,
 " The world must own it, to their shame,
 " The praise is his, and theirs the blame. }
 " He gave the little wealth he had
 " To build a house for fools and mad ;
 " To shew, by one satiric touch,
 " No nation wanted it so much.
 " That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 " I wish it soon may have a better.
 " And, since you dread no farther lashes,
 " Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND OTHER LITTLE PIECES.

By Dr. YOUNG.

AS in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So wit is by politeness sharpest set ;
 Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

Advice to Mr. Pope, on his intended Translation of Homer, 1724.

O THOU who, with a happy genius born,
 Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
 Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
 Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise ;

Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
 He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' unliving age ;
 If Britain his translated song would hear,
 First take the gold—then charm the list'ning ear ;
 So shalt thy father Homer smile to see
 His pension paid, tho' late—and paid to thee.

Under the Print of Tom Britton, the musical Small-coal Man. HUGHES.

THOU' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
 Did gentle peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell :

Well.

Well pleas'd, Apollo thither led his train,
And music warbled in her sweetest strain:
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a lib'ral mind.

TH' inspiring muses, and the god of love,
Which most should grace the fair Melinda
strove;

Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts;
The muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Tho' Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's pow'rs adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit
To reign at once o'er beauty and o'er wit;
Each was a sep'rate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Melinda join'd.

AN Opera, like a pill'ry, may be said
To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.

*To the Hon. Mrs. Percival, with Hutchefon's
Treatise on Beauty and Order.* GRIERSON.

TH' internal senses painted here we see:
They're born in others, but they live in thee.
O were our author with thy converse blest,
Could he behold the virtues of thy breast;
His needless labours with contempt he'd view,
And bid the world not read—but copy you.

JACK, eating rotten cheese, did say,
Like Samson; I my thousands slay:
I vow, quoth Roger, so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.

On God's Omnipotence.

WHEN Egypt's host God's chosen tribe pur-
sued,
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood;
When thro' the dreary wastes they took their way,
The rocks relented, and pour'd forth a sea!
What limits can th' Almighty goodness know,
Since seas can harden; and since rocks can flow!

similis nihil gaudet.

WHEN Chloe's picture was to Chloe shewn,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own;
Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye Gods! she cries, in ecstasy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well! it is wondrous like!—nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!
Blunt and severe as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam! do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true:
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

MY sickly spouse, with many a sigh,
Oft tells me—Billy, I shall die:
I griev'd, but recollected straight
'Tis bootless to contend with fate:
So resignation to Heaven's will
Prepar'd me for succeeding ill.
'Twas well it did; for, on my life,
'Twas Heaven's will—to spare my wife.

AS Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
The waterman ask'd him which way he would
float; [streams
Which way! says the Doctor; why, fool, with the
To Paul's or to Lambeth—'twas all one to him.

*On a Prelate's going out of Church in Time of Di-
vine Service, to wait on the Lord Lieutenant of
Ireland.*

LORD Pam in the church (could you think it?)
kneel'd down:
When, told that the Duke was just come to town,
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no share in his lordship's promo-
tion.

A Hum'rous fellow in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon, with his instruments and skill,
Searches his skull, deeper and deeper still,
To feel his brains, and try if they were found;
And, as he keeps ado about the wound,
The fellow cries—Good surgeon, spare your pains;
When I began this brawl I had no brains.

BY fav'ring wit, Mæcenus purchas'd fame,
Virgil's own works immortaliz'd his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due,
At once the patron and the poet too.

On an eminent Modern Preacher.

POLLIO must needs to penitence excite;
For, see, his scarf is rich, and gloves are white;
Behold his notes display'd, his body rais'd;
With what a zeal he labours to be prais'd!
No stubborn sinner able to withstand
The force and reason of his wig and hand:
Much better pleas'd, so pious his intent,
With five that laugh than fifty who repent:
On moral duties when his tongue reines,
Tully and Plato are his best divines;
What Matthew says, or Mark, the proof but small;
What Locke or Clarke asserts, good scripture all:
Touch'd with each weakness which he does arraign,
With vanity he talks against the vain;
With ostentation does to meekness guide,
Proud of his periods levell'd against pride;
Ambitiously the love of glory fights,
And damns the love of fame—for which he writes.

THE Latin word for cold, one ask'd his friend;
It is, said he—'tis at my finger's end!

The

The World.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
Of the great Author; printed in man's heart:
'Tis falsely printed, tho' divinely penn'd;
And all th' errata will appear at th' end.

On the Battle of the Books.

SWIFT for the ancients has argued so well,
'Tis apparent from thence that the moderns
excel.

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintain'd the greatest
state;

The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not his vanities abate:
Ten cooks, quoth he, in Wales, one wedding fees.
Ay, quoth the other, each man toasts his cheeks.

From the Latin.

UNHAPPY, Dido, was thy fate,
In first and second wedded state!
One husband caus'd thy flight by dying,
Thy death the other caus'd by flying.

On the Funeral of Vulture Hopkins.

WHAT num'rous lights this wretch's corpse
attend,
Who, in his life-time, sav'd a candle's end!

The Humourist. Imitated from Martial.

IN all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen, about
thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

A Haughty courtier meeting in the streets
A scholar, him thus insolently greets:
Base men to take the wall I ne'er permit.
The scholar said, I do; and gave him it.

THUS with kind words Sir Edward cheer'd his
friend:

Dear Dick! thou on my friendship mayst depend;
I know thy fortune is but very scant;
But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon confin'd—his friend, no doubt, would
free him:

His word he kept—in want he ne'er wou'd see him.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the
more.

To Henry Purcell.

TO you a tribute from each muse is due;
The whole poetic tribe's oblig'd to you;
For surely none but you, with equal ease,
Could add to David, and make D'Urfey please.

*On the Offering made by King James I. at a grave
Comedy, called The Marriage of Arts.*

AT Christ-Church Marriage, play'd before the
king,
Lest these learn'd mates should want an offering,
The king himself did offer—what, I pray?
He offer'd, twice or thrice, to go away.

*A Country Parson's Answer to a young Lady who
sent him her Compliments on the Ten of Hearts.*

YOUR Compliments, dear Lady, pray forbear;
Old English services are more sincere.
You send ten hearts; the tythe is only mine:
Give me but one, and burn the other nine.

By Dr. DONNE.

I AM unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand or go; if he says true, he lyes.

MOORE always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles, you think, approving what he
And yet in this no vanity is shewn; [writes:
A modest man may like what's not his own.

FRIEND, in your Epiraphs I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

*To Mr. Thomson, who had procured the Author a
Benefit Night.* DENNIS.

REflecting on thy worth, methinks I find
Thy various seasons in their author's mind.
Spring opens her blossoms, various as thy muse;
And, like thy soft compassion, sheds her dews.
Summer's hot drought in thy expression glows,
And o'er each page a tawney ripeness throws.
Autumn's rich fruits th' instructed reader gains,
Who tastes the meaning purpose of thy strains.
Winter—but that no semblance takes from thee;
That hoary season yields a type of me.
Shatter'd by Time's bleak storms I with'ring lie,
Leafless, and whirling in a cold decay!
Yet shall my people's ivy, pale and bent,
Bless the short sunshine which thy pity lend.

The Fan. ATTERBUR.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This Fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

To the Author of an Epitaph on Dr. Mead.

HACKETT.

MEAD's not dead then, you say, only sleeping
a little;
Why, egad! Sir, you've hit it off there to a tittle:
Yet,

Yet, friend, his awaking I very much doubt—
Pluto knows who he's got, and will ne'er let him
out.

To Mr. Pope.

WHILE malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues doerry;
These times tho' many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:
When none shall rail, and ev'ry hy
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will)—that day
Shall I lament to see.

British Oeconomy.

IN merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his poet, and also his fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
Poor Cibber must serve both for fool and for poet.

Found stuck on the Statue of the Moor which supports the Sun Dial in Clements-Lane.

IN vain, poor fable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou feed'st in vain;
Lawyers let's quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.

By BLACKETT.

WHEN Jack was poor, the lad was frank and free;
Of late he's grown brimful of pride and pelf;
You wonder that he don't remember me;
Why so? You see he has forgot himself.

By PRIOR.

TO John I ow'd great obligation,
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation.
Sure John and I are more than quit.

On the Burser of St. John's College in Oxford cutting down a fine Row of Trees. EVANS.

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes:
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox;
Lambs fly from wolves, and sailors steer from rocks:
A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to trees.

Good Music, and bad Dancers.

HOW ill the motion with the music suits,
So Orpheus play'd, and like them danc'd the
brutes.

YE little wits, that gleam'd awhile,
While Pope vouchsaf'd a ray;
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!
To compass I'hoebus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each tends his cloud to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.
Alas! these skies are not your sphere;
There lie shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall; for earth ye were,
And must to earth return.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book. LANSDOWNE.

IN vain, Clauinda, night and day
For mercy to the Gods you pray:
What arrogance, on Heaven to call
For that which you deny to all!

SO much, my Pope, thy English Iliad charms,
As pity melts us, or as passion warms,
That after ages shall with wonder seek
Who 'twas translated Homer into Greek.

By HARRINGTON.

THE golden hair that Galla wears,
Is hers: who would have thought it?
She swears, 'tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

To Lady Isabella Thynne, cutting Trees in Paper.
WALLER.

FAIR hand, that can on virgin paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does shew
Like tracks of leverets in morning snow:
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange, that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours or of oil!
For tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis yours alone to make them bend and shake;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance, but you
Can make the motion and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame, confin'd:
Your works are read wherever there are men:
So far the scissars goes beyond the pen.

By PRIOR.

THY nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

A Cure for Poetry.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Tho' which the living Homer begg'd his
bread.

On some Snow which melted in a Lady's Breast.

THE envious snow comes down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieves to see itself surpass,
And melts into a tear.

The French Poet.

WHEN old Elijah, as the scriptures say,
Triumphant mounted to the realm of day,
His spirit doubled, and his cloak beside,
He gave Elisha, by long service tried.
Triton from hence would fain example take
For honest Quinault, his disciple's fake;
But this, alas! injurious fate denied,
For Triton poorer than a prophet died.
To Quinault thus the bard expiring spoke:
"My wit I leave thee—but I have no cloak."

ON Grace, Free-will, and Myst'ries high,
Two wits harangu'd the table;
B—ly believes he knows not why,
N—sh swears 'tis all a fable.
Peace, ideots, peace! and both agree;
N—sh, kiss thy empty brother;
Religion laughs at fops like thee,
But dreads a friend like t'other.

POX on't, quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget you learn.

Answered by Mr. WEST.

D—it, quoth Hearne, in furious fret,
Whate'er I learn you soon forget.

Dr. ALDRICH's Five Reasons for Drinking.

GOOD wine; a friend; or, being dry;
Or, lest we should be by and by;
Or, any other reason why.

By WALLER.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sagarissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues,
With numbers such as Phœbus' self might use;
All but the nymph who should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song:
Like Phœbus thus acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

By PRIOR.

ON his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs and mutual cries
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

*Written on the Bed-chamber Door of Charles II.
ROCHESTER.*

HERE lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.

THAT little patch upon your face
Would seem a foil on one less fair;
On you it hides a kissing grace,
And you in pity plac'd it there.

By PRIOR.

AS afternoon one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver,
With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew:
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.
I faint! I die! the goddesses cried:
O cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on, paricide?
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.
Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak;
Indeed, Mama, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloë.

From the Greek. PRIOR.

VENUS, take my votive glass:
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see!

*Written on a Glass, by a Gentleman who borrowed
the Earl of Chesterfield's Diamond Pencil.*

ACCEPT a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

On Lady Manchester. ADDISON.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er the pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair—
Confusion in their looks they shew'd,
And with unusual blushes glow'd.

Suicide. Dr. SEWEL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.

By BANKS.

YOUNG Courtly takes me for a dunce;
For all night long I spoke not once:
On better grounds I think him such:
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

By POPE.

MUSE, 'tis enough ; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live—for Buckingham com-
mends.

Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and malice from this hour are friends.

MISTAKEN nature here has join'd
A beauteous face and ugly mind ;
In vain the faultless features strike,
When soul and body are unlike :
Pity that snowy breast should hide
Deceit, and avarice, and pride.
So in rich jars, from China brought,
With glowing colours gaily wrought,
 Oft-times the subtle spider dwells,
With secret venom bloated swells,
Weaves all his fatal nets within,
As unsuspected as unseen.

By WALLER.

WERE men so dull they could not see
That Lyce painted ; should they see
The simple birds into a net,
So grossly woven and ill-set ;
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
These teeth my Lyce must not shew,
If she would bite : her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are diabolus'd when first the gapes :
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

To Mr. POPE.

DEPEND not upon verse for fame,
Tho' none can equal thine :
Our language never rests the same ;
Twill rise, or 'twill decline.
Thy wreaths, in course of fleeting hours,
Too soon will be decay'd :
But story lasts, tho' modern flow'rs
Of poetry must fade.
A surer way then wouldst thou find
Thy glory to prolong,
While thou remain'st amongst mankind
The sense of right and wrong ?
Thy fame with nature's self shall end,
Let future times but know
That Atterbury was thy friend,
And Bentley was thy foe.

By Lord HERVEY.

POSSESS'D of one great hall for state,
Without one room to sleep or eat :
How well you build, let flattery tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell.

*Written in a Window of the Tower, over the
Name of R. Walpole, confined in the same Room,
Ann. Dom. 1712.*
LANSDOWNE.

GOOD unexpected, evil unforeseen,
Appears by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene ;
Some rais'd aloft come tumbling down again ;
And fall so hard, they bound and rise again.

The Manchester Millers, named Bone and Skin.
BYROM.

BONE and Skin, two millers thin,
Would starve us all, or near it :
But be it known to Skin and Bone
That flesh and blood can't bear it.

By Sir G. LYTTELTON.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair,
But love can hope where reason would despair.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine ;
Which boasts two different powers in one
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gifts abounds ;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

The Difference between the Ancients and Moderns.

SOME for the ancients zealously declare,
Others our modern wits are fools, aver :
A third affirms, that they are much the same,
And differ only as to time and name :
Yet sure one more distinction may be told,
Those once were new, but these will ne'er be old.

To Mr. Pope, on his Epitaph on Mr. Gay.

LORD ORRERY.

ENTOMB'D with kings tho' Gay's cold atheslie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply.
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unaw'd, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay ! forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crown'd at last.
A destiny more glorious who can hope ?
In life belov'd, in death bemoan'd, by Pope.

On the Queen's Grotto at Richmond.

LEWIS the living genius fed,
And rais'd the scientific head ;
Our Queen, more frugal of her meat,
Raises those heads which cannot eat.

I HEARD last week, friend Edward, thou wast
dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cries Ned.

FRIEND Isaac, 'tis strange you that live so near
Bray

Should not set up the sign of the Vicar;
Tho' it may be an odd one, you cannot but say
It must needs be a sign of good liquor.

Answer.

INDEED, Master Poet, your reason 's but poor:
For the Vicar would think it a sin
To stay, like a booby, and lounge at the door;
'Twere a sign 'twas bad liquor within.

By a Porter, on the Gin Act. To a Great Man.

WHY will you make us coolly think?
If you would govern, we must drink.

Giles Tells.

GILES Jolt as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggon pilf'ers stole his team away.
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? oddsickin!
what?

Why how now? Am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins! I've found a cart.

To Zoilus. JOSIAH RELPH.

WITH industry I spread your praise,
With equal you my censure blaze;
But, faith! 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

Milton. DRYDEN.

THREE poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

*On the Drubbs of Marlborough's Offer of 500l.
for the best Poem on the Duke's Actions.*

FIVE hundred pounds! too small a boon
To put the poet's muse in tune,
That nothing might escape her;
Should she attempt th' heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper.

Scotland. CLEVELAND.

HAD Cain been a Scot, God would have alter'd
his doom;
Not forc'd him to wander, but confin'd him at home.

By PRIOR.

THUS to the muses spoke the Cyprian Dame:
Adorn my altars, and revere my name;
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
To wage goes the how! my girls, have at your hearts!
The muses answer'd—Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride.

Send him to nymphs who sleep in Ida's shade,
To the loose dance and wanton masquerade:
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look
On the instructive verse and moral book;
On female idleness his pow'r relies,
But when he finds us studying hard he flies.

By AARON HILL.

WHEN Christ at Cana's feast, by pow'r divine,
Inspir'd cold water with the warmth of wine,
See! cried they, while in redd'ning tide it gush'd,
The bathful stream hath seen its God and blush'd.

By AARON HILL.

TENDER-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

*Upon the Busts of the English Worthies at Stow.
Lord CLARE.*

AMONG these chiefs of British race,
Who live in breathing stone,
Why has not Cobham's bust a place?
—The structure was his own.

By POPE.

GREAT Villers' fate sage Cutler could foresee;
And well, he thought, advis'd him—"Live
"like me."
As well his Grace replied—"Like you, Sir John!
"That I can do when all I have is gone."

The Giant angling.

HIS angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

LYE on! while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

*On Michael Angelo's famous Piece of the Crucifixion,
who stabb'd a Person that he might do it more
naturally.*
Dr. YOUNG.

WHILST his Redeemer on the canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother welt'ring lies:
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops; and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies;
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up ev'ry pang repeats the blow;

Each

Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

On the Death of a Lady's Cat. HARRISON.

AND is Miss Tabby from the world retir'd?
And are her lives, all her nine lives, expir'd?
What sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How Tabby died, how full of play she fell?
Begin, ye tuneful nine, a mournful strife,
And ev'ry muse shall celebrate a life.

A Receipt for Courtship. SWIFT.

TWO or three dears, and two or three sweets;
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure;
Two or three oaths how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the play;
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times;
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes:
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

YOUR honest face, Flippanta, you disguise
With patches numerous as Argus' eyes;
I own that patching's requisite for you,
For more we're pleas'd the less your face we view:
Yet I advise, since my advice you ask,
Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Inscription for a Bust of Lady Suffolk in a Wood.

HER wit and beauty for a court was made,
Her truth and goodness fit her for a shade.

By Lady M. W. MONTAGUE.

WHILST thirst of praise and vain desire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd, of silly toasters proud,
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance,
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
While vain coquets affect to be pursued,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide—
In part the is ~~not there~~ that has been tried;
He comes too near, that comes to be denied.

To Mr. Addison, on his Tragedy of Cato.

THE mind to virtue is by verse subdued,
And the true poet is a public good.
This Britain feels; while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
I ham'd her senate, and upheld her laws,
Four manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword.

O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd;
And the muse triumph'd where the patriot fail'd.

TOM's coach and six!—whither in such haste
going?
But a short journey—to his own undoing.

Jealousy.

TO Bedlam with him: is he found in mind,
Who still is seeking what he would not find?

By LEONARD WELSTEAD.

I OWE, says Thomas, much to Peter's care;
Once only seen, he chose me for his heir.
True, Thomas; hence your fortunes take their rise:
His heir you were not, had he seen you twice.

By Dr. KENRICK.

THE great, good man, whom Fortune will dis-
place,
May into scarceness fall, but not disgrace.
His sacred person none will dare profane;
He may be poor, but never can be mean.
He holds his value with the wise and good,
And prostrate seems as great as when he stood.
So ruin'd temples holy awe dispense,
They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
The pious crowd the piles tho' fallen deplore,
And what they fail to raise they still adore.

Vixit Causa Diis placuit, sed vixit Cato.
G. STEPNEY.

THE gods and Cato did in this divide—
They chose the conqu'ring, he the conquer'd
side.

By Dean SWIFT.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
Knock as you will, there's nobody at home.

A Flower by Varelst. PRIOR.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view.
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The Goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And finishing the piece, the smiling said:
Behold one work of mine that ne'er shall fade.

By Sir SAM. GARTH.

CAN you count the silver lights
That deck the skies, and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stript by winter gales:
Or the drops that in the morn
Hang with transparent pearl the thorn;
Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers;
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or Molly's charms?

By AARON HILL.

HOW is the world deceiv'd by noise and show!
 Alas! how diff'rent, to pretend and know!
 Like a poor highway brook, pretence runs loud:
 Bustling, but shallow, dirty, weak, and proud.
 While like some nobler stream true knowledge
 glides,
 Silently strong, and its deep bottom hides.

The Royal Knotter. Sir CH. SEDLEY.

AH, happy people! ye must thrive,
 While thus the royal pair does strive
 Both to advance your glory;
 While he by 's valour conquers France,
 She manufactures does advance,
 And makes thread-fringes for ye.
 Blest we! who from such queens are freed,
 Who, by vain superstition led,
 Are always telling beads:
 But here's a queen now, thanks to God,
 Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
 Is always knotting threads.
 Then haste, victorious Nassau, haste;
 And when thy summer show is past,
 Let all thy trumpets sound:
 The fringe which this campaign has wrought,
 Though 't cost the nation scarce a groat,
 Thy conquests will furround.

What's Honour?

NOT to be captious, nor unjustly fight;
 'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's
 right.

JACK his own merit sees. This gives him pride,
 That he sees more than all the world beside.

By PRIOR.

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;
 By demonstration Ned can shew it:
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

Dean Swift's Curate.

I MARCH'D three miles thro' scorching sand,
 With zeal in heart, and notes in hand;
 I rode four more to great St. Mary;
 Using four legs, when two were weary.
 To three fair virgins I did tie men,
 In the close bands of pleasing Hymen;
 I dipt two babes in holy water,
 And purified their mothers after.
 Within an hour and eke an half,
 I preach'd three congregations deaf,
 While thund'ring out with lungs long-winded,
 I chopt so fast, that few there minded.
 My emblem, the laborious fun,
 Saw all these mighty labours done,
 Before one race of his was run;

All this perform'd by Robert Hewit;
 What mortal elfe could e'er go through it?

The Miser's Feast.

HIS chimney smokes! it is some omen dire!
 His neighbours are alarm'd; and cry out, Fire!

*On Sir Godfrey Kneller's painting, for the Author,
 the Statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules.*

POPE.

WHAT God, what genius did the pencil move,
 When Kneller painted these?
 'Twas friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
 And strong as Hercules.

The Duke of Ch——s. SWIFT.

JAMES B——s was the Dean's familiar friend;
 James grows a Duke; their friendship here must
 end.
 Surely the Dean deserves a sore rebuke,
 From knowing James, to say he knows a duke.

The Doctor and the Patient.

SLEPT you well? "Very well." My draught
 did good.
 "It did no harm: for yonder it hath ~~done~~ ^{done}!"

Verses occasioned by Mr. Aikman's Death.

THOMSON.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
 String after string is sever'd from the heart;
 Till loosen'd life, at last but breathing clay,
 Without one pang is glad to fall away.
 Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
 Whole eyes have wept o'er ev'ry friend laid low,
 Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
 Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

*To the Reverend Mr. Murdoch, Rector of Strad-
 dishall, in Suffolk.* THOMSON.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou canst not fall;
 Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
 No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
 Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
 Then keep each passion down, however dear;
 Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
 Guard, while 'tis thine, thy peace, thy ~~peace~~ ^{peace},
 And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
 That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
 High bliss is only for a higher state.

The Power of Time. SWIFT.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
 The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
 And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry
 When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
 Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

Epigram.

Epigram by Dr. DODDRIDGE, on his Motto,

Dum vivimus, vivamus.

LIVE while you live, the Epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the present day :
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my view let both united be !
I live in pleasure, when I live to Thee.

On the Publication of Mrs. Rowe's Poems, since her Death.

THUS Philomela sung, on earth detain'd,
While cumb'rous clay the rising soul re-
strain'd ;
Now the freed spirit, with th' angelic choir,
In fields of light attunes th' immortal lyre,
And hymns her God in strains more soft, more
strong—
There only could she learn a loftier song.

By Lord LANSDOWNE.

BELIEVE me, Chloe, those perfumes, that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee, is treasure lost ;
Not all Arabia would sufficient be ;
Thou smell'st not of thy sweets, they stink of thee.

By PRIOR.

WHEN Topewell thought fit from the world
To retreat,
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat :
He wak'd in the boat, and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
Trim the boat, and sit quiet, stern Charon replied :
You may have forgot, you was drunk when you
died.

BRUTUS unmov'd heard how his Portia fell.
Should Jack's wife die, he would behave as
well,

By Dean SWIFT.

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown ;
No more I hear my church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell :
At thunder now no more I start
Than at the rumbling of a cart :
Nay, what's incredible, alack !
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

On a Fan which bore the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with this Motto, " Aura veni."

POPE.

COME, gentle air, th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade ;
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies :
Lo ! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play ;
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound ;

Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love :
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she
gives :

She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

ONE day in Chelsea meadows walking,
Of poetry and such things talking,
Says Ralph, a merry wag—
An epigram, if smart and good,
In all its circumstances should
Be like a jelly-bag.
Your simile, I own, is new ;
But how wilt make it out ? says Hugh.
Quoth Ralph, I'll tell thee, friend :
Make it at top both wide, and fit
To hold a budget full of wit,
And point it at the end.

By Mrs. PILKINGTON.

STELLA and Flavia ev'ry hour
Unnumber'd hearts surprise ;
In Stella's soul lies all her pow'r,
And Flavia's in her eyes.
More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd ;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.
Stella like Britain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast your face,
Your beauty's only store :
Each day that makes thy charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.

To Mr. Pope, on his Dunciad.

THE raven, rook, and pert jackdaw,
Tho' neither birds of moral kind,
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

TREASON does never prosper: what's the
reason ?

Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason.

CURIO's rich sideboard seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright ;
His knives and forks, all rang'd in even rows,
No hand molests, no servants discompose :
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
For ever still, whose flyers—never fly :

His plates, unsullied, shining on the shelf;
For Curio dresses nothing but himself.

On a Bee stifted in Honey.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the blest busy labourer fly;
When all that from her toil she gains,
Is in the sweets she hoards to die.
'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy:
If we taste wisely they relieve,
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

ARISE, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verse is set.

By Dr. SWIFT.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
squabble,
And screen'd him at once from the shrew and
the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice;
But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warn-
ning,
That he sent to all three a challenge next morn-
ing.
He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd his life;
Then went home, and was cudgell'd again by
his wife.

On Mr. Butler's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.
S. WESTLEY.

WHILST Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shewn;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

Inscription for a Fountain adorn'd with Queen Anne's and the Duke of Marlborough's Statues and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.
PRIOR.

YE active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes, and farthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been
taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Malbro' fought.

By W. CONGREVE.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams than her bright eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

LET Blackmore still, in good king Arthur's
vein,
To Fleckno's empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose,
With praise and slander maul both friends and
foes;
Let him great Dryden's awful name profane,
And learned Garth with envious pride disdain;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills,
His satire wounds not, but his physic kills.

By JOSIAH RELPH.

NO, Varus hates a thing that's base;
I own indeed he's got a knack
Of flatt'ring people to their face,
But scorns to do't behind their back.

Under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz. LYTFELTON.
SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall
find

A hand or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by ev'ry vulgar fear,
In a false world that dars to be sincere:
Wise without art, without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distress'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune sued, ne'er fought to show
What felt, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

By JOSIAH RELPH.

WHEN from her bosom Arria pull'd the
blade,
Thus to her lord the tender heroine said:
The wound I gave myself with ease I bear,
Alas! I die by that which kills my dear.

The Commons' Petition to King Charles the Second.
ROCHESTER.

IN all humility we crave
Our sovereign may be our slave;
And humbly beg that he may be
Betray'd by us most loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His scepter, dignity, and crown,
We'll make him, for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

CHARLES, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

The Worm Doctor. J. RELPH.

VAGUS advanc'd on high proclaims his skill
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to
kill;

A scorn-

A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man (as Job has told us) is a worm.

On Plutarch's Statue. From the Greek.

DRYDEN.

WISE, honest Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
The sons of Rome this grateful statue raise:
For why? both Greece and Rome thy fame have
 shar'd,
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own;
Their lives had parallels—but thine has none.

On the Statue of Niobe. From the Greek.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her—but in
 vain:
The sculptor's art has made her breathe again.

To a young Gentleman.

NATURE has done her part: do thou but
 thine;
Learning and sense let decency refine.
For vain applause transgress not virtue's rules:
A virtuous sinner is the worst of fools.

Ulysses' Dog. POPE.

WHEN wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his queen, unknown:
Chang'd as he was with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fled,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew;
The faithful dog alone his master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant, now cashier'd he lay;
And, tho' e'en then expiring on the plain,
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again,
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
'Twas all he could, and fawn'd, and kiss'd his
 feet,
Set a dumb joy: then, falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died.

To King Charles I. on his Navy. WALLER.

SHOULD nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe—and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of all,
And rise in triumph o'er the drowned ball.

On Mrs. Barbieri's first Appearance on the Stage.

NO pleasure now from Nicolini's tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his song:
On a fair Syren we have fix'd our choice,
And wait with longing ears for Barbieri's voice:
When, lo! the nymph by bathful awe betray'd,
Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid:
But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder all her charms increase,
And, had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

On the Spectator.

WHEN first the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the Spectator rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd till citing day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same;
So we—but now from this lusty senate are freed;
Since all agree who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and dees himself succeed.

To the Lord Chancellor King; alluding to his Motto, "Labor ipse voluptas!"

'TIS not the splendour of the place,
The gilded coach, the purle, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crowds which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive
Flow from the benefits you give:
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True pleasure, rightly understood,
Is only labour to do good.

Written in a Lady's Milton. PRIOR.

WITH virtue strong as years had Eve been
 arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluss'd, or serpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell—nor Milton wrote.

From the Greek. PRIOR.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll! revisit earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch! return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by;
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

A Character of an old Rake.

SCORN'D by the wife, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert;
Affecting passions vice has long subdued;
Desperately gay, and impotently lewd;

And,

And, as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

*Dr. Wynter to Dr. Cheyney, on his Books in favour
of a Vegetable Diet.*

TELL me from whom, fat-headed Scot,
Thou didst thy system learn;
From Hippocrate thou hast it not,
Nor Celsus, nor Pitcairn.

Suppose we own that milk is good,
And say the same of grafs;
The one for babes is only food,
The other for an afs.

Doctor! one new prescription try
(A friend's advice forgive):
Eat grafs, reduce thyself, and die;
Thy patients then may live.

Dr. Cheyney to Dr. Wynter.

MY system, doctor, is my own,
No tutor I pretend;
My blunders hurt myself alone,
But yours your dearest friend.

Were you to milk and straw confin'd,
Thrice happy might you be;
Perhaps you might regain your mind,
And from your wit get free.

I can't your kind prescription try,
But heartily forgive;
'Tis natural you should bid me die,
That you yourself may live.

*On King William's Exploits during two Campaigns
in Flanders.*

THE author sure must take great pains,
Who fairly writes his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He gain'd the greatest glory:
For, while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing;
Namur was taken in his fight,
And Mons within his hearing.

A smart Repartee.

SWIFT.

CRIES Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he replied.
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.

On Glover's Leonidas being compared to Virgil.

EQUAL to Virgil!—it may, perhaps;
But then, by Jove, 'tis Dr. Trapp's.

On a bad Translation.

HIS work now done, he'll publish it, no doubt;
For sure I am that murder will come out.

To a bad Fidler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old
Nick,
Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddle-stick.

*On Sir John Vanbrugh's Device of a Lion and a
Cock, at Blenheim.*

HAD Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better
fought,
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,
No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd,
The cock had drove the lion from the field.

On the Bridge at Blenheim. Dr. EVANS.

THE lofty arch his high ambition shews,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

To a Lady.

A. HILL.

IF fix'd on yours my cytes in pray'r you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry!
For since our Maker's throne is plac'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy,
And what's most bright most gives him to our view,
I look most near him when I look on you.

The Antidote.

WHEN Lethia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air;
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire:
But, soon as e'er the beauteous ideot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke;
Like balm the tickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd, her tongue unbound.

The Female Prattler.

FROM morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; O, forbear;
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.
Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
All are distracted while they gaze,
But, if they listen, they are cur'd:
Your silence would acquire more praise
Than all you say, or all you write:
One look ten thousand charms displays;
Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

The Avaro.

THUS to the master of a house,
Which, like a church, would starve a mouse;
Which never guest had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd;
I said—Well, Sir, 'tis vastly neat;
But where d'you drink, and where d'you eat?

If one may judge by rooms so fine,
It costs you more in mops than wine.

Effectual Malice.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's the sharpest, and succeeds the best;
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright
With serious rancour, and true Christian spite;
But he, more sly, pursues his fell design—
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're
mine.

On a Regiment sent to Oxford, and a Present of
Books to Cambridge, by King George I. 1715.
By Dr. TRAPP.

THE king observing, with judicious eyes,
The state of both his universities,
To one he sent a regiment; for why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To th' other he sent books, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

Answered by Sir William Browne.

THE king to Oxford sent his troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

The Friendly Contest.

WHILE Cam and Isis their sad tribute bring
Of rival grief, to weep their pious king,
The bards of Isis half had been forgot,
Had not the sons of Cam in pity wrote;
From their learn'd brothers they took off the curse,
And prov'd their verse not bad—by writing worse.

Against Life. From the Greek of Posidippus.

WHAT tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
Can mortals choose thro' human life?
Attend the courts, attend the bar—
There discord reigns, and endless jar:
At home the weary wretches find
Severe disquietude of mind:
To till the fields gives toil and pain;
Eternal terrors sweep the main:
If rich, we fear to lose our store;
Need and distress await the poor:
Sad ~~gates~~ the bands of Hymen give;
Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live.
Are children born? we anxious groan;
Childless, our lack of heirs we moan.
With giddy schemes our youth engage;
Weakness and wants oppress old age.
Would fate then with my wish comply,
I'd never live, or quickly die.

For Life. From the Greek of Metrodorus.

MANKIND may rove, unvex'd by strife,
Thro' ev'ry road of human life.
Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
And peace concludes the wordy war.
At home auspicious mortals find
Serenè tranquility of mind:

All-beauteous nature decks the plain;
And merchants plough for gold the main:
Respect arises from our store;
Security from being poor:
More joys the bands of Hymen give;
Th' unmarried with more freedom live:
If parents, our blest lot we own;
Childless, we have no cause to moan:
Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage;
And venerable hairs old-age.
Since all is good, then who would cry,
"I'd never live, or quickly die?"

The Revenge of America. WARTON.

WHEN Cortez' furious legions flew
O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
Old India's awful genius rose:
He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
And heard a thousand nations groan;
For grief his feathery crown he tore,
To see huge Plata foam with gore;
He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
To view his cities smoking round.

What woes, he cried, hath lust of gold
O'er my poor country widely roll'd!
Plund'ers, proceed! my bowels tear,
But ye shall meet destruction there.
From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
Th' insatiate fiend, pale Avarice;
Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
Peace, Order, Law, and Amity!
I see all Europe's children curst
With lucre's universal thirst:
The rage that sweeps my sons away
My baneful gold shall well repay.

Mutual Pity.

TOM, ever jovial, ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree;
So different is our whim:
The fellow fondly laughs at me,
• While I could cry for him.

Universal Complaisance.

THROUGH servile flattery thou dost all com-
mend—
Who cares to please whom no man can offend?

Under the Statue of a Water Nymph, at Stourhead,
Somersetshire. From the Latin. POPE.

NYPH of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah, spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave;
Or drink in silence, or in silence leave.

On his own Grotto. POPE.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' trans-
lucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach, but awful!—lo th' Egerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

A prudent Choice.

WHEN Loveless married Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

On a great House adorned with Statues.

THE walls are thick, the servants thin;
The gods without, the devil within.

On a hasty Marriage.

MARRIED! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing.
In ancient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at "board and bed."
But hard's his case, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

The Incurious.

THREE years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions nor the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile—
The rogue had been in Newgate all the while.

To a Spendbrift disinherited.

HIS whole estate thy father, by his will,
Gave to the poor—thou hast good title still.

On a pale Lady.

WHENCE comes it that, in Clara's face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

The Musical Contest.

SWIFT.

SOME say that Signior Bononcini,
Compar'd to Handel, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver that to him Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange! that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedledum and Tweedledee!

The happy Physiognomy.

YOU ask why *Roome diverts you with his
jokes,
Yet, if he prints, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it!—This, Sir, is the case:
The jest is lost—unless he prints his face.

On seeing a Miser at a Concert in Spring-Gardens.

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To calm the tyrant, and relieve th' oppressed;
But Vauxhall concert's more attractive pow'r
Unlock'd Sir Richard's pocket at three-score:
O strange effect of music's matchless force,
T' extract two shillings from a miser's purse!

On certain Pastorals.

SO rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'Tis not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 'tis his herds that lowe.

On a Gentleman who expended his Fortune in Horse-Racing.

JOHAN run so long, and run so fast,
No wonder he run out at last;
He ran in debt; and then, to pay,
He distanc'd all—and ran away.

On the Collar of a Dog presented by Mr. Pope to the Prince of Wales.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

From the Greek.

A Blooming youth lies buried here,
Euphemius, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace:
Prepar'd the marriage state to prove,
But Death had quicker wings than Love.

On Sophocles.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung:
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muses and the graces writ.

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this sable hearth
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

By BEN JONSON.

UNDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much virtue as could die;
Which, when alive, did vigour give
To as much beauty as could live;
If she had a single fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.

Intended for Dryden.

POPE.

THIS Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: the rest who does not
know?

* Author of a paper called Pasquin reflecting on Mr. Pope, &c.

On Mr. Rowe.

POPE.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust.

O! next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

On Mr. Fenton.

POPE.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man."
A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great.
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace,
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

On Mr. Gay.

POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and last the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in his end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies Gay.

On Tom D'Urfey.

HERE lies the Lyric, who, with tale and song,
Did live to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet;
His heart was cheerful—but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader! grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.

o Adon Hill, Esq.

S. RICHARDSON.

WHEN noble thoughts with language pure unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Tho' unincumber'd with the clogs of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds for want of meaning chime;
Which, like the rock in Shannon's midway
course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force;
Well may we judge so strong and clear a rill
Flows higher from the muses' sacred hill.

PRIOR, on himself.

TO me 'tis given to die, to thee 'tis given
To live; alas! one moment sets us even;
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven.

Inscription on an Urn at Lord Corke's to the Memory of the Dog Hector.

STRANGER, behold the mighty Hector's tomb!
See! to what end both dogs and heroes come.
These are the honours by his master paid
To Hector's maons and lamented shade:
Nor words nor honours can enough commend
The social dog—nay more, the faithful friend!
From nature all his principles he drew;
By nature faithful, vigilant, and true;
His looks and voice his inward thoughts expressed;

He growl'd in anger, and in love caress'd.
No human falsehood lurk'd beneath his heart;
Brave without boasting, generous without art.
When Hector's virtues man, proud man, displays,
Truth shall adorn his tomb with Hector's praise,

On a Parish Clerk.

HERE lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles: pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

On an old Woman who sold Pots at Chester.

BENEATH this stone lies Cath'rine Gray,
Chang'd to a lifeless lump of clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
Yet now she's turn'd to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your grief, and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a run of years,
In some tall pitcher, or broad pan,
She in her shop may be again?

To the Pye-house Memory of Nell Batchelour, the Oxford Pye-woman.

HERE, into the dust,
The mouldering crust
Of Elenor Batchelour's shoven;
Well vers'd in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
And the lucrative skill of the oven.
When she'd liv'd long enough,
She made her last puff—
A puff by her husband much prais'd:
Now here she doth lie,
And makes a dirt-pie,
In hopes that her crust shall be rais'd.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, the Poet and Architect.

By Dr. EVANS.

LIE heavy on him, earth! for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Posthumous Fame.

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold;
Now breathes his bust, now are his virtues shown;
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.

If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a wretch like his should ever die!
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch like him should ever live!

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt. POPE.

TO this sad shrine; whoe'er thou art, draw near:
Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear;

Whoe'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak:
Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrow mix his own!

On General Withers. POPE.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,

Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind!
O born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say, those English glories gone,
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

On Mr. Craggs. POPE.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend!
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd—by the muse he lov'd.

On Sir Isaac Newton.

APPROACH, ye wise of soul, with awe divine,
'Tis Newton's name that consecrates this shrine!
That sun of knowledge, whose meridian ray
Kindled the gloom of nature into day!
That soul of science, that unbounded mind,
That genius which ennobled human kind!
—Confess'd supreme of men, his country's pride;
And half esteem'd an angel—till he died:
Who in the eye of Heaven like Enoch stood,
And thro' the paths of knowledge walk'd with God:
Whose fame extends, a sea without a shore!
Who but forsook one world to know the laws of more.

On the same. POPE.

NATURE, and nature's laws, lay hid in night;
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

From COWLEY.

HERE lies the great—False marble, tell me where.
Nothing but poor and fordid dust lies here.

On a young Lady. MALLETT.

THIS humble grave tho' no proud structure
grace,
Yet truth and goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb:
Escap'd from death, O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never wealth could buy, nor pow'r decree,
Regard and pity wait sincere on thee!
Lo! soft remembrance drops a pious tear,
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

On Mr. Aikman and his Son. MALLETT.

DEAR to the wife and good, beneath this stone
Here sleep in peace the father and the son!
By virtue, as by nature, close allied,
The painter's genius, but without the pride:
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine,
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date!
But O! how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn untimely from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and died.

On a young Lady.

HERE innocence and beauty lie, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death.
Hence did she go just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent.

On an Infant.

TO the dark and silent tomb
Soon I hasted, from the womb;
Scarce the dawn of life began,
Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no smiling pleasures knew;
I no gay delights could view:
Joyless sojourner was I,
Only born to weep and die.

Happy infant, early blest!
Rest, in peaceful slumber rest;
Early rescued from the care
Which increase with growing years.

No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they seem, and gay;
Short and sickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.

All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain
Lasting only, not divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

Another.

Another.

BENEATH a sleeping infant lies;
To earth her body's lent:
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Tho' not more innocent.

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine!

On Two Twin-Sisters.

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie,
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

To the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Shuckburgh,
who died at Bath, March 22, 1764.

REMOVED from all the pains and cares of
life,

Here rests the pleasing friend and faithful wife:
Annobled by the virtues of her mind:
Constant to goodness, and in death resign'd:
Who plac'd true practice in a wise retreat,
Privately pious; and unknown, tho' great;
Sure, in the silent sabbath of the grave,
To taste that tranquil peace she always gave.

O early-lost, in virtue's fairest prime!
Thy pieties supplied life's want of time.
No death is sudden to a soul prepar'd—
When God's own hour brings always God's
reward.

Thy death (and such, O reader, with thy own!)
Was free from terrors, and without a groan:
Thy spirit to himself th' Almighty drew,
Mild as his sun exhales th' ascending dew.

Epitaph on Mrs. Mason, in the Cathedral at Bristol.
MASON.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
that best gift, which Heaven so lately
gave:

To Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
Her faded form. She bow'd to taste the wave—
Does youth, does beauty read the line?

Does it fear their breaths alarm?
Speak, dead Marian! breathe a strain divine;
Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
charm.

Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee:
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move:
And, if so fair, from vanity as free,
As arm in friendship, and as fond in love;
Tell them, tho' 'tis an awful thing to die,
(I was ev'n to thee) yet, the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
pure in heart behold their God."

Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of
Brodfworth, Yorkshire. MASON.

HERE sleeps what once was beauty, once was
grace;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps: O venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The christian yields an angel to his God.

Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke. GRAY.

LO! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.

Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear,
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With life, with mem'ry, and with love.

On General Wolfe: in the Church of Westeram, in
Kent—where he was born, 1727.

WHILE George in sorrow bows his laurell'd
head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead—
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth! the fairest in the lists of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast th' auspicious
year;

Struck with thy fall, we shed the gen'ral tear:
With humble grief inscribe one artless stone—
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

The Prayer of a wife Heaten.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knowest best what mortals want:)
Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply;
What's evil—to our pray'rs deny!

To the Right Hon. Lady Ch—, 1763.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the play;
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines
the day;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair:

A kindling passion ev'ry breast alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.

But when, retir'd amidst their rural bow'rs,
She cheers th' illustrious patriot's calmer hours;
Or, smiling, sits her infant tribe among,
And guides to virtue's paths the list'ning throng:
Behold, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
The tender mother, and th' engaging wife!
More just applause these humbler virtues share,
And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

An Incident in High Life.

THE Bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:

Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
And lo! "A race! a race!" in rapture cries:

"Where?" quoth Sir John: "Why, see! two
"drops of rain

"Start from the summit of the crystal pane:

"A thousand pounds! which drop with nimblest
"force

"Performs its current down the slippery course!"
The betts were fix'd; the dire suspense they wait

For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.

Now down the fath, unconscious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Chloe's eyes.

But ah! the glittering joys of life are short!—
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,

Th' approaching drops into one bubble draws.

Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project
cross'd;

How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost!

AS a west-country mayor, with formal address,
Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess:

"The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate
"spite

"Has presum'd to attack you, a poor virgih-
"queen;

"But your majesty's courage has made it ap-
"pear,

"That the don had ta'en the wrong *sew* by the
"ear."

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,

But much too serious for a court,
Who at all preaching made no sport:

He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.

The doctor stopp'd; began to call,
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:

"My lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
"You snore so loud—you'll wake the king."

*On a Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir
Godfrey Kneller.*

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.

Quoth Kneller, "I'll certainly stop up that door,
"If ever I find it unlock'd any more."

"Your threats," replies Radcliffe, "disturb not
"my ease;

"And so you don't paint it, e'en do what you
"please."

"You're smart," rejoins Kneller; "but, say what
"you will,

"I'll take any thing from you—but potion or pill."

The Empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,

And, face to face, the noisy contest wage;

"Don't cock your clin at me," Dick smartly
cries.

"Fear not—his head's not *chang'd*," a friend
[replies]

To ———, Esq. Antiquary and F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

*On erecting a Monument to Shakspeare, under the
Direction of Mr. Pope, Lord Burlington, &c.*

TO mark her Shakspeare's worth, and Brit-
tain's love,

Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:

Superfluous care! When distant times shall view
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be-
new.

*On Mr. Nash's Picture at full Length, between
the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope,
at Bath.* CHESTERFIELD.

THE old Egyptians hid their wit

In hieroglyphic dress,

To give men pains in search of it,
And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,

And exercise their parts,

Place figures in a room at Bath:

Forgive them, God of Arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,

All wisdom does express;

His knowledge gives mankind delight,

Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true Wit,

The sunshine of the mind;

Read o'er his works in search of it,

You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents man in the mass,

Made up of wrong and right;

Sometimes a king, sometimes an ass;

Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture plac'd the busts between,

Adds to the thought much strength;

Wisdom and Wit are little seen,

But Folly's at full length.

The following Lines were banded up to a beautiful young Lady who was attending the Trial of Criminals at the Assizes in Surrey.

WHILST petty offences and felonies smart,
Is there no jurisdiction for stealing one's heart?

You, fair one, will smile, and cry, "Laws, I
"defy you;"

Affur'd that no peers can be summon'd to try you.
But think not that paltry defence will secure ye;
For the muses and graces will just make a jury.

The Dropical Man. TAYLOR.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not forbear,
Though his life was in danger, old port and
stale beer,

Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would
drink on,

Till the droply had swell'd him as big as a ton;
The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
He began to consider—so sent for his son.

Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life,
I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five;
More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours
This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;
My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's
youth.

Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to in-
herit)

Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho' it be true,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
'Tis no more than what many a man has gone
through.

And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young,
Your life after this may be happy and long.
Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,
With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye:
Too well by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,
No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost.

EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

To James Harris, Esq.

MARTIAL, Book iv. Ep. 87.

WOULDST thou, by Attic taste approv'd,
read, by all be lov'd,

To learn ~~that~~ Harris' curious eye,
By me advis'd, dear Muse, apply:

In him the perfect judge you'll find,
In him the candid friend, and kind.

If he repeats, if he approves,
If he the laughing muscles moves,

Thou nor the critic's sneer shalt mind,
Nor be to pies or trunks consign'd.

If he condemns, away you fly,
And mount in paper-kites the sky,

Or dash about in Grub-street's recesses lic.

Book i. Ep. 11.

CURMUDGEON the rich widow courts,
Nor lovely she, nor made for sports;
'Tis to Curmudgeon charm enough,
That she has got a church-yard cough.

Book i. Ep. 14.

WHEN Arria from her wounded side
To Pætus gave the reeking steel,
I feel not what I've done, she cried;
What Pætus is to do—I feel.

Book iii. Ep. 43.

BEFORE a swan, behind a crow,
Such self-deceit ne'er did I know.
Ah! cease your arts—death knows you're grey,
And spite of all will keep his day.

Book iv. Ep. 78.

WITH lace bedizen'd comes the man,
And I must dine with lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of catables a slender hoard.
"Your pride, and not your victuals, spare;
"I came to dine, and not to stare."

Book vii. Ep. 75.

WHEN dukes in town ask thee to dine,
To rule their roast, and smack their wine;
Or take thee to their country-seat,
To mark their dogs, and bless their meat;
—, dream not on preferment soon,
Thou'rt not their friend, but their buffoon.

Book viii. Ep. 35.

A LIKE in temper and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife,
She a scold, a bully he—
The devil's in't they don't agree.

Book xii. Ep. 23.

YOUR teeth from Hemmet, and your hair from
Bolney—
Was not an eye to be also had for money?

Book xii. Ep. 30.

NED is a sober fellow, they pretend—
Such would I have my coachman, not my
friend.

Book xii. Ep. 103.

YOU sell your wife's rich jewels, lace, and clothes;
The price once paid, away the purchase goes;
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told;
Still sold returns, and still is to be sold.

Book i. Ep. 40.

IS there, t'enroll amongst the friendly few,
Whose names pure faith and ancient fame re-
new?

Is there, enrich'd with virtue's honest store,
Deep vers'd in Latian and Athenian lore?
Is there, who right maintains, and truth pursues,
Nor knows a wish that Heaven can refuse?
Is there, who can on his great self depend?
Now let me die, but Harris is this friend.

Book ii. Ep. 80.

WHEN Fannius should have 'scap'd his foe,
His own hands stopp'd his breath :
And was 't not madness, I would know,
By dying, to 'scape death ?

The same.

HIMSELF he slew, when he the foe would fly ;
What madness this—for fear of death to die !

Book v. Ep. 78.

VARUS did lately me to supper call ;
The furniture was large, the feast but small,
The table's spread with plate, not meat ; they put
Much to accost the eye, nought for the gut :
We came to feast our bellies, not our eyes ;
Pray take away your gold ; give us some pies.

Book i. Ep. 16.

THOU, whom (if faith or honour recommends
A friend) I rank amongst my dearest friends,
Remember you are now almost threescore ;
Few days of life remain, if any more :
Defer not what no future time insures,
And only what is past, esteem that yours.
Successive cares and troubles for you stay ;
Pleasure not so ; it nimbly fleets away ;
Then seize it fast : embrace it ere it flies ;
In the embrace it vanishes and dies.
" I'll live to-morrow," will a wise man say ?
To-morrow is too late—then live to-day.

From Martial, literally translated.

A Landlord of Bath put upon me a queer hum :
I ask'd him for punch, and the dog gave me
mere rum !

Book ii. Ep. 41.

YES ; I submit, my lord ; you've gain'd your end :
I'm now your slave—that would have been
your friend.
I'll bow, I'll cringe, be supple as your glove—
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing—but love.

Book viii. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not ;
But take his word for't ; Hal's not worth a
groat.

Book i. Ep. 16.

WHEN from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd
the sword,
And gave the deathful weapon to her lord ;
My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart,
But thine, alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

Book ix. Ep. 82.

MY works the reader and the hearer praise—
They're incorrect, a brother poet says :
But let him rail ; for, when I give a feast,
Am I to please the cook, or please the guest ?

Book i. Ep. 34.

HER father dead—alone no grief she knows ;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry visit flows.

No mourner he, who must by praise be feed,
But he, who mourns in fetter, mourns indeed !

Book i. Ep. 39.

THE verses, friend, which thou hast read, are
mine ;
But, as thou read'st them, they may pass for thine.

Book ii. Ep. 3.

YOU say, you nothing owe ; and so I say ;
He only owes, who something has to pay.

Book ii. Ep. 38.

YOU'RE fine, and ridicule my thread-bare gown ;
Thread-bare indeed it is ; but 'tis my own.

I DROPP'D a thing in verse, without a name ;
I felt no censure, and I gain'd no fame :
The public saw the bastard in the cradle,
But ne'er enquir'd : so left it to the beadle.
A certain nobleman takes up the child,
The real father lay perdue, and smil'd.
The public now enlarges ev'ry grace,
What shining eyes it has ! how fair a face !
Of parts what symmetry ! what strength divine !
The noble brat is sure of Pelops' line.

The Mistake.

TAYLOR.

A CANNON-BALL, one bloody day,
Took a poor sailor's leg away ;
And, as on comrade's back he made off,
A second fairly took his head off.
The fellow, on this odd emergence,
Carries him pick-back to the surgeons.
Z—ds ! cries the doctor, are you drunk,
To bring me here a headless trunk ?
A lying dog ! cries Jack—he said
His leg was off, and not his head.

An Epitaph to the Memory of Lucy Lyttelton.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wife ;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been :
Yet good, as she the world had never seen ;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd ;
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love ;
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her tongue ;
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd ;
Her mind was virtue by the graces dress'd.

Epitaph on Miss Stanley.

TROMSON.

HERE, Stanley ! rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauty stain,
And sternly try thee with a year of pain :

No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art to save her anxious groan,
No more thy bosom presses down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!

O! born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm,
To shew us Virtue in her fairest form;
To shew us artless Reason's moral reign;
What boastful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient passions, knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and Harmony the heart!

Yes; we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away;
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Blest be the bark that wafts us to the shore
Where death-divided friends shall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

*An Inscription on the Tomb raised to the Memory
of the Author's Father, and of others his An-
cestors.*

Lord CLARE.

UNMARK'D by trophies of the great and vain,
Here sleeps in silent tomb a gentle train.
No folly wasted their paternal store,
No guilt, no sordid artifice made it more;
With honest fame, and sober plenty crown'd,
They liv'd, and spread their cheering influence
round.

May he whose hand this pious tribute pays,
Receive a like return of filial praise!

I LOV'D thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So alter'd are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

SINCE first you knew my am'rous smart,
Each day augments your proud disdain;
'Twas then enough to break my heart,
And now, thank Heaven! to break my chain.
Cease, thou scorner, cease to shun me!
Now let love and hatred cease!
Half that rigour had undone me,
All that rigour gives me peace.

MY heart still hovering round about you,
I thought I could not live without you;
Now we have liv'd three months asunder,
How NEAR with you is the wonder.

*Dialogue between an old Incumbent and the Person
promised the next Presentation.*

I'M glad to see you well.—O faithless breath!
What glad to see me well, and wish my death!
No more replies the youth, Sir, this misgiving:
I wish not for your death, but for your living.

THO' cheerful, discreet, and with freedom well
bred,
She never repented an idle word said:
Securely she finishes on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.

I SWORE I lov'd, and you believ'd,
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd;
Though all I swore was true.
I lov'd one gen'rous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
And thought that form was you.

*On one who first abused, and then made Love to
a Lady.*

FOUL — with graceless verse,
The noble — dar'd asperse;
But when he saw her well bespatter'd,
Her reputation stain'd and tatter'd;
He gaz'd, and lov'd the hideous elf,
She look'd so very like himself.
True sung the bard well known to fame*,
Self-love and social are the same.

SHE who in secret yields her heart,
Again may claim it from her lover;
But she who plays the trisler's part,
Can ne'er her squander'd fame recover.
Then grant the boon for which I pray;
'Tis better lend than throw away.

WE thought you without titles great,
And wealthy with a small estate;
While by your humble self alone
You seem'd unrated and unknown.
But now on fortune's swelling tide
High-borne in all the pomp of pride,
Of grandeur vain, and fond of pelf,
'Tis plain, my lord, you knew yourself.

TOM thought a wild profusion great,
And therefore spent his whole estate:
Will thinks the wealthy are ador'd,
And gleans what misers blush to hoard.
Their passion, merit, fate the same,
They thirst and starve alike for fame.

To Clarissa.

WHY like a tyrant wilt thou reign,
When thou may'st rule the willing mind?
Can the poor pride of giving pain
Repay the joys that wait the kind?
I curse my fond enduring heart,
Which scorn'd, presumes not to be free,
Condemn'd to feel a double smart,
To hate myself, and burn for thee.

EVER busy, ne'er employ'd,
Ever loving, ne'er enjoy'd,
Ever doom'd to seek and miss,
And pay unblest the price of bliss.

VAINLY hath Heaven denounc'd the wo-
man's woes,
Thou know'st no tender cares, no bitter throes,
Unfelt your offspring comes, unfelt it goes.

On Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.
SEWARD.

GREAT Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame.
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous worth; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind.
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain,
The * British Eagle and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou,
With incontest'd laurels deck thy brow:
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee
brought—
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
Not Homer's self such matchless honours won;
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

A Sonnet. Imitated from the Spanish of Lopez de Vega. Menagiana, tom. iv. p. 176.
EDWARDS.

CAPRICIOUS Wray a sonnet needs must have;
I ne'er was so put to 't before—a sonnet!
Why, fourteen verses must be spent upon it:
'Tis good howe'er 't have conquer'd the first slave.

Yet I shall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
Said I, and found myself i' the midst o' the second.
If twice four verses were but fairly reckon'd,
I should turn back on th' hardest part and laugh.

Thus far with good success I think I've scribbled,
And of the twice seven lines have clean got o'er
ten.

Courage! another 'll finish the first triplet.
Thanks to thee, muse, my work begins to shorten.
There's thirteen lines got thro' driblet by driblet.
'Tis done! count how you will, I warr'nt there's
fourteen.

ON pollard oak, hollow at heart,
Tremendous lightning darted.
Tremble at God's avenging dart,
O all ye hollow-hearted.

NO wonder that Oxford and Cambridge pro-
found,
In learning and science do greatly abound;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

AS Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting stood,
Hard by the village-pound.
Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
And said, I'll bett a penny
In a short space,
Within this place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.
Upon the ground,
Within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown:
Behold, says Foote,
The thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.
I wonder not,
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way,
Your debts you pay—
One shilling in the pound.

On a Statue of Apollo crowning Merit.

MERIT, if thou'rt blest with riches,
For God's sake buy a pair of breeches,
And give them to thy naked brother;
For one good turn deserves another.

OLET me die in peace! Eumenes cried,
To a hard creditor at his bed-side.
How I die! roar'd Gripus; thus your debts evade!
No, no, Sir, you sha'n't die till I am paid.

On Sleep.

ALTHOUGH soft sleep death's sad resemblance
wears,
Still do I wish him on my couch to lie;
Come, balmy sleep, for sweetly it appears,
Thus without life to live, thus without death
to die.

On a bad Singer.

WHEN screech-owls screek, their note portends
To foolish mortals death of friends:
But when Corvina strains her throat,
E'en screech-owls sicken at the note.

UPON some hasty errand Tom was sent,
And met his parish curate as he went;
But, just like what he was, a sorry clown,
It seems he pass'd him with a cover'd crown.
The gownman stopp'd, and, turning, sternly said—
I doubt, my lad, you're far worse taught than fed!
Why aye! says Tom, still jogging on, that's true:
Thank God! he feeds me; but I'm taught by you.

Epitaph on a certain Miser.

HERE lies one who for med'cines would not give
A little gold, and so his life he lost:
I fancy now he'd wish again to live,
Could he but guess how much his fun'ral cost.

On Captain Grenville. Lord LYTTELTON.

YE weeping muses, graces, virtues, tell,
If, once your all-accomplish'd Sidney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd!
He too, like Sidney, nurs'd in learning's arms,
For nobler war forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of ev'ry pleasing art,
The secret wish of ev'ry female heart;
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He unrepining for his country died.

Designed for the Monument of Sir Isaac Newton.

MORE than his name were less—'twould seem
to fear
He who increas'd heaven's fame, could want it here.
Yet—when the sun he lighted up shall fade,
And all the worlds he found at first decay'd;
Then void and waste eternity shall lie,
And Time and Newton's name together die!

*Upon a young Gentleman refusing to walk with the
Author in the Park, because he was not dress'd
well. GARRICK.*

FRIEND Col and I, both full of whim,
To shun each other oft agree;
For I'm not beau enough for him,
And he's too much a beau for me.
Then let us from each other fly,
And arm in arm no more appear;
That I may ne'er offend your eye,
That you may ne'er offend my ear.

*On Mrs. Clive's resenting being put out of the Park
of Portia, and saying she was surely as well
qualify'd to wear Breeches as Mr. Garrick was
to play Ranger. GARRICK.*

DEAR Kate, it is vanity both us betwixt,
Since I must the truth on't reveal;
For when I mount the ladder and you wear the
breeches,
We shew—what we ought to conceal.

On Mr. Quin.

GARRICK.

SAYS Epicure Quin, should the devil in hell
In fishing for men take delight,
His hook bait with ven'ison, I love it so well,
Indeed I am sure I should bite.

*Extempore, on bearing a certain impertinent Ad-
dress in the Newspapers. By Garrick, Thompson,
&c.*

THOU essence of dock, of valerian and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age,
The worst that we wish thee, for all thy bad crimes,
Is to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.

Answer to the Junto.

THEIR wish must be in form revers'd,
To suit the doctor's crimes;
For if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.

Dr. Hill's Reply to the Junto's Epigram.

YE desperate junto, ye great or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the deuce, and
'em all!
Whether gentlemen, scribblers, or poets in jail,
Your impertinent curses shall never prevail:
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey;
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.

*Written soon after Dr. Hill's Farce, called The Rout,
was acted. GARRICK.*

FOR physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is.

*To Dr. Hill, upon his Petition of the Letter I, to
Mr. Garrick. GARRICK.*

IF 'tis true, as you say, that I've injur'd a letter,
I'll change my note soon, and I hope for the
better;
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fix'd by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
And that I may be never mistaken for U.

Colloquial Epigram. GARRICK.

Wilmot.

YOU should call at his house, or should send
him a card,
Can Garrick alone be so cold?

* Soon after the promotion of Lord Camden to the Seals, Mr. Wilmot, his Lordship's purse-bearer, called at Hampton, where learning that Mr. Garrick had not yet paid his congratulatory compliments, the conversation between the two gentlemen furnished Mr. Garrick with the subject of the Epigram; in which, with an admirable address, our English Roscius has turned an imputed neglect into a very elegant panegyric on that truly patriotic nobleman.

Garrick.

Shall I, a poor player, and still poorer bard,
Shall folly with Camden make bold?
What joy can I give him, dear Wilmot, declare?
Promotion no honours can bring;
To him the Great Seals are but labour and care,
Wish joy to your country and king.

To the Author of the Farmer's Letters, which were written in Ireland in the Year of the Rebellion, by Henry Brooke, Esq. 1745. GARRICK.

O THOU, whose artless, free-born genius
Whose rustic zeal each patriot bosom warms;
Pursue the glorious task, the pleasing toil,
Forake the fields, and till a nobler soil;
Extend the farmer's care to human kind,
Manure the heart, and cultivate the mind:
There plant religion, reason, freedom, truth,
And sow the seeds of virtue in our youth:
Let no rank weeds corrupt, or brambles choak,
And shake the vermin from the British oak:
From northern blasts protect the vernal bloom,
And guard our pastures from the wolves of Rome:
On Britain's liberty ingraft thy name,
And reap the harvest of immortal fame!

Upon a Lady's Embroidery. GARRICK.

A RACHNE once, as poets tell,
A goddess at her art desied;
But soon the daring mortal fell
The hapless victim of her pride.

O then beware Arachne's fate,
Be prudent, Chloe, and submit;
For you'll more surely feel her hate,
Who rival both her art and wit.

Death and the Doctor. Occasioned by a Physician's lampooning a Friend of the Author. GARRICK.

AS Doctor — musing sat,
Death saw, and came without delay:
Enters the room, begins the chat,
With "Doctor, why so thoughtful, pray?"
The Doctor started from his place,
But soon they more familiar grew:
And then he told his piteous case,
How trade was low, and friends were few.
"Away with fear," the phantom said,
As soon as he had heard his tale:
"Take my advice, and mend your trade:
"We both are losers if you fail."
"Go write, your wit in satire show,
"No matter, whether smart or true;
"Call — names, the greatest foe"
"To dulness, folly, pride; and you."
"Then copies spread, there lies the trick,
"Among your friends be sure you send 'em;
"For all who read will soon grow sick,
"And when you're call'd upon, attend 'em.

"Thus trade increasing by degrees,
"Doctor, we both shall have our ends:
"For you are sure to have your fees,
"And I am sure to have your friends.

Upon a certain Lord's giving some Thousand Pounds for a House. GARRICK.

SO many thousands for a house,
For you, of all the world, lord Mouse,
A little house would best accord
With you, my very little lord!
And then exactly match'd would be
Your house and hospitality.

Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's Pictures of Bath, and bearing a Connoisseur declare that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman." GARRICK

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely for a gentleman!"
Is genius, rarest gift of Heaven,
To the hir'd artist only given?
Or, like the Catholic salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and as it works is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by *five per cent*?
And shalt thou, Taylor, paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That Claude Lorraine may yield to thee.

Tom Fool to Mr. Hopkins, his Counsellor and Friend. GARRICK.

ON your care must depend the success of my suit,
The possession I mean of the house in dispute.
Consider, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
The worst of his tribe, and the best is so-so.
O'er not his quiddits and quirks of the law,
O let not this harpy your poor client claw;
In law as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave should be ever too hard for a fool.
To this rule one exception your client implores,
That the fool may for once beat the knave out of doors.

From the Spanish. GARRICK.

FOR me my fair a wreath has wove,
Where rival flow'rs in union meet;
As oft the kiss'd the gift of love,
Her breath gave sweets to the sweet.
A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes—
And fixes on Louisa's lip.
There tasting all the bloom of Spring,
Wak'd by the ripening breath of May,
Th' ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips,
Musician, who died very poor.* GARRICK.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r and hapless love,
Rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
Here find that calm, thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

*Epitaph on William Hogarth †, in Chiswick Church-
Yard.* GARRICK.

FAREWELL, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And thro' the eye correct the heart!

If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:—
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

Epitaph on James Quin ‡, in Bath Cathedral. GARRICK.

THAT tongue, which set the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakspeare
writ.

Cold are those hands, which living yere stretch'd
forth,
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.
Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be taught
(Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,
In nature's happiest mould however cast)
To this complexion thou must come at last.

Epitaph on Lawrence Sterne §. GARRICK.

SHALL pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless, unmourn'd tiled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn
Where genius, wit, and humour sleep with Sterne?

*Epitaph on Mr. Beighton, who had been Vicar of
Egham forty-five Years.* GARRICK.

NEAR half an age, with every good man's praise,
Among his flock the shepherd pass'd his days;
The friend, the comfort of the sick and poor,
Want never knock'd unneeded at his door;
Oft when his duty call'd, dis ease and pain
Strove to confine him, but they strove in vain.
All moan his death, his virtues long they tried,
They knew not how they lov'd him, till he died.
Peculiar blessings did his life attend,
He had no foe, and Camden was his friend.

* This Epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was really written by Mr. Garrick. See *European Magazine* # January, 1785.

† He died October 26, 1764.

‡ Mr. Quin died January, 1766.

§ Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel in Ireland, November-24, 1713; and died in London, March 18, 1768.

¶ He died 24th February, 1778.

¶ Miss Liffes, daughters of Edward Liffes, Esq. and Sisters to Dr. Liffes.

Epitaph on Paul Whitehead, Esq. GARRICK.

Near this place
Are deposited the remains
of

PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.
Who was born January 25, 1710,
And died Dec. 30, 1774,
Aged 65.

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a poet, honour'd as a friend:
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame.
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
Whitehead stood forth—the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses—till he died.

*A Tribute, by Mr. Garrick, to the Memory of a
Character he long knew and respected.*

Epitaph on Mr. Harvard, Comedian ¶.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

HAVARD from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
An honest man—below'd as soon as known;
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
In real life he justly play'd his part!
The noblest character he acted well,
And Heaven applauded—when the curtain fell.

*Inscription on a Grotto of Spells at Cruz-Easton ¶,
the Work of Nine young Ladies ¶.* POPH.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty, which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate dispos'd them in his humble fort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

*Verses occasioned by seeing a Grotto built by Nine
Sisters.* HERBERT.

SO much this building entertains my sight,
Nought but the builders can give more delight:
In them the master-piece of nature's shown,
In this I see art's master-piece in stone.
O! Nature, Nature, thou hast conquer'd art;
She charms th' Sight alone, but you the heart.

*Lines written by the celebrated THOMSON to his
AMANDA; with a Copy of the SEASONS.*

ACCEPT, dear Nymph! a tribute due
To sacred friendship, and to you:
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!

If Fancy here her pow'r displays,
Or, if a heart exalt these lays,
You fairest in that fancy shine,
And all that heart is fondly thine!

An Epigram.

A Member of the modern great
Pass'd Sawney with his budget;
The Peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
His Lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And th' other's shoes are paid for.

The Lawyer and Client.

TWO Lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er,
Shook hands, and were as good friends as before;

"Zounds!" says the losing client, "How come yaw
"To be such friends, who were such foes just
"naw?"

Thou fool, says one, we Lawyers, tho' so keen,
Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between,

*Epitaph on Mrs. Ellen Temple, late Wife of Mr.
John Temple, of Malton, Surgeon.*

By Mr. GENTLEMAN.

HERE, in just hope above the stars to rise,
The mortal part of ELLEN TEMPLE lies,
In whom those beauties of a spotless mind,
Faith and good works, were happily combin'd;
A patient, careful, constant, loving wife,
The foe of scandal, and domestic strife;
The tender mother, undissembling friend,
Who grac'd those virtues with a pious end;
Who, still preserving an unblemish'd name,
Ne'er meanly strove to taint a neighbour's fame;
Who play'd—as, reader, thou shouldst do—her
With inward peace and rectitude of heart; [part,
Who, christian-like, resign'd her final breath,
And, dying free from censure—smil'd at death.

Epigram.

SAYS a beau to a lady, Pray name if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.
The lady replied, If you'd have me speak true,
He's the handsomest man that's the most unlike
u.

On a Bowl of Punch.

WHENEVER a bowl of punch we make,
Four striking opposites we take;
The strong, the small, the sharp, the sweet,
Together mix'd, most kindly meet;
And when they happily unite,
The bowl "is pregnant with delight."

In conversation thus we find,
That, four men differently inclin'd;

With talents each distinct, and each
Mark'd by peculiar powers of speech;
With tempers too, as much the same,
As milk and verjuice, frost and flame;
Their parts by properly sustaining,
May all prove highly entertaining.

A Description of London.

HOUSES, churches, mixt together;
Streets unpleasant, in all weather;
Prisons, palaces contiguous,
Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous;
Gaudy things enough to tempt ye,
Showy outides, insides empty;
Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
Coaches, wheelbarrows, and carts;
Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
Lords of laundresses afraid;
Rogues that nightly rob and shoot men,
Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen;
Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians,
Noble, simple, all conditions;
Worth—beneath a threadbare cover,
Villany—bedaub'd all over;
Women, black, red, fair, and grey,
Prudes, and such as never play;
Handsome, ugly, noisy still,
Some that will not, some that will;
Many a beau without a shilling,
Many a widow not unwilling;
Many a bargain if you strike it,
This is London:—How d' ye like it?

On a young Lady.

BEHOLD a nymph, with ev'ry virtue grac'd,
Minerva's head on Venus' shoulders plac'd!
Kind nature here displays her nicest art,
With sweet relieves hides the soudest heart;
But while it hides, it elegantly tells
With what benevolence her bosom swells;
Here's beauty mental, moral, and divine,
To charm the lover, and his thoughts refine.

P A R A D O X.

FOUR people sat down in one evening to play,
They play'd all that eve, and parted next day;
Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they
all sat,
No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea;
Tho' none of 'em lost td th' amount of a penny.

Answer.

Four merry fidlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing nimble;
And the next morning went away,
And each receiv'd a guinea.

On the Fifth of November.

By an IRISH BELLMAN.

TO-NIGHT's the day, I speak it with great
sorrow,
That we were all 't have been blown up to-morrow;
Therefore,

Therefore, take care of fires and candle-light:
'Tis a cold frosty morn, and so good-night.

Epitaph on a Lawyer.

ENTOMB'D within this vault, a lawyer lies,
Who, fame assureth us, was just and wife;
An able advocate, and honest too!—
That's wondrous strange indeed!—if it be true.

Reflections over a Pipe of Tobacco, and a Pinch of Snuff.

WHILST smoke arises from my pipe,
Thus to myself I say:
Why should I anxious be for life,
Which vanishes away?
Our social snuff-boxes convey
The same ideas just;
As if they silently would say,
Let's mingle dust to dust.

A Country Quarter Sessions.

THREE or four parsons full of October;
Three or four 'squires between drunk and
sober;
Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars;
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals;
Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
Tag, rag, and bob-tail, three or four scores;
Three or four statutes, misfunderstood,
Three or four paupers, all praying for food;
Three or four roads that never were mended,
Three or four scolds—and the session is ended.

Epigram.

WHAT legions of fables and whimsical tales
Pass current for gospel where priestcraft pre-
vails!
Our ancestors thus were most strangely deceived;
What stories and nonsense for faith they believed!
But we, their wise sons, who these fables reject,
Even truth, now-a-days, are too apt to suspect;
From believing too much, the right faith we let fall,
So now we believe, i' faith! nothing at all.

Another.

CRIES Ned to his neighbours, as onwards they
press'd,
Conveying his wife to her place of long rest;
Take, friends, I beseech you, a little more leisure,
For why should we thus make a toil of a pleasure?

On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

THE miser fasts because he will not eat,
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;
The rich man fasts with greedy mind to spare,
The glutton fasts, to eat the greater share;
The hypocrite, he fasts to seem more holy,
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly,

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried corpse lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

A whimsical Epitaph, taken from a Stone in a Church.

HERE lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who as a wife did never vex one;
We can't say that for her at th' next stone.

On Quadrille. To a young Lady.

DEIGN, lovely nymph, to hear the least of bards,
Who draws instruction from a game of cards;
What tho' Quadrille perplex you, here is shown
How hard the task for her who plays alone.
But, wou'd you then consent to be a wife?
Think first, O think! you play your cards for
life!
Should fordid friends controul your right good will,
Beware the wretched state of forc'd Spadille.
Should man, by grandeur, strive your heart to fire,
A cross fish well denotes a purse-proud 'squire;
Then pass by wealth and power, for better sure
It is, with some kind swain to play secure;
And he, dear girl, who does your charms adore,
Now asks you leave; O! let him soon say more.

To-morrow. An Epigram.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late: the wife liv'd yesterday.

Spoken Extempore by the Earl of Rochester to a Parish Clerk.

STERNHOLD and Hopkins had great qualms,
When they translated David's Psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate,
To hear thee sing, and them translate,
By Jove, 'twould have made him mad.

Rhyme to Lisbon. By the Same.

HERE's a health to Kate,
Our Sovereign's mate,
Of the Royal House of Lisbon;
But the Devil take Hyde,
And the Bishop beside,
That made her bone of his bone.

On Punch.

HENCE, restless care and low design !
 Hence, foreign compliments and wine !
 Let generous Britons, brave and free,
 Still boast their punch and honesty.
 Life is a bumper, fill'd by fate,
 And we the guests who share the treat :
 Where strong, insipid, sharp, and sweet,
 Each other duly temp'ring, meet.
 Awhile with joy the scene is crown'd,
 Awhile the catch and toast go round ;
 And when the full carouse is o'er,
 Death puffs the lights, and shuts the door.
 Say then, physicians of each kind,
 Who cure the body or the mind,
 What harm in drinking can there be,
 Since punch and life so well agree ?

The Disappointed Husband.

A Scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
 Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at rest ;
 Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
 And all their cheer was sugar, rolls, and sack.
 Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
 And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before ;
 The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
 They march'd in woeful pomp to the church-yard ;
 When fee, of narrow streets, what mischiefs come !
 The very dead can't pass in quiet home ;
 By some rude jolt the coffin-lid was broke,
 And Madam from her dream of death awoke.
 Now all was spoil'd ! the Undertaker's pay,
 Sour faces, cakes and wine, quite thrown away.
 But some years after, when the former scene
 Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again ;
 The tender husband took especial care
 To keep the passage from disturbance clear ;
 Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
 Nor put his dear in such another fright.

An Epigram.

MUSIC's a crotchet the sober thinks vain,
 The fiddle's a wooden projection ;
 Tunes are but fits of a whimsical brain,
 Which the bottle brings best to perfection.

Musicians are half-witted, merry, and mad,
 The same are all those that admire 'em ;
 They're fools if they play, unless they're well paid,
 And the others are blockheads to hire 'em.

An Epigram.

SAYS Johnny to Paddy, " I can't for my life
 " Conceive how a dumb pair are made man
 " and wife,
 " Since they can't with the form and the parson
 " accord."
Says Paddy, " You fool ! they take each other's
 " word."

The Biter bit.

A Certain priest had hoarded up
 A secret mass of gold ;
 But where he might bestow it safe,
 By fancy was not told.
 At last it came into his head
 To lock it in a chest
 Within the chancel ; and he wrote
 Thereon, *Hic Deus est.*
 A merry grig, whose greedy mind
 Long wish'd for such a prey,
 Respecting not the sacred words
 That on the casket lay,
 Took out the gold, and blotting out
 The priest's inscript thereon,
 Wrote, *Resurrexit, non est hic,*
 " Your God is rose and gone."

On the Death of Dr. Secker, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

WHILE Secker liv'd, he shew'd how Secrs
 Should live ;
 While Secker taught, heaven open'd to our eyes ;
 When Secker gave, we knew how angels give ;
 When Secker died, we knew e'en Saints must die.

*Epigram,**Occasioned by the Words " ONE PRIOR," in Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR '—and is this, this all the fame
 The Poet from th' Historian can claim ?
 No ; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,
 When 'tis forgot *One Burnet* ever wrote.

On Content. An Epigram.

IT is not youth can give content,
 Nor is it wealth's decree ;
 It is a gift from Heaven sent,
 Tho' not to thee or me.
 It is not in the Monarch's crown,
 Tho' he'd give millions for't :
 It dwells not in his Lordship's frown,
 Or waits on him to court.
 It is not in a coach and six,
 It is not in a garter ;
 'Tis not in love or politics,
 But 'tis in Hodge the carter.

The First Pair.

ADAM alone could not be easy,
 So he must have a wife, an' please ye ;
 And how did he procure this wife,
 To cheer his solitary life ?
 Out of a rib, Sir, from his side,
 Was form'd this necessary bride.
 But how did he the pain beguile ?
 How ?—He slept sweetly all the while.
 And when this rib was re-applied,
 In woman's form, to Adam's side,
 How then, I pray you, did it answer ?
 " He never slept so sweet again, Sir."

Similar.

Similies. To Molly.

MY passion is as mustard strong;
 I fit all sober sad;
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a March hare mad.
 Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,
 I drink, yet can't forget her;
 For tho' as drunk as David's sow,
 I love her still the better.
 Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind;
 Cool as a cucumber could see
 The rest of womankind.
 Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
 Sleek as a mouse before.
 Plump as a partridge was I known,
 And soft as silk my skin;
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
 But as a groat now thin!
 I, melancholy as a cat,
 Am kept awake to weep;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.
 Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
 She laughs to see me pale;
 And merry as a grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottled ale.
 The God of love at her approach
 Is busy as a bee;
 Hearts sound as any bell or roach
 Are smit, and sigh like me..
 Ay me! as thick as hops or hail
 The fine men crowd about her;
 But soon as dead as a door-nail
 Shall I be, if without her.
 Straight as my leg her shape appears;
 O! were we join'd together,
 My heart would be foot-free from cares,
 And lighter than a feather.
 As fine as five-pence is her mien,
 No drum was ever tighter;
 Her glance is as a razor keen,
 And not the sun is brighter.
 As soft as pap her kisses are,
 Methinks I taste them yet;
 Brown as a berry is her hair,
 Her eyes as black as jet.
 As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
 Her pretty hand invites;
 Sharp as a needle are her words,
 Her wit like pepper bites.
 Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
 Clean as a penny drest;
 Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
 Round as a globe her breast.
 Full as an egg was I with glee,
 And happy as a king!
 Good Lord! how all men envied me!
 She lov'd like any thing:

But false as hell, she like the wind
 Chang'd, as her sex must do;
 Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
 And like the gospel true.
 If I and Molly could agree,
 Let who would take Peru;
 Great as an emp'ror should I be,
 And richer than a Jew.
 Till you grow tender as a chick,
 I'm dull as any post;
 Let us like burrs together stick,
 And warm as any toast.
 You'll find me truer than a die,
 And with me better sped,
 Flat as a flounder when I lie,
 And as a herring dead.
 Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,
 And sigh perhaps, and wish,
 When I am rotten as a pear,
 And mute as any fish.

On the Word REPRESENTATIVE.

TO represent is but to personate,
 Which should be truly done at any rate;
 Thus they who're fairly chose without a fee,
 Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
 But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
 He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

On the Shortness of Human Life.

LIKE as a damask rose you see,
 Or like the blossom on the tree:
 Or like the dainty flower in May,
 Or like the morning to the day;
 Or like the sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the gourd which Jonas had:
 E'en such is man, whose thread is spun
 Drawn out and cut, and so is done;
 Withers the rose, the blossom blasts,
 The flower fades, the morning hastes;
 The sun doth set, the shadows fly,
 The gourd consumes, and mortals die.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
 Or like a tale that's new begun;
 Or like a bird that's here to-day,
 Or like the pearled dew of May;
 Or like an hour, or like a span,
 Or like the singing of a swan:
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death;
 The grass decays, the tale doth end,
 The bird is flown, the dew ascends;
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
 Or in a glass much like a look;
 Or like the shuttle in the hand,
 Or like the writing in the sand;
 Or like a thought, or like a dream,
 Or like the gliding of the stream:
 E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
 Is here, now there, in life and death;

The bubble's burst, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's slung, the writing's blot;
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Epitaph on Captain Jones,

Who published some marvellous Account; on his Travels, the Truth of all which he thought proper to testify by

AFFIDAVIT.

TREAD softly, mortals, o'er the bones
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones!
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd by any.
Posterity let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lies.

A Portrait from Life.

By Dr. SWIFT.

COME sit by my side while this picture I draw,
In chatt'ring a magpye, in pride a jackdaw;
A temper the devil himself cou'd not bridle,
Impertinent mixture of busy and idle;
As rude as a bear, no mule half so crabbed,
She swills like a sow, and she breeds like a rabbit;
A housewife in bed, at table a slattern,
For all an example, for no one a pattern;
Now tell me, friend Thomas †, Ford †, Grattan †,
and ‡ merry Dan,
Has this any likeness to good Madam Sheridan?

An Epigram,

On seeing a young Lady writing Verses with a Hole in her Stocking.

TO see a Lady of such grace,
With so much sense and such a face,
So slatternly, is shocking;
O! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your stocking.

An Epigram.

AS Tom was one day in deep chat with his friend,
He gravely advis'd him his manners to mend;
That his morals were bad, he had heard it from many:
They lie, replied Tom; for I never had any.

On Time.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
An image of its transient stay?
'Tis an hand's breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a courier's straining steed;
'Tis a shuttle in its speed;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing fight;
'Tis a vapour in the air;
'Tis a whirlwind rushing there;

* Dr. Sheridan.

† The Dean's friends.

‡ Mr. D. Jackson.

'Tis a short-liv'd fading flow'r;
'Tis a rainbow on a show'r;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a winter's day;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;
'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at approaching light;
'Tis a landscape vainly gay,
Painted upon crumbling clay;
'Tis a lamp that wastes its fires;
'Tis a smoke that quick expires;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh,
Be prepar'd, O Man! to die.

An Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid.

Written by HIMSELF.

HERE lies an head that often ach'd:
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in the night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lie the midriff and the breast,
With loads of indigestion prest;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lie the bowels, human tripe,
Tortur'd with wind and twisting gripes;
Here lies the livid dab, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene;
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood:
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps and poignant stitch;
Here lies the back, oft rack'd with pains,
Corroding kidneys, loins and reins;
Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man, from top to toe,
That fabric fram'd for pain and woe.

A Poem.

By Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

SHALL I like an hermit dwell
On a rock, or in a cell,
Calling home the smallest part
That is missing of my heart,
To bestow it where I may
Meet a rival ev'ry day?
If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?
Were her tresses angel gold,
If a stranger may be bold,
Unrebuked, unafraid,
To convert them to a brayde,
And, with little more ado,
Work them into bracelets too;
If the mine be grown so free,
What care I how rich it be?
Were her hand as rich a prize
As her hairs, or precious eyes;

If she lay them out to take
Kisses, for good manners sake;
And let ev'ry lover skip
From her hand unto her lip;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect snow
In effect, as well as show;
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire, by burning too;
But when she by change hath got
To her heart a second Lot,
Then, if others share with me,
Farewel her, whate'er she be!

*A Poem
occasioned by the foregoing.*

PAINT, paint no more, no more with blots,
Or checker so thy face with spots,
That I must view thee, as men strive
To see eclipses, through a sieve;
Be thou but pleasing unto me,
What care I what else thou be?

Be thou fatter than a hog,
A butcher's doubt, or his dog;
Be thy cheeks butter, thy nose grease;
May we make brewis on thy face;
Yet if thou do not melt to me,
What care I how fat thou be?

Be thy nose like fiery coals,
Or a grater, full of holes,
Let it turn up, or else hook in,
And so be clasp'd unto thy chin;
Yet, if it turn not unto me,
What care I how crook'd it be?

Though reading, thou must look so close,
As thou wert reading with thy nose;
From thine eyes let filth run more
Than broken boil, or plaguy sore;
Yet, if they do not look on me,
What care I how foul they be?

Canst thou outfold a butter wench,
Or a fresh lawyer at the bench?
Canst thou the noise of thunder drown,
Sour all the beer about the town?
Yet, if thou wilt not speak to me,
What care I how loud thou be?

Be thy mouth like jaws of death,
That they who kiss, must kiss thy teeth;
And hold by th' handle of thy chin,
Lest their foot slip, and they fall in;
Yet, if thou wilt not gape on me,
What care I how broad it be?

Smells thy breath like nurse's clout,
Or a candle just burnt out;
Or so, that men mistake the place,
And, untruss coming near thy face!
Yet, if it smell not so to me,
What care I how stink it be?

Wom'n, like paper, whilst they're white,
Are fit for ev'ry man to write;
I'd have a mistress such a one,
I might be sure she was my own;

Be thou then but such to me,
What care I what else thou be?

The Stage Coach.

RESOLV'D to visit a far distant friend,
A porter to the Buil-and-Gate I send,
And bid the slave at all events engage
Some place or other in the Chester stage;
The slave returns—'tis done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts to at three, and fivecars he cannot stay
(Four dismal hours ere the break of day).
Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length
I rise,

Yawning, stretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes;
By steps and lanthorn enter the machine,
And take my place, how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive lulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode jam'm'd in on t' other side
A bullying Captain and a fair-one ride;
Foolish as fair; and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal, but her only joy;
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat:
When soon by ev'ry hillock, rut, and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and Captain
fwears.

The fair-one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, nor yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky, in his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap;
Sweet company! next time I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin, ere I'd ride to Chester.

*Mr. Garrick being asked by a Nobleman if he did
not intend to sit in Parliament? gave him an
Answer in the following Lines.*

MORE than content with what my talents gain,
Of public favour though a little vain,
Yet not so vain my mind, so madly bent,
To wish to play the fool in Parliament;
In each dramatic unity to err,
Mistaking time, and place, and character:
Were it my fate to quit the mimic art,
I'd "strut and fret" no more in any part;
No more in public scenes would I engage,
Or wear the cap and mask on any stage.

The Thought; or, a Song of Similies.

I'VE thought; the fair Narcissa cries,
What is it like, Sir?—"Like your eyes—"
" 'Tis like a chair—'tis like a key—"
" 'Tis like a purge—'tis like a flea—"
" 'Tis like a beggar—like the fun—"
" 'Tis like the Dutch—'tis like the moon—"
" 'Tis like a kilderkin of ale—"
" 'Tis like a Doctor—like a whale—"
Why are my eyes, Sir, like a sword?
For that's the Thought, upon my word.

" Ah ! witness every pang I feel,
 " The deaths they give the likenesses tell.
 " A sword is like a chair, you'll find,
 " Because 'tis most an end behind.
 " 'Tis like a key, for 'twill undo one;
 " 'Tis like a purge, for 'twill run thro' one;
 " 'Tis like a flea, and reason good,
 " 'Tis often drawing human blood."
 Why like a beggar?—" You shall hear;
 " 'Tis often carried 'fore the May'r;
 " 'Tis like the sun, because 'tis gilt,
 " Besides, it travels in a belt.
 " 'Tis like the Dutch, we plainly see,
 " Because that state, whenever we
 " A push for our own int'rest make,
 " Does instantly our sides forsake."
 The moon?—" Why when all's said and done,
 " A Sword is very like the moon;
 " For if his Majesty (God bless him)
 " When County Sheriff comes to address him,
 " Is pleas'd his favours to bestow
 " On him, before him kneeling low,
 " This o'er his shoulders glitters bright,
 " And gives the glory to the Knight (night):
 " 'Tis like a kilderkin, no doubt,
 " For its not long in drawing out.
 " 'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
 " Dispute a Doctor's pow'r to kill?"
 But why a Sword is like a whale
 Is no such easy thing to tell.
 " But since all Swords are Swords, d'ye see,
 " Why, let it then a backsword be;
 " Which, if well us'd, will seldom fail
 " To raise up somewhat like a whale."

The Astronomer's Room.

ONE day I call'd, and, PHILLO out,
 I op'd the door, and look'd about;
 When, all his goods being fall in view,
 I took this inventory true:—
Item, a bed without a curtain,
 A broken jar to empty dirt in;
 A candlestick, a greasy night-cap,
 A spitting pot to catch what might hap;
 Two stockings darn'd with numerous stitches,
 A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
 A three-legg'd stool, a four-legg'd table,
 Were fill'd with book unfit for rabble;
 Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
 Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
 Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
 Was full as mad as he who read 'em:
 An almanack of six years standing,
 A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
 One corner held his books and chest,
 And round the floor were strew'd the rest;
 That all things might be like himself,
 He'd neither closet, drawer, or shelf;
 Here piss-pot, sauce-pot, broken platter,
 Appear'd like heterogeneous matter.
 In ancient days the walls were white,
 But who 'gainst damps and snails can fight?
 They're now in wretched tangles bound,
 Some square, some oval, and some round;

The antiquarian there may find
 Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
 Such faces there may fancy trace,
 As never yet knew time or place.
 And he who studies maps or plans,
 Has all the work done to his hands;
 In short, the room, the goods, and author,
 Appear'd to be one made for t' other.

Epitaph by a Gentleman to the Memory of his Lady:

FAREWEL, my best lov'd, whose heavenly
 mind,
 Genius and virtue, strength with softness join'd,
 Devotion undebas'd by pride or art,
 With meek simplicity, and joy of heart;
 Tho' sprightly, gentle; tho' polite, sincere;
 And only of thyself a judge severe;
 Unblam'd, unquall'd in each sphere of life,
 The tenderest daughter, sister, parent, wife;
 In thee their patroness th' afflicted lost;
 Thy friends, their patron, ornament, and boast;
 And I—but ah! can words my loss declare,
 Or paint th' extremes of transport and despair?
 O thou, beyond what verse or speech can tell,
 My guide, my friend, my best lov'd, farewell!

On seeing a Great Commander effeminately dress'd as a Ball.

'TIS said that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
 With pleasure and plenty undone,
 That they more for their carriage than courage
 are known,
 And scarce know the use of a gun.
 Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
 And exclaim out still louder and louder;
 But there ne'er was more money expended in bulls,
 Or a greater consumption of powder.

An Original Epitaph.

HERE lies, fast asleep, awake me who can?
 That medley of passions and follies, a Man;
 Who sometimes lov'd licence, and sometimes re-
 straint,
 Too much of the sinner, too little of saint;
 From quarter to quarter I shifted my tack;
 'Gainst the evils of life a most notable quack;
 But, alas! I soon found the defects of my skill,
 And my nostrums in practice prov'd treacherous
 still;
 From life's certain ills 'twas in vain to seek ease,
 The remedy oft prov'd another disease;
 What in rapture began often ended in sorrow,
 And the pleasure to-day brought reflection to-
 morrow;
 When each action was o'er, and its errors were seen,
 Then I view'd with surprise the strange thing I
 had been;
 My body and mind were so oddly contriv'd,
 That at each other's failing both parties conniv'd;
 Imprudence of mind brought on sickness and pain,
 The body diseas'd paid the debt back again:
 Thus coupled together life's journey they pass'd,
 Till they wrangled and jangled, and parted at last;
 Thus

Thus tir'd and weary, I have finish'd my course,
Am glad it is bed-time, and things are no worse.

Epitaph on an Honest Sailor.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizzen top-sail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, or more heave the lead;
He's now all-a-back, nor will sails shoot a-head;
He ever was brisk, and tho' now gone to wreck,
When he hears the last whistle he'll jump upon deck.

The Consultation.

THREE Doctors met in consultation
Proceed with great deliberation;
The case was desperate, all agreed;
But what of that? they must be feed;
They write then, as 'twas fit they should,
But for their own, not patient's good;
Consulting wisely, don't mistake, Sir,
Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

On a Landlord drunk.

LANDLORD, with thee now even is the wine;
For thou hast pierc'd his hoghead, and he thine.

A Rhapsody.

AS I walk'd by myself, I said to myself,
And myself said again to me;
Look to thyself, take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee;
Then I said to myself, and thus answer'd myself,
With the self same repartee;
Look to thyself, or look not to thyself,
'Tis the self same thing to me.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

TO-Day man's dress'd in gold and silver bright,
Wrapp'd in a shroud before to-morrow night;
To-Day he's feeding on delicious food,
To-Morrow dead, unable to do good;
To-Day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
To-Morrow he's himself a dish for worms;
To-Day he's honour'd, and in vast esteem,
To-Morrow not a beggar values him;
To-Day he rises from a velvet bed,
To-Morrow lies in one that's made of lead;
To-Day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
To-Morrow no command, no house at all;
To-Day has forty servants at his gate,
To-Morrow scorn'd, not one of them will wait!
To-Day perfum'd as sweet as any rose,
To-Morrow stinks in every body's nose;
To-Day he's grand; majestic, all delight,
Ghastral and pale before to-morrow night;
True, as the scripture says, "man's life's a span,"
The present moment is the life of man.

An Inscription over a Gentleman's Chimney-Piece near Barnsley.

TO my best my friends are free;
Free with that, and free with me;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease;
Free to speak, and free to think—
No informers with me drink;
Free to stay a night, or so;
When uneasy, free to go.

The Character.

AN easy mien, engaging in address,
Looks which at once each winning grace express,
A life where love and truth are ever join'd,
A nature ever great and ever kind,
A wisdom solid, and a judgment clear,
The smile indulgent, and a soul sincere;
Meek without meanness, gentle and humane;
Fond of improving, but yet never vain;
So justly good, so faithful to his friend,
Ever obliging, cautious to offend;
A mind where gen'rous pity stands confest'd,
Ready to ease and succour the distress'd;
If these respect and admiration raise,
They surely must demand our greatest praise;
In one bright view th' accomplish'd youth we see,
These virtues all are thine—and thou art he.

Poverty and Poetry.

'TWAS sung of old, how one Amphion
Could by his verses tame a Lion,
And by his strange enchanting tunes
Make Bears and Wolves dance rigadoons;
His songs could call the timber down,
And form it into house or town.
But it is plain, now in these times,
No house is rais'd by poet's rhymes;
They for themselves can only rear
A few old castles in the air.

Poor are the brethren of the Bays,
Down from high strains to ckes and ayes;
The muses too are virgins yet,
And may be till they portions get.
Yet still the doatin' rhymers dream,
And sing of Helicon's bright streams:
But Helicon, for all his clatter,
Yields nothing but insipid water;
Yet, even athirst, he sweetly sings
Of Nectar and Elysian springs.
The grave physician, who by physic,
Like death, dispatches him that is sick,
Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
Tho' patients die, the doctor's paid:
Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
For what another mounts a gallows.

In shady groves the muses play,
And love in flow'ry meads to stray;
Pleas'd with a bleaky barren ground,
Where rip'ning fruits are never found.

But then, some say, you purchase fame,
And gain a never dying name;
Great recompence for real trouble!
To be rewarded with a bubble.

Thus soldiers, who in many battles
Get bangs and blows, and God knows what else,
Are paid with fame and wooden leg,
And gain a pafs, with leave to beg.

On Bribery.

A Poor man once a Judge besought
To judge aright his cause;
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.
My friend, quoth he, thy cause is good;
He glad away did trudge:
Anon his weakly foe did come
Before this partial Judge.
A hog well fed this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law;
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.
Therewith he cried, O partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.
Poor man, quoth he, I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.

*Queen Elizabeth being asked for opinion concerning
the real Presence in the Sacrament, gave the
following artful and solid Answer:*

CHRIST was the word that spake it;
He took the bread, and brake it;
And what the word did make it,
That I believe, and take it.

Epigram.

I blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd
confess'd
Transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to
the priest,
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson soule into the ocean.

Epigram.

KIND Peggy kiss'd her husband, with these
words:
"Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love
"thee!"
If true, quoth Will, the world none such affords;
And that 'tis true I dare her warrant be:
For ne'er was woman yet, or good or ill,
But loved always best her own sweet Will.

*Dialogue between Harry, who had a large Li-
brary, and Dick, who had more understanding
than Books.*

QUOTH Harry to his friend one day,
"Would, Richard, I'd thy head!"
"What wilt thou give for't?" (Dick replied)
"The bargain's quickly made."
"My head and all my books I'd give,
"With readinefs and freedom."
"I'd take thy books; but with thy head,
"Gad zooks! I ne'er could read 'em."

Epitaph on a Cobler.

DEATH at a Cobler's door oft made a stand,
And always found him on the mending
hand;
At last came death, in very dirty weather,
And ripp'd the sole from off the upper-leather.
Death put a trick upon him, and what was 't
The Cobler call'd for's awl, death brought his
last.

True Benevolence.

THE other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
Whene'er I hear the cries of woe,
My hand is always open.
I own, says Joe, that to the poor
(You prove it ev'ry minute).
Your hand is open, to be sure,
But then there's nothing in it.

*Epigram on Bishop Atherbury's burying the Duke of
Buckingham.*

I HAVE no hopes, the DUKE he says, and dies.
"In sure and certain hopes," the prelate
cries.
Of these two learned peers, I prithee say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The Duke he stands an infidel confest;
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, the knave, still brother dear he cries,
And who can say the reverend prelate lyes?

Written under a Lady's Name in a Window.

THREE brilliants fair Celinda grac'd
(There love's artillery lies);
One from her snowy finger blaz'd,
Two sparkled in her eyes.
The first, which shone with fainter rays,
Could here her name impart;
The others drew her charming face
More deeply on my heart.

On the Death of Dean Swift.

WHEN Gay breath'd his last, we in silence
complain'd,
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus rebounds with our cries,
And pray'r's daily made to keep Swift from the
skies;

Vain wishes! vain pray'rs! to the winds they
are given,
For death comes silentless, and takes him to heaven.
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run
mad.

*Spoken Extempore to a Lady, on being asked what
this World was like.*

THIS world is a prison in ev'ry respect;
Whose walls are the heavens in common;
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but—women.

The Thief.

ITELL, with equal truth and grief,
That little Kite's an errant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softness Æther pours
On primrose buds, in vernal show'rs.

There's no repeating all her wiles:
She stole the Graces winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye;
She pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth,
And stole the cow's ambrosial breath;
The cherry, steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips, and hue.

These were her infant spoils; a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' Queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity; and stole,
From Pallas, sense to charm the soul;
She sung—amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd;
She play'd—the muses from their hill
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill;
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilf'ring thefts to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own,
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art;
And t' other day she stole—my heart.

Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy votary on the fair;
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be—my arms.

Beauty's Value. By SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTY is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flow'r that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flow'r,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

As goods when lost we know are seldom found,
As fading gloss no rubbing can excite,
As flow'rs when dead are trampled on the
ground,
As broken glass no cement can unite;
So beauty, blenish'd once, is ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pains, and cost.

*On the frequent Defeats of the French Army in
the last War. An Epigram.*

THE toast of each Briton in war's dread alarms,
O'er bottle or bowl, is success to our arms;
Attack'd, put to flight, and soon forc'd from each
trench,
Success to our legs is the toast of the French.

*A Sailor having been sentenced to the Cut of Nine
Tails, when tied ready for Punishment, spoke
the following Lines to his Commander, who had
an Aversion to a Cat.*

BY your honour's command, an example I stand
Of your justice to all the ship's crew;
I am hamper'd and stript, and if I am whipt,
'Tis no more than I own is my due.

In this scurvy condition, I humbly petition
To offer some lines to your eye:
Merry Tom by such trash once avoided the lash,
And, if late and you please, so may I.

There is nothing you hate, I'm inform'd, like a
cat;

Why, your honour's aversion is mine:
If puts then with one tail cau so make your heart
foul,

O save me from that which has nine!

N. B. He was pardoned.

On a certain Lady's Study.

TO Chloe's study shall we go,
(For ladies have their studies now)
O what a splendid sight is there!
'Twould make the dullest hermit stare;
There stand, all rang'd in proud array,
Each French romance, and modern play;
Love's magazine of flames and darts,
Whole histories of eyes and hearts!
But, O! view well the outward scene,
You'll never need to look within;
What Chloe loves she plainly shews,
For, lo! her very books are beauts.

Epitaph on a Scolding Wife.

HERE lies my wife; poor Molly! let her lie:
She finds repose at last—and so do I.

An Epigram.

THE lofty oak from a small acorn grows,
And to the skies ascends with spreading
boughs;

As years increase, it shades th' extended plain,
Then, big with death and vengeance, ploughs the
main:

Hence rises fame, and safety to our shore;
And from an acorn springs Britannia's pow'r.

The Modern Courtier.

PRAY say what's that which smirking trips
this way,

That powder'd thing, so neat, so trim, so gay?
Adorn'd with tambour'd vest, and spangled sword,
That supple servile thing?—O! that's a Lord!
You jest—that thing a Peer? an English Peer?
Who ought (with head, estate, and conscience
clear)

Either in grave debate, or hardy fight,
Firmly maintain a free-born people's right:
Surely those lords were of another breed
Who met their monarch John at Runnemede;
And, clad in steel, there in a glorious hour
Made the curst tyrant feel the people's pow'r;
Made him confess, beneath that awful rod,
Their voice united is the voice of God.

Epitaph on a beautiful and virtuous young Lady.

SLEEP soft in dust, wait the Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still.

An Epitaph on a Poor but Honest Man.

STOP, reader, here, and deign a look
On one without a name,
Ne'er enter'd in the ample book
Of fortune or of fame.

Studious of peace, he hated strife;
Meek virtues fill'd his breast;
His coat of arms, "a spotless life,"
"An honest heart" his crest.

Quarter'd therewith was innocence;
And thus his motto ran:

"A conscience void of all offence
"Before both God and man."

In the great day of wrath, tho' pride
Now scorns his pedigree;

Thousands shall wish they'd been allied
To this great family.

An Epitaph on a very idle Fellow.

From CAMDEN.

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried,
Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he
died.

The Picture of Slander.

WHAT mortal but slander, that serpent, hath
stung,
Whose teeth are sharp arrows, a razor her tongue?
The poison of asps her vivid lip loads,
The rattle of snakes with the spittle of toads;

Her throat is an open sepulchre, her legs
Set hatching of vipers, and cockatrice eggs;
Her sting is a scorpion's; like hyena she'll cry;
With the ear of an adder, a basilisk's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;
The wing of a magpie, the snout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog;
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead is brass,
With the hiss of a goose, and the bray of an ass.

On a Covetous old Parson.

CRIES Spintext, in spleen, "this public dona-
tion

Methinks favours much of vain ostentation;
G—d blefs me! five pounds, why the sum is im-
mense!

And for pity, mere pity! 'tis show and pretence;
When I do an alms, fame's trumpet ne'er blows;
What my right hand is doing, my left never knows;
All my gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can say."
Spintext, it is true, has such art to conceal 'em,
That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor never feel
'em,

And thus he makes sure that none shall reveal
'em.

Epigram to a pretended Friend, and real Enemy.

THY hesitating tongue, and doubtful face,
Shew all thy kindness to be mere grimace;
Throw off the mask; at once be foe or friend;
'Tis base to soothe, when malice is the end;
The rock that's seen gives the poor sailor dread,
But double terror that which hides its head,

On a Tombstone in Essex.

HERE lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Prichard;
They liv'd without strife;
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches;
They nor care had nor pain,
And the wife WORE THE BREECHES.

To Lady Mary Wortley Montague. By Mr. POPE.

IN beauty or wit, no mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning have thought that in learn-
ing

To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent schools, with musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;

So Papists refuse the Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide,

'Twas a woman at first (indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight;
And sages agree, the laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then

Then bravely, fair dame, resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive from a second bright EVE
The knowledge of right and of wrong.
But if the first Eve hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she;
What punishment new shall be found out for you,
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

On the Death of a Wife, a notable Scold and a Shrew. By the Husband.

WE lived one-and-twenty year
As man and wife together;
I could no longer keep her here,
She's gone—I know not whither.

Could I but guess, I do protest,
I speak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.
Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure, her soul is not in hell—
The devil would ne'er abide her.

I rather think she's soar'd aloft;
For in the last great thunder
Methought I heard her very voice,
Rending the clouds in funder.

The Rose. By Mr. PHILIPS.

THE rose's age is but a day,
Its bloom the pledge of its decay;
Sweet in scent, in colour bright,
It blows at morn, and fades at night.

Imitated by Dr. SWIFT.

My age is not a moment's stay,
My birth the same with my decay;
I favour ill; no colour know;
And fade the instant that I blow.

*A Boston Epigram.—Written in 1774.
To the Ministry.*

YOU've sent a rod to Massachusetts,
Thinking th' Americans will buse it;
But much I fear, for Britain's sake,
That this same rod will prove a snake.

Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Hammond, a Parish Clerk, a good Man, and an excellent Back-Gammon Player, who was succeeded in his Office by a Mr. Trice.

BY the chance of the die,
On his back here doth lie
Our most audible clerk, Master Hammond;
Tho' he bore many men,
Till threescore and ten,
Yet at length he by death is back-gammon'd.
But hark! neighbours, hark!
Here again comes the clerk;
By a bit very lucky and nice,
With death we're now even;
He just stepp'd to heaven,
And is with us again in a TRICE.

On Matrimony. An Epigram.

TOM prais'd his friend, who chang'd his state,
For binding fast himself and KATE
In union so divine;
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried;
"Too true, alas!" said Jack, and sigh'd,
"Twill be the end of mine."

An Epitaph on the Death of a favourite Parrot that was found in a Necessary-House.

HERE safe lie interr'd the remains of a bird,
Who submits to all conquering fate;
Whose master took care to teach it to swear,
As his mistress had taught it to prate.

If complaint should be made of the place where
he's laid,

Poor Betty is only in fault;
Poor Betty, to save the expence of a grave,
Thought proper to choose it a vault.

To preserve its dear fame, for time without name,
His mistress, still kinder and kinder,
Declar'd with a tear, she'd never come here,
Without leaving something behind her.

Epitaph on Lady Molefworth, who was burnt to Death by a Fire which broke out in her Dwelling-House, London, the 6th of May, 1763.

A Peerless matron, pride of female life,
In ev'ry state, as widow, maid, or wife;
Who, wedded to threescore, preserv'd her fame:
She liv'd a Phoenix, and expir'd in flame.

Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez. COWPER.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the fallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Relides in that heavenly word !
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a kneil,
 Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.
 Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.
 How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But, alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.
 But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Ev'n here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There is mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

Od to Peace. COWPER.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest !
 Return, and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart :
 Nor riches I nor pow'r pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
 We therefore need not part.
 Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
 From av'rice and ambition free,
 And pleasure's fatal wiles ?
 For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
 The sweets that I was wont to share—
 The banquet of thy smiles ?
 The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The heaven that thou alone canst make ?
 And wilt thou quit the stream
 That murmurs through the dewy mead,
 The grove and the sequester'd shed,
 To be a guest with them ?
 For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
 For thee I gladly sacrific'd
 What'er I lov'd before ;
 And shall I see thee start away,
 And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
 Farewel ! we meet no more ?

Human Frailty. COWPER.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
 The purpose of to-day,

Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.
 The bow well bent and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain ;
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.
 Some foe to his upright intent,
 Finds out his weaker part ;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.
 'Tis here the folly of the wife
 Through all his art we view ;
 And while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.
 Bound on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.
 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast ;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost.

On observing some Names of little Note recorded in the Biographia Britannica. COWPER.

O FOND attempt to give a deathless lot
 To names ignoble, born to be forgot !
 In vain recorded in historic page,
 They court the notice of a future age :
 Those twinkling troy lustres of the land
 Drop one by one from fame's neglecting hand !
 Lethæan gulphs receive them as they fall,
 And dark oblivion soon absorbs them all.

So when a child, as playful children use,
 Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news,
 The flame extinct, he views the roving fire,
 There goes my lady, and there goes the squire ;
 There goes the parson, O illustrious spark !
 And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk.

The Nightingale and Glow-Worm. COWPER.

A Nightingale, that all day long
 Had cheer'd the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when even-tide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark :
 So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop ;
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent :

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
 As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong,
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same Pow'r divine
 Taught you to sing, and me to shine,

That

That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas'd him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern:
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other,
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respect in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

On a Goldfinch starved to Death in his Cage.

COWPER.

TIME was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare,
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.
But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and staid to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.
Thanks, gentle swain, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More crucky could none express;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

The Pine-apple and the Bee. COWPER.

THE pine-apples in tripple row
Were basking hot and all in blow;
A bee of most discerning taste
Perceiv'd the fragrance as he pass'd.
On eager wing the spoiler came,
And search'd for crannies in the frame;
Urg'd his attempt on ev'ry side,
To ev'ry pane his trunk applied;
But still in vain, the frame was tight,
And only pervious to the light.
Thus having wasted half the day,
He trimm'd his flight another way.

Meanwhile, I said, in thee I find
The sin and madness of mankind;
To joys forbidden man aspires,
Consumes his soul with vain desires;
Folly the spring of his pursuit,
And disappointment all the fruit.
While Cynthia ogles as she passes
The nymph between two chariot-glasses,
She is the pine apple, and he
The silly unsuccessful bee.

The maid who views with pensive air
The show-glass fraught with glittering ware,
Sees watches, bracelets, rings, and lockets,
But sighs at thought of empty pockets;
Like thine her appetite is keen,
But, ah, the cruel glass between!

Our dear delights are often such,
Expos'd to view, but not to touch;
The sight our foolish heart inflames,
We long for pine-apples in frames.
With hopelets with one looks and fingers,
One breaks the glass, and cuts his fingers;
But they whom truth and wisdom lead,
Can gather honey from a weed.

Horace. Book ii. Ode 10. COWPER.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach,
So shalt thou live beyond the reach

Of adverse fortune's pow'r:

Nor always tempt the dust in deep,
Nor always tumourously creep

Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between

The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Inbuiting all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast, the loftiest tower

Comes heaviest to the ground;

The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes in spite of pain;
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast,
The dark appearance will not last,

Expect a brighter sky;

The God that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometimes the mules too,
And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,

And let thy strength be seen:

But, oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvas in.

A Reflection on the foregoing Ode. COWPER.

AND is this all? Can reason do no more
Than bid me shun the deep, and dread the shore?
Sweet moralist! afloat on life's rough sea
The Christian has a heart unknown to thee;
He holds no parley with unmanly fears,
Where duty bids he confidently steers;
Faces a thousand dangers at her call,
And trusting in his God, surmounts them all.

The Strawberry. Written in a Time of Affliction.
COWPER.

O HAPPY shades! to me unblest,
Friendly to peace, but not to me;
How ill the scene that offers rest,
And heart that cannot rest, agree!
This glassy stream, that spreading pine,
Those alders quiv'ring to the breeze,
Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
And please, if any thing could please.
But fix'd unalterable care
Foregoes not what she feels within;
Shews the same sadness ev'ry where,
And flights the season and the scene.
For all that pleas'd in wood or lawn,
While peace possess'd these silent bow'rs,
Her animating smile withdrawn,
Hath lost its beauties and its pow'rs.
The saint or moralist should tread
This moss-grown alley, musing slow;
They seek, like me, the secret shade,
But not, like me, to nourish woe.
Me fruitful scenes and prospects waste
Alike admonish not to roam,
These tell me of enjoyments past,
And those of sorrows yet to come.

Mutual Forbearance necessary to the Happiness of the Married State.
COWPER.

THE Lady thus address'd her spouse—
What a mere dungeon is this house!
By no means large enough; and, was it,
Yet this dull room, and that dark closet,
Those hangings with their worn-out graces,
Long beards, long noses, and pale faces,
Are such an antiquated scene,
They overwhelm me with the spleen.
Sir Humphry, shooting in the dark,
Makes answer quite beside the mark:
No doubt, my dear, I bade him come,
Engag'd myself to be at home,
And shall expect him at the door
Precisely when the clock strikes four.

You are so deaf, the Lady cried,
(And rais'd her voice, and frown'd beside)
You are so sadly deaf, my dear,
What shall I do to make you hear?

Dismiss poor Harry! he replies,
Some people are more nice than wife;
For one slight trespass all this stir!
What if I did ride whip and spur,
'Twas but a mile—your fav'rite horse
Will never look one hair the worse.—
Well, I protest 'tis past all bearing!
Child! I am rather hard of hearing.—
Yes, truly—one must scream and bawl;
I tell you, you can't hear at all.
Then, with a voice exceeding low,
No matter if you hear or no.

Alas! and is domestic strife,
That forest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd;
To gratify a fretful passion,
On ev'ry trivial provocation?

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something ev'ry day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
But if infirmities that fall
In common to the lot of all,
A blemish, or a sense impair'd,
Are crimes so little to be spar'd,
Then farewell all that must create
The comfort of the wedded state:
Instead of harmony, 'tis jar,
And tumult, and intestine war.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives when that exterior grace
Which first inspir'd the flame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shews love to be a mere profession,
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is.

The Winter Nosegay. COWPER.

WHAT nature, alas! has denied
To the delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flow'rs have the charms of the spring,
Through abroad they are frozen and dead.
'Tis a bow'r of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats,
From the cruel assaults of the clime,
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
The pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.
See how they have safely surviv'd
The frowns of a sky so severe,
Such Mary's true love, that has liv'd
Through many a turbulent year.
The charms of the late blowing rose
Seem grac'd with a livelier hue,
And the winter of sorrow best shews
The truth of a friend such as you.

Ladicra, an Ode. COWPER.

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,
Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:
Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome

Rome shall perish—write that word
 In the blood that he has spilt;
 Perish hopeless and abhorr'd,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.
 Rome, for empire far renown'd,
 Tramples on a thousand states,
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
 Hark! the Gaul is at her gates.
 Other Romans shall arise,
 Heedless of a soldier's name,
 Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
 Harmony the path to fame.
 Then the progeny that springs
 From the forests of our land,
 Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
 Shall a wider world command,
 Regions Cæsar never knew
 Thy posterity shall sway,
 Where his eagles never flew,
 None invincible as they.
 Such the bard's prophetic words,
 Pregnant with celestial fire,
 Bending as he swept the chords
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.
 She, with all a monarch's pride,
 Felt them in her bosom glow,
 Rush'd to battle, fought and died,
 Dying hurl'd them at the foe.
 Russians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

Heroism. COWPER.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire
 Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
 When, conscious of no danger from below,
 She tower'd a cloud-clapt pyramid of snow.
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 The blooming groves that girdled her around,
 Her unctuous olives and her purple vines
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
 In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,
 A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
 She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies;
 While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
 But, O! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
 Havoc and devastation in the van,
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
 Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
 See it an unform'd and an idle mass,
 Without a soil to invite the tiller's care,
 Or blade that might redeem it from despair.

Yet time at length (what will not time achieve?)
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live:
 Once more the spicy myrtle crowns the glade,
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
 O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats!
 O charming paradise of short-liv'd sweets!
 The self-same gale that wafts the fragrance round,
 Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
 Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,
 Again pours ruin on the vale below;
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,

Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
 Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires.
 Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,

And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
 Studious of peace, their neighbours and their own,
 Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
 Their only crime, vicinity to you!
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road,
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread;
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness;
 Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
 Attend to finish what the sword begun;
 And echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
 And folly pays, refund at your return.
 A calm succeeds—but plenty, with her train
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again;
 And years of pining indigence must shew
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
 Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil;
 Rebuilds the tow'rs that smok'd upon the plain,
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
 Renew the quarrel on the conqueror's part;
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,
 That wealth within is ruin at the door.

What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,
 But Ætna's of the suff'ring world ye sway?
 Sweet nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe,
 And stands a witness at truth's awful bar,
 To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some heaven-protected isle,
 Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crest'd warrior dips his plume in blood.
 Where pow'r secures what industry has won,
 Where-to succeed is not to be undone;
 A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

The Poet, the Oyster, and Sensitive Plant.

COWPER.

AN Oyster cast upon the shore
Was heard, though never heard before,
Complaining in a speech well worded,
And worthy thus to be recorded :

Ah, hapless wretch ! condemn'd to dwell
For ever in my native shell,
Ordain'd to move when others please,
Not for my own content or ease,
But toss'd and buffeted about,
Now in the water, and now out.
'Twere better to be born a stone
Of ruder shape and feeling none,
Than with a tenderness like mine,
And liability to fire :
I envy that unfeeling shrub,
Fast-rooted against ev'ry rub.
The plant he meant grew not far off,
And felt the sneer with scorn enough ;
Was once, disgusted, mortified,
And with acerbity replied.

When, cry the botanists, and stare,
Did plants call'd sensitive grow there ?
No matter when—a poet's muse is
To make them grow just were the choosers.

You shapeless nothing in a dish,
You that are but almost a fish,
I scorn your coarse insinuation,
And have most plentiful occasion
To with myself the rock I view,
Or such another dolt as you.
For many a grave and learned clerk,
And many a gay unletter'd spark,
With curious touch examines me,
If I can feel as well as he ;
And when I bend, retire, and shrink,
Says—Well, 'tis more than one would think.
Thus life is spent, O lie upon 't !
In being touch'd, and crying, Don't !

A poet, in his evening walk,
O'erheard and check'd this idle talk.
And your fine sense, he said, and yours,
Whatever evil it endures,
Deserves not, if so soon offended,
Much to be pitied or commended.
Disputes, though short, are far too long,
Where both alike are in the wrong ;
Your feelings, in their full amount,
Are all upon your own account.

You in your grotto-work inclos'd
Complain of being thus expos'd,
Yet nothing feel in that rough coat,
Save when the knife is at your throat,
Wherever driven by wind or tide,
Exempt from ev'ry ill beside.

And as for you, my Lady Squeamish,
Who reckon ev'ry touch a blemish,
If all the plants that can be found
Embellishing the scene around
Should droop and wither where they grow,
You would not feel at all, not you.
The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love,

These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.
His censure reach'd them as he dealt it,
And each by shrinking shew'd he felt it.

A Fable.

COWPER.

A RAVEN, while with glossy breast
Her new-laid eggs she fondly press'd,
And on her wicker-work high mounted
Her chickens prematurely counted
(A fault philosophers might blame,
If quite exempted from the same),
Enjoy'd at ease the genial day ;
'Twas April, as the bumpkins say,
The legislature call'd it May.
But suddenly a wind as high
As ever swept a winter sky
Shook the young leaves about her ears,
And fill'd her with a thousand fears,
Lest the rude blast should snap the bough,
And spread her golden hopes below.
But just at eve the blowing weather,
And all her fears, were hush'd together :
And now, quoth poor unthinking Ralph,
'Tis over, and the brood is safe ;
(For ravens, though as birds of omen
They teach both conjurers and old women
To tell us what is to befall,
Can't prophesy themselves at all).
The morning came, when neighbour Hodge,
Who long had mark'd her airy lodge,
And destin'd all the treasure there
A gift to his expecting fair,
Clumb'd like a squirrel to his prey,
And bore the worthless prize away.

M O R A L.

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In ev'ry change, both mine and yours.
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape :
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oft'nest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

The Love of the World detected. COWPER.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk :
Good mussulman, abstain from pork ;
There is a part in ev'ry swine
No friend or follower of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication.
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the rest :
But for one piece they thought it hard
From the whole hog to be debarr'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.

Much

Much controversy straight arose,
These chuse the back; the belly those;
By some 'tis confidently said
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at that doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.
Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied
May make you laugh on t' other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries:
We do, a multitude replies.
While one as innocent regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;
Some love a concert, or a race,
And others, shooting and the chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus bit by bit the world is swallow'd;
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he;
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

The Jackdaw. COWPER.

THERE is a bird who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch
And Dormitory too.
About the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely fees
The bustle and the rare-show
That occupies mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think no doubt he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall;
No, not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The world, with all its motly rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs and its business
Are no concern at all of his,
And says, what says he? Caw.

Thrice happy bird! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men,
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

The Country Parson's Blessings.

WOULD ye, my friends, live free from care,
Attentive lend a willing ear;
While I in humble verse relate
The blessings of my humble state.

I have a living brings in clear
About a hundred pounds a year;
The tythe well paid, without law, strife
(I'm not encumber'd with a wife).
A single church, not grand, but neat;
My people rather good than great;
A strong-built house, and pasture good,
Where Sorrel crops his livelihood:
A garden cloth'd with greens and fruits,
And intermix'd with flow'ry roots;
A walk with well-mow'd greenward laid,
Where I may smoke in sun or shade;
A terrace rais'd, whence I survey
The market folk who pass that way;
A shaded bench where I may read
Old Baker's Chronicle, or Speed:
The neighbouring clergy kind and free,
Who give and take civility;
Of humour good, of mirth and sense,
Who o'er a glass some wit dispense;
(For where's the crime to meet and prate
Of country news and tricks of state?)
Some social gents of goodly worth,
Who scorn to boast of wealth or birth;
Who ne'er assume the courtier's frown,
Yet keep above the homely clown;
Who love their country, king, and church,
And in no duds the parson lurch;
With ease I keep a maid and man,
This *Harry* call'd, the other *Nan*:
A table sleek, with pudding grac'd,
Or plain or plum, as suits my taste;
Attended by a fav'ry dish
Of mutton, beef, or fowl, or fish;
A pile of sallad, fresh and green;
In summer, fruit well pick'd and clean;
Sound sparkling ale, and sometimes wine,
When patron deigns with Vic—to dine.
Oft o'er the fields with gun I stride,
And faithful *Bunter* by my side;
Then, if a mushroom is in sight,
It serves to supper me at night;
Or else a veltfare or a snipe,
Sometimes a dish of double tripe.

Thus joyous do I pass my life,
Stranger to tumult or to strife,
Pleasures I feel in this blest state,
Unfelt, unknown, to rich and great;
When airy fancy mounts on wing,
I think myself a sort of king;
My pipe my scepter, cup my crown,
My elbow chair my regal throne.

*On hearing of a Gentleman's Pocket being picked
of his Watch.*

HE that a watch would wear, this he must do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too.
The

The Happy Fire-Side.

THE hearth was clean, the fire clear,

The kettle on for tea;

PALEMON, in his elbow chair

As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd,

And was his new-made bride;

With head reclin'd upon his breast,

Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,

A fav'rite dog was laid;

By whom a little sportive cat

In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;

She stole an am'rous kiss,

And blushing, modestly confess'd

The fulness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,

Pray'd to Almighty Jove,

That it might ever be his fate,

Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,

And let no more be given;

Continue thus my lov'd fire-side,

I ask no other heaven.

The Retrospect of Life.

RICHES chance may take or give;

Beauty lives a day, and dies;

Honour lulls us while we live;

Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

Is there nothing worth our care,

Time, and chance, and death, our foes?

If our joys so fleeting are,

Are we only tied to woes?

Let bright virtue answer, No;

Her eternal pow'rs prevail,

When honours, riches, cease to flow,

And beauty, mirth, and pleasure fail.

An Invitation into the Country.

THE swallows in their torpid state

Compose their useless wing,

And bees in hives as idly wait

The call of early spring.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,

The wildest wind that blows,

Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,

Secure of their repose.

But man, all feeling and awake,

The gloomy scene surveys;

With present ills his heart must ache,

And pant for brighter days.

Old winter, halting o'er the mead,

Bids me and Mary mourn;

But lovely spring peeps o'er his head,

And whispers your return.

Then April, with her sister May,

Shall chase him from the bow'rs,

And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,

To crown the smiling hours.

And if a tear that speaks regret

Of happier times appear,

A glimpse of joy that we have met

Shall shine, and dry the tear.

Invitation to the feathered Race.

GREAVES

AGAIN the balmy zephyr blows,

Fresh verdure decks the grove;

Each bird with vernal rapture glows,

And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers! hither fly;

And shun the noon-tide heat:

My shrubs a cooling shade supply;

My groves, a safe retreat.

Here, freely hop from spray to spray,

Or weave the mossy nest:

Here, rove and sing the live-long day;

At night, here sweetly rest.

Amid this cool translucent rill,

That trickles down the glade,

Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,

And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,

E'er shews his ruddy face,

Or twangs his bow, or hurls a stone,

In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs;

Secure the linnet sings;

The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,

To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah, quit thy haunt

Yon distant woods among,

And round my friendly grotto chant

Thy sweetly plaintive song.

Let not the harmless red-breast fear,

Domestic bird, to come,

And seek a sure asylum here,

With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe!

Shall store of fruit preserve:

O! let me thus your friendship bribe;

Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protest,

To you these plums belong;

Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,

But sweeter far your song.

Let then this league betwixt us made

Our mutual interests guard:

Mine be the gift of fruit and shade;

Your songs be my reward.

Address to a Nightingale.

THOMSON,

ONIGHTINGALE! best poet of the grove,

That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,

Blest in the full possession of thy love:

O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale! to me.

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:

I love a maid who all my bosom charms,

Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;

Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

Yes,

You, happy birds ! by nature's simple laws
 Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare ;
 You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
 And love and song is all your pleasing care :
 But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
 Dare not be blest, lest envious tongues should
 blame ;
 And hence in vain I languish for my bride :
 O mourn with me, sweet bird ! my hapless flame.

RETALIATION :

A POEM. GOLDSMITH.

THE title and nature of this POEM shew that it owed its birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were its subject; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even finish it, in the manner which he intended. The public have, however, already shewn how much they were pleased with its appearance, even in its present form.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
 Each guest brought his dish, and the feast
 was united ;
 If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
 Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
 best dish :
 Our † Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
 plains ;
 Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of
 brains ;
 Our § Will shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour ;
 And || Dick with his pepper shall heighten their
 flavour :
 Our ¶ Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall
 obtain,
 And †† Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain ;
 Our ‡‡ Garrick's a salad, for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltiness agree :
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am
 That §§ Ridge is anchovy, and ||| Reynolds is lamb ;
 That ¶¶ Hickey's a capon ; and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool :

* The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, held an occasional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of the greatest orators in this kingdom.

§ Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

|| Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour than his brother Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

¶ Author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

†† Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a Citizen of the World, than a sound Critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡‡ David Garrick, Esq. joint Patentee and acting Manager of the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

§§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation is admitted, by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

||| Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

¶ An eminent Attorney.

††. Mr. T. Townsend, member for Whitchurch.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and tick to the last ?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That fly-boots was curiously cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was
 such

We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for man-
 kind.

Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 throat

To persuade †† Tommy Townsend to lend him a
 vote ;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought
 of dining ;

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :

For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place,
 Sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a
 mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
 was in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
 his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
 sigh at,

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !

What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb *;
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine;
And comedies wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant
reclines.

When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall
lecture;

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall com-
pile;

New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the
dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
As a wit if not first, in the very first line;
Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
Like an ill-judging beauty his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting:
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;

* Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disuse,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls to grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd,

While he was heroscius'd, and you were beprais'd?
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakspeare: receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant
creature,
And shan her itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a triumper:
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser;
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat;
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye.
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, restless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
of hearing:

When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios,
and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

LINES from Dr. BARNARD, Dean of Derry, to
Dr. GOLDSMITH and Mr. CUMBERLAND.

DEAR Noll and dear Dick, since you've made
us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
I ho' I here must confess that your meat and
your wine
Are not quite to my taste, tho' they're both very
fine;

For sherry's a liquor monastic, you own;
Now there's nothing I hate so—as drinking alone:

It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars;

But, for my part, I'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your venison's delicious, tho' too sweet your
saucè is—

Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis. [dish up,
So soon as you please, you may serve me your
But instead of your theory, pray make me a
bisshop!

On Dr. GOLDSMITH's *Characteristical
Cookery.* *A Jeu d'Esprit.*

By D. GARRICK, *Esq.*

ARE these the choice dishes the Doctor has
sent us?

Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine
books? [cooks.

Heaven sends us good *meat*—but the *Devil sends*

JUPITER and MERCURY. *A Fable.*

Written some Time since. GARRICK.

HERE, *Hermes*, says *Jove*, who with nectar
was mellow, [fellow;

Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd
Right and wrong shall be jumbled—much gold
and some dross; [cross.

Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he
Be surr, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the
baking,

Turn to *burning*, and *gaming*, *religion*, and *raking*.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be
chaste;

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
fine taste;

That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail:

For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This *Scholar*, *Rake*, *Christian*, *Dupe*, *Gamster*,
and *Poet*:

Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH
his name!

When on earth this strange meteor no more shall
appear, [here!

You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him to make us sport

The Lamentation of GLUMDALCLITCH for the
Loss of GRILDRIG.

A Pastoral.

GAY.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing
care,

She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.

No British miss sincerer grief has known,

Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.

She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd-in her thread,

And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;

Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall

Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.

In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a show'r of rain.

In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.

"Was it for this (she cried) with daily care

"Within thy reach I set the vinegar;

"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,

"While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied,

"Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,

"And all the little monsters of the brook!

"Sure in that lake he dropp'd: my Grilly's
"drown'd."

She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:

"But little creatures enterprize the most.

"Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,

"Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,

"Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;

"Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?

"Who from a page can ever learn the truth?

"Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy

"To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;

"Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,

"As children tear the wings of flies away.

"From place to place o'er Broddnag I'll roam,

"And never will return, or bring thee home.

"But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?

"How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?

"Dost thou, bewilder'd, wander all alone,

"In the green thicket of a mossy stone;

"Or, tumbled from the roadstool's slippery round,

"Perhaps, all maim'd, lie groveling on the
"ground?"

"Dost thou, imbosom'd in the lovely rose,

"Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?

"Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,

"Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,

"O shew me, Flora, midst those sweets the flow'r

"Where sleeps my Grildrig in this fragrant-
"bow'r!"

"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves

"On little females, and on little loves;

"Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,

"The baby-playthings that adorn thy house,

"Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious
"rooms,

"Equal in size to cells of honey-combs.

"Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the
"shore,

"Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?

"Or, in thy box now bounding on the main,

"Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?

"And shall I set thee on my hand no more,

"To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er

"My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,

"Mimic the actions of a real man?

"No more behold thee turn my watch's key,

"As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?

"How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread

"A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!

"How

"How chafe the mite that bore thy cheese away,
 "And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
 She said; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
 Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.
 She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
 Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!
 O squander not thy grief; those tears command
 To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
 The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
 And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

A Receipt for stewing Veal.

GAY.

TAKE a knuckle of veal;
 You may buy it or steal:
 In a few pieces cut it,
 In a stewing-pan put it.
 Salt, pepper, and mace
 Must season this knuckle;
 Then 'what's join'd to a place,
 With other herbs muckle;
 That which kill'd king † Will;
 And what never ‡ stands still.
 Some § sprigs of that bed
 Where children are bred;
 Which much you will mend, if
 Both spinnach and endive,
 And lettuce, and beet,
 With marygold meet.
 Put no water at all
 For it maketh things small,
 Which lest it should happen,
 A close cover clap on.
 Put this pot of ¶ Wood's mettle
 In a hot boiling kettle,
 And there let it be
 (Mark the doctrine I teach)
 About—let me see—
 Thrice as long as you preach ¶,
 So skimming the fat off,
 Say grace with your hat off.
 O, then! with what rapture
 Will it fill dean and chapter!

S P R I N G.

An Ode.

Dr. JOHNSON.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long continued strife;
 And nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.
 Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft Pleasure, with her laughing train;
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And vegetation plants the plain.
 Unhappy-whom to beds of pain
 Arthritic^{ww} tyranny consigns!
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
 Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines!

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ———'s humble turrets rise.
 Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
 Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide—a father—and a friend;
 Once more great nature's works review,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
 From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd, when most improv'd.
 Teach me, thou venerable bow'r,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal pow'r,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.
 But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom, teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

The MIDSUMMER's WISH. An Ode.

Dr. JOHNSON.

O Phoebus! down the western sky
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray;
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,
 And wake them to the cares of day.
 Come, gentle eve, the friend of ease!
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
 Refresh me with a cooling breeze,
 And cheer me with a lambent light.
 Lay me where o'er the verdant ground
 Her living carpet nature spreads;
 Where the green bow'r, with roses crown'd,
 In show'rs its fragrant foliage sheds.
 Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
 Let music die along the grove;
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
 And every strain be tun'd to love.
 Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
 Come, born to fill its vast desires!
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
 Whilst, all my wish and thine complete,
 By turns we languish and we burn,
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
 Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.
 Let me, when nature calls to rest,
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,

* Vulgo, salary. † Supposed sorrel.

§ Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.

¶ Which we suppose to be near four hours.

‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.

¶ Of this composition, see the Works of the Copper-farthing Dean.

The author being ill of the gout.

Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

A U T U M N.

*An Ode.**Dr. JOHNSON.*

ALAS! with swift and silent pace
Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flow'rs of Spring are swept away,
And summer fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust neglected lie,
As Borcas strips the bending trees.

The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare,
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain;
Nor health nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O would some god but wings supply!
To where each morn the Spring restores,
Companion of her flight, I'd fly.

Vain wish! me fate compels to bear
The downward seasons iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and show'rs, and storms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flow'rs, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?

O! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains, the friend of wit,
In love and mirth of mighty pow'r.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:
This gives the sunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.

Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

W I N T E R.

*An Ode.**Dr. JOHNSON.*

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flow'r of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distills the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night;
Usurping darkness shares the day,
Her mists restrain the force of light;
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now fought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous show'rs descend;
Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
With light and heat my little sphere;
Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high;
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings;
Nor love, nor wine, the Spring restore.

Catch then, O catch, the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies.
Life's a short Summer—man a flow'r;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

AN EVENING ODE.

*To Stella.**Dr. JOHNSON.*

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd lonely grove
Hears and keeps thy secrets, love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the queen of night
Round us pours a lambent light;
Light that seems but just to shew
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whisper'd joy,
Evening's silent hours employ;
Silence best, and conscious shades,
Please the hearts that love invade:
Other pleasures give them pain,
Lovers all but love disdain.

THE NATURAL BEAUTY.

*To Stella.**Dr. JOHNSON.*

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth or glancing round,
If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe,
If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress,

Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade;
If her chintz with less expence
Flows in easy negligence;
Still she lights the conscious flame,
Still her charms appear the same;
If she strikes the vocal strings,
If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
If she sit, or if she move,
Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
Which alone can please by chance,
Beauty which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems, and rich brocade.
I those charms alone can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

The Vanity of Wealth. Dr. JOHNSON.

NO more, thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avarice painful vigils keep;
Still 'unjoy'd the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O quit the shadow, catch the prize
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heaven has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish; a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wondrous way,
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;
In social hours indulge thy soul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;
To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be, by blessing beauty, blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come taste with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
I boast what'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And scorn (O let that scorn be thine!)
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

*To Miss ———, on her giving the Author a
Gold and Silk Net-work Purse of her own weav-
ing.* Dr. JOHNSON.

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite
To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would shine
If wrought by any hand but thine,
Thy hand that knows the subtler art
To weave those nets that catch the heart.
Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;

Nor can I hope thy silken chain
The glittering vagrants shall restrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed,
The heart once caught should ne'er be freed?

To LYCE, an elderly Lady. Dr. JOHNSON.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,
By flattering poets given,
Who shine by lavish lovers dress'd
In all the pomp of heaven;
Engross not all the beams on high
Which gild a lover's lays;
But, as your sister of the sky,
Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,
Her brows a cloudy show;
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,
And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,
She's starr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,
Denies my Lyce shines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet spite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards express,
My Lyce makes as good a sky,
And I but flatter less.

Epitaph on Sir Thomas Hanmer. Dr. JOHNSON.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious
eye,
Pause at this tomb where HANMER's ashes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wis'd, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the state;
In every speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act refulgent virtue glow'd;
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illustrious age! how bright thy glories shone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the
throne!

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce de-
bate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with love, with veneration heard.

This

This task perform'd, he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,
With temperate zeal, and wise anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure or of pride.
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled;
And Fame pursued him where Conviction led.

Age call'd at length his active mind to rest,
With honours sated, and with cares oppress;
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,
To rural grandeur and domestic worth:
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience then his former life survey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the general doom,
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

SONNETS BY WARTON.

Written at Wynslade in Hampshire.

WYNSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with
waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual
dawn

'Gan the grey mist with orient purple stain,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has
drawn,

Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain.
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he far distant strays
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and
morn,

From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recal those happier days.

On Balbing

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter
pale,

Young Health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
On airy uplands met the piercing gale;
And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.

But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot sheen,
Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale;
She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
The fount that laves proud Isis' tow'rd brim:
And now all glad the temperate air to breathe,
While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
She sits amid the quire of Naiads trim.

Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon.

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,

Of painful Pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes th' historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.

Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thought on themes unclassical falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd Piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd
stores.

Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strewn with flow'rs.

Written at Stonehenge.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether, by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's
shore

To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty pile,
Th' entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were
crown'd:

Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

Written after seeing Wilton-House.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mi-
mic Art

Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?

My breast all glowing from those gorgeous
tow'rs,

In my low cell how cheat the fullen hours?
Vain the complaint: for fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

To Mr. Gray.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's
hue,
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!
While slowly-pacing through the church-yard
dew,

At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or, borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue

Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd:
 Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
 No, hard divine! For many a care beguil'd
 By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
 For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
 To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

Sonnet.

WHILE summer-funs o'er the gay prospect
 play'd,
 Through Surry's verdant scenes where Epsom
 spreads,
 'Mid intermingling elms, her flow'ry meads;
 And Hascombe's hill, in tow'ring groves array'd,
 Rear'd its romantic steep—with mind serene
 I journey'd blythe. Full pensive I return'd;
 For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd:
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
 Which late in careless indolence I pass'd;
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast
 Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
 Sad change! that Nature a congenial gloom
 Should wear, when most, my cheerless mood to
 chafe,
 I wish'd her green attire, and wonted bloom!

On King Arthur's Round Table at Winchester.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
 Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,
 And scatter'd flinty fragments, clad in moss,
 On yonder steep in naked state appears;
 High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
 Old Arthur's Board: on the capacious round
 Some British pen has sketch'd the names re-
 nown'd,
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
 Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rime,
 The Druid frame unhonour'd falls a prey
 To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
 And fide the British characters away;
 Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
 Those chiefs, shall live unconscious of decay.

To the River Lodon.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders
 crown'd,
 And thought my way was all through fairy
 ground,
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
 Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
 While pensive memory traces back the round
 Which fills the varied interval between,
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road!
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
 Nor useless all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime
 mature;
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.

The Old Cheese. KING.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
 The wit which Nature had to him denied:
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch at hand.
 This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
 For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
 Yet still into his story she would break
 With—" 'Tis not so; pray give me leave to
 "speak."

His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
 Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool;
 Told him he must exert himself, and be
 In fact the master of his family.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would
 "shew
 "Whether he were the lord at home or no;
 "When their good company he would entreat
 "To well-brew'd ale, and clean if homely
 "meat."

With aching heart home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose;
 And prays dear Sukey, that, one day at least,
 He might appear as master of the feast.

"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you
 "may see

" 'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowfy farmer with his simp'ring dame.

"Ho, Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou
 "appear?"

"Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is
 "here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend

"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
 To entertain his friends with finding fault,

And make the main ingredient of his treat

His saying—"There was nothing fit to eat:

"The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not
 "enough,

"The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough;

"The Veal's all rage, the Butter's turn'd to oil;

"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.

" 'Tis we are the first Slouches ever fate

"Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat."

"What Teeth or Stomach's strong enough to
 "feed

"Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed?

"Why must old Pidgeons, and they stale, be
 "dress'd,

"When there's so many squab ones in the nest?"

"This Beer is sour; 'tis musty, thick, and stale,

"And worse than any thing except the Ale."

Sue all this while many excuses made:

Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
 The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then

Then Cheese was brought, Says Slouch—"This
"e'en shall roll ;

"I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl :
"This is Skim-milk, and therefore it shall go ;
"And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste ;
Nor longer could dissimulation last.

"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear ; I'll find
"A Cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."

Then in an entry standing close, where he
Alone, and none of all his friends, might see ;
And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
And far enough on this occasion smelt—

"I'll try, my joy," she cried, "if I can please
"My dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese !"

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous
"hand

Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
Knew well the twang—"Is't the Old Cheese,

"my Dear ?

["I'll swear,

"No need, no need of Cheese," cries Slouch ;
"I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

The PILGRIMS and the PEAS. A true Story.

PETER PINDAR.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel
With something in their shoes much worse than
gravel ;

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :
A *nostrum* famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;

A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its pow'rs exalt
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps *meat*.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;
But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners gallop'd on
Light as a bullet from a gun ;

The other limp'd as if he had been *shot*.

ONE saw the VIRGIN soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
Then home again he nimble hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue, about half way,
Hobbling without stretch'd bum and bending knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim
broke

"You lazy lubber!"—

"Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'tis no joke :
"My feet, once hard as any rock,

"Are now as soft as blubber."

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—

"As for Loretto, I shall not get there :

"No ! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,

"For damme if I ha'n't lost ev'ry toe."

"But, brother sinner, do explain

"How 'tis that you are not in pain ;

"What Pow'r hath work'd a wonder for your
"toes ;

"Whilst I just like a snail am crawling,

"Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,

"Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ?

"How is't that you can like a greyhound go,

"Merry, as if that nought had happen'd, burn
"ye ?"—

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must
"know,

"That just before I ventur'd on my journey,

"To walk a little more at ease,

"I took the liberty to boil my peas."

A Country Bumpkin and Razor-seller.

PETER PINDAR.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence ;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard—
Poor Hodge—who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his
nose :

With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,

"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

"No matter if the fellow be a knave ;

"Provided that the razors *save*,

"It certainly will be a monstrous prize :"

So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling in heart and soul content,

And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—

All were impostors—"Ah !" Hodge sigh'd,

"I wish my eighteen pence within my purse."

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the *graces*,
He cut, and dug, and wine'd, and stamp'd, and

svore :

Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made
vry faces,

And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His MUZZLE, form'd of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :

Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,

On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.

"Razors !—a damn'd, confounded dog !—

"Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge fought the fellow, found him, and begun—
 "Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,

"That people slay themselves out of their
 "lives:

"You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,

"Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

"With razors just like oyster knives.

"Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,

"To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a
 "knave.

"As for the razors you have bought,

"Upon my soul I never thought

"That they would *shave*."

"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with
 wond'ring eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;

"What were they made for then, you dog?" he
 cries.

"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—
 "to *jest*."

The Bald-pated Welshman, and the Fly.

SOMERVILLE.

— "Cui non moderabitur irae,
 "Infectum vol. t esse, dolus quod suscitit et mædæ,
 "Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inuito." HOR.

A SQUIRE of Wales, whose blood ran higher

Than that of any other squire,

Hasty and hot; whose peevish honour

Reveng'd each slight was put upon her,

Upon a mountain's top one day

Expos'd to Sol's meridian ray,

He fum'd, he rav'd, he curs'd; he swore,

Exhal'd a sea at ev'ry pore;

At last, such insults to evade,

Sought the next tree's protecting shade;

Where as he lay dissolv'd in sweat,

And wip'd off many a rivulet,

Off in a pet the beaver sits,

And flaxen wig, time's best disguise,

By which, folks of maturer ages

Vie with smooth beaux, and ladies pages:

Though 'twas a secret rarely known,

Ill-natur'd age had cropp'd his crown,

Grubb'd all the covert up, and now

A large smooth plain extends his brow.

Thus as he lay with numskul bare,

And courted the refreshing air,

New persecutions still appear,

A noisy fly offends his ear.

Alas! what man of parts and sense

Could bear such vile impertinence?

Yet, so discourteous is our fate,

Fools always buzz about the great.

This insect now, whose active spite

Teas'd him with never-ceasing bite,

With so much judgment play'd his part,

He had him both in tierce and quart:

In vain with open hands he tries

To guard his ears, his nose, his eyes;

For now at last, familiar grown,

He perch'd upon his worship's crown,

With teeth and claws his skin he tore,

And stuff'd himself with human gore.

At last, in manners to excel,

Untrus'd a point, some authors tell.

But now what rhetoric could assuage

The furious quire, stark mad with rage?

Impatient at the foul disgrace

From insect of so mean a race,

And plotting vengeance on his foe,

With double fist he aims a blow:

The nimble fly escap'd by flight,

And skipp'd from this unequal fight.

Th' impending stroke with all its weight

Fell on his own beloved pate.

Thus much he gain'd by this adventurous deed,

He foul'd his fingers, and he broke his head.

M O R A L.

Let senates hence learn to preserve their state,
 And scorn the fool, below their grave debate,
 Who by th' unequal strife grows popular and
 great.

Let him buzz on, with senseless rant defy

The wise, the good; yet still 'tis but a fly.

With puny foes the toil's not worth the cost,

Where nothing can be gain'd, much may be lost:

Let cranes and pignies in mock-war debate,

A prey beneath the gen'rous eagle's rage.

True honour o'er the clouds sublimely wings;

Young Ammon scorns to run with less than kings.

The incurious Bencher. SOMERVILLE.

AT Jenny Mann's, where heroes meet,

And lay their laurels at her feet;

The modern Pallas, at whose shrine

They bow, and by whose aid they dine;

Colonel Brocade among the rest

Was ev'ry day a welcome guest.

One night as carelessly he stood,

Chattering his reins before the fire

(So ev'ry true-born Briton should),

Like that he chaf'd and fum'd with ire,

"Jenny," said he, "'tis very hard,

"That no man's honour can be spar'd;

"If I but sup with Lady Duchsels,

"Or play a game at ombre, such is

"The malice of the world, 'tis said,

"Although his Grace lay drunk in bed,

"'Twas I that caus'd his aching head,

"If Madam Doodle would be witty,

"And I am summon'd to the city,

"To play at blindman's-buff, or so,

"What won't such hellish malice do?

"If I but catch her in a corner,

"Humph! 'tis, Your servant, Colonel Horner;

"But rot the snoring sops, if e'er

"I prove it, it shall cost them dear;

"I swear by this dead-doing blade,

"Dreadful examples shall be made.

"What! can't they drink bones and cream,

"But—(d—n them!) I must be their theme?

"Other men's business let alone,

"Why should not coxcombs mind their own?"

As

As thus he rav'd with all his might
(How insecure from Fortune's spite,
Alas, is ev'ry mortal wight !)
To shew his ancient spleen to Mars,
Fierce Vulcan caught him by the a—;
Struck to his skirts, insatiate varlet !
And fed with pleasure on the scarlet.
Hard by, and in the corner, sat
A Bencher grave, with look sedate,
Smoking his pipe, warm as a toast,
And reading over last week's post ;
He saw the foe the fort invade,
And sooth smelt out the breach he made :
But not a word—a little sly
He look'd, 'tis true ; and from each eye
A sidelong glance sometimes he sent,
To bring him news, and watch th' event.
At length, upon that tender part
Where honour lodges (as of old
Authentic Hudibras has told)
The blust'ring colonel felt a smart,
Sore griev'd for his affronted bum,
Frisk'd, skip'd, and bounce'd about the room :
Then turning short—"Zounds, sir !" he cries ;
"Pox on him ! had the fool no eyes ?"
"What ! let a man be burnt alive ?"
"I am not, Sir, inquisitive,"
Replied Sir Gravity, "to know
"Whate'er your Honour's pleas'd to do ;
"If you will burn your tail to tinder,
"Pray what have I to do to hinder ?
"Other men's business let alone,
"Why should not coxcombs mind their own ?"
Then, knocking out his pipe with care,
Laid down his penny at the bar ;
And, wrapping round his fiece surtout,
Took up his crab-tree, and walk'd out.

The officious Messenger. A Tale. SOMERVILLE.

MAN, of precarious science vain,
Treats other creatures with disdain ;
Nor Pug nor Shock have common sense,
Nor even Poll the least pretence,
Though the prates better than us all,
To be accounted rational.
The brute creation here below,
It seems, is nature's puppet-show ;
But clock-work all, and mere machine,
What can these idle gimcracks mean ?
Ye world-makers of Gresham-hall,
Dog Rover shall confute you all ;
Shall prove that ev'ry reasoning brute
Like Ben of Bangor can dispute ;
Can apprehend, judge, syllogize,
Or like proud Bentley criticize ;
At a moot point, or odd disaster,
Is often wiser than his master.
He may mistake sometimes, 'tis true ;
None are infallible but you.
The dog whom nothing can mislead
Must be a dog of parts indeed.
But to my tale, hear me, my friend,
And with due gravity attend.
Rover, as heralds are agreed,
Well-born, and of the setting breed,

Rang'd high, was stout, of nose acute,
A very learn'd and courteous brute.
In parallel lines his grounds he beat,
Not such as in one centre meet ;
In those let blund'ring doctors deal,
His were exactly parallel.
When tainted gales the game betray,
Down close he sinks, and eyes his prey,
Though different passions tempt his soul,
True as the needle to the pole,
He keeps his point, and panting lies ;
The floating net above him flies,
Then, dropping, sweeps the flutt'ring prize. }
Nor this his only excellence :
When surly farmers took offence,
And the rank corn the sport denied,
Still faithful to his master's side,
A thousand pretty pranks he play'd,
And cheerful each command obey'd :
Humble his mind, though great his wit,
Would lug a pig, or turn the spit ;
Would fetch and carry, leap o'er sticks,
And forty such diverting tricks,
Nor Partridge, nor wise Gadbury,
Could find lost goods as soon as he :
Bid him go back a mile or more,
And seek the glove you hid before,
Still his unerring nose would wind it ;
If above ground, was sure to find it ;
Whimp'ring for joy his master greet,
And humbly lay it at his feet.
But hold—it cannot be denied
That useful talents misapplied
May make wild work. It happ'd one day,
Squire Lobb, his master, took his way,
New shav'd, and smug, and very tight,
To compliment a neighb'ring knight ;
In his best trowsers he appears
(A comely person for his years) ;
And clean white drawers, that many a day
In lavender and rose-cakes lay.
Across his brawny shoulders strung,
On his left side his dagger hung ;
Dead-doing blade ! a dreadful guest
Or in the field or at the feast.
No Franklin, carving of a chine
At Christide, ever look'd so fine.
With him obsequious Rover trudg'd,
Nor from his heels one moment budg'd :
Awhile they travell'd, when within
Poor Lobb perceiv'd a rumbling din :
Then warring winds, for want of vent,
Shook all his earthly tenement.
So in the body politic
(For states sometimes, like men, are sick)
Dark faction mutters through the crowd,
Ere bare-fac'd treason roars aloud :
Whether crude humours undigested
His lab'ring entrails had infested ;
Or last night's load of bottled ale,
Grown mutinous, was breaking gaol ;
The cause of this his awkward pain
Let Johnston or let H——ch explain ;
Whose learned noses may discover
Why nature's stink-pot thus ran over.

My province is th' effect to trace,
 And give each point its proper grace :
 Th' effect, O lamentable case !
 Long had he struggled, but in vain,
 The factious tumult to restrain.
 What should he do ? Th' unruly rout
 Press'd on ; and it was time, no doubt,
 T' unbutton, and to let all out.
 The trowsers soon his will obey :
 Not so his stubborn drawers ; for they,
 Beneath his hanging paunch close tied,
 His utmost art and pains defied :
 He drew his dagger on the spot,
 Resolv'd to cut the Gordian knot.
 In the same road just then pass'd by
 (Such was the will of destiny)
 The courteous curate of the place,
 Good-nature shone o'er all his face.
 Surpris'd the flaming blade to view,
 And deeming slaughter must ensue,
 Off from his hack himself he threw.
 Then without ceremony seiz'd
 The squire, impatient to be eas'd.
 " Lord ! Master Lobb, who would have
 " thought
 " The fiend had e'er so strongly wrought ?
 " Is suicide so slight a fault ?
 " Rip up thy guts, man ? What ! go quick
 " To hell, outrageous lunatic ?
 " But, by the blessing, I'll prevent
 " With this right hand thy foul intent."
 Then grip'd the dagger fast : the squire,
 Like Peleus' son, look'd pale with ire ;
 While the good man like Pallas stood,
 And check'd his eager thirst for blood.
 At last, when both awhile had strain'd,
 Strength, join'd with zeal, the conquest gain'd :
 The curate in all points obey'd,
 Into the sheath returns the blade ;
 But first th' unhappy squire he swore,
 T' attempt upon his life no more.
 With sage advice his speech he clos'd,
 And left him (as he thought) compos'd.
 But was it so, friend Lobb ? I own,
 Misfortune seldom comes alone ;
 Satan supplies the swelling tide,
 And ills on ills are multiplied.
 Subdued, and all his measures broke,
 His purpose and intent mistook,
 Within his drawers, alas ! he found
 His guts let out without a wound :
 For, in the conflict straining hard,
 He left his postern-gate unbar'd ;
 Most wofully bedaub'd, he moans
 His piteous case, he sighs, he groans.
 To lose his dinner, and return,
 Was very hard, not to be borne.
 Hunger, they say, parent of arts,
 Will make a fool a man of parts.
 The sharp-set squire resolves at last,
 Whate'er befall him, not to fast ;
 He mus'd awhile, chaf'd, strain'd his wits,
 At last on this expedient hits :
 To the next brook with sober pace
 He tends, preparing to uncase,

Straddling and mutt'ring all the way,
 Curs'd inwardly th' unlucky day.
 The coast now clear, no soul in view,
 Off in a trice his trowsers drew ;
 More leifurly his draw'rs, for care
 And caution were convenient there :
 So fast the plaster'd birdlime stuck,
 The skin came off with ev'ry pluck.
 Sorely he gaul'd each brawny ham ;
 Nor other parts escap'd, which shame
 Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
 Not without pain the work achiev'd,
 He scrubb'd and wash'd the parts aggriev'd ;
 Then, with nice hand and look sedate,
 Folds up his draw'rs, with their rich freight,
 And hides them in a bush, at leisure
 Resolv'd to fetch his hidden treasure :
 The trusty Rover lay hard by,
 Observing all with curious eye.

Now rigg'd again, once more a beau,
 And matters fix'd *in statu quo*,
 Brisk as a snake in merry May,
 That just has cast his slough away,
 Gladsome he caper'd o'er the green,
 As he presum'd, both sweet and clean ;
 For, O ! amongst us mortal elves,
 How few there are smell out themselves !
 With a mole's ear, and eagle's eye,
 And with a blood-hound's nose, we fly
 On others' faults implacably.
 But where's that ear, that eye, that nose,
 Against its master will depose ?
 Ruddy Miss Prue, with golden hair,
 Stinks like a pole-cat or a bear ;
 Yet romps about me ev'ry day,
 Sweeter, she thinks, than new-made hay.
 Lord Plausible, at Tom's and Will's,
 Whose poisonous breath in whispers kills,
 Still buzzes in my ear, nor knows
 What fatal secrets he bestows :
 Let him destroy each day a score,
 'Tis mere chance-medley, and no more.
 In fine, self-love bribes ev'ry sense,
 And all at home is excellence.

The squire, arriv'd in decent plight,
 With reverence due salutes the knight ;
 Compliments past, the dinner-bell
 Rung quick and loud, harmonious knell
 To greedy Lobb ! Th' Orphéan lyre
 Did ne'er such rapturous joy inspire ;
 Though this the savage throng obey,
 That hunger tames more fierce than they.
 In comely order now appear
 The footmen loaded with good cheer ;
 Her ladyship brought up the rear.
 Simp'ring the lisps, " Your servant, sir—
 " The ways are bad, one can't well stir
 " Abroad—or 'twere indeed unkind
 " To leave good Mrs. Lobb behind—
 " She's well, I hope ?—Master, they say,
 " Comes on apace—How 's Miss, I pray ?"
 Lobb bow'd, and cring'd ; and, muttering low,
 Made for his chair, would fain sit so.
 These weighty points adjusted, soon
 My lady brandishes her spoon.

Unhappy

Unhappy Lobb, pleas'd with his treat,
And minding nothing but his meat,
Too near the fire had chose his seat:
When, O! th' effluvia of his bum
Begin to stain the room,
Ambrosial sweets, and rich perfume!
The flick'ring footman stopp'd his nose;
The chaplain too, under the rose,
Made aukward mouths; the knight took snuff;
Her ladyship began to huff:
"Indeed, Sir John—pry, good my dear—
" 'Tis wrong to make your kennel here—
" Dogs in their place are good, I own—
" But in the parlour—f—be gone."
Now Rockwood leaves th' unfinish'd bone,
Banish'd for failings not his own;
No grace even Fidler could obtain,
And fav'rite Virgin fawn'd in vain.
The servants, to the stranger kind,
Leave trusty Rover still behind;
But Lobb, who would not seem to be
Defective in civility,
And, for removing of all doubt,
Knitting his brow, bids him get out;
By signs expresses his command,
And to the door points with his hand.
The dog, or through mistake or spite
(Grave authors have not set us right),
Fled back the very way he came,
And in the bush soon found his game;
Brought in his mouth the fav'ry load,
And at his master's elbow stood.
O Lobb! what ills can expels
Thy strange confusion and distress,
When on the floor the draw'rs display'd
The fustian secret had bewray'd?
No traitor, when his hand and seal
Produc'd his dark designs reveal,
H'er look'd with such a hanging face,
As Lob, half-dead at this disgrace.
Wild-staring, thunder-struck, and dumb,
While peals of laughter shake the room;
Each fash thrown up to let in air,
The knight fell backward in his chair,
Laugh'd till his heart-strings almost break,
The chaplain giggled for a week;
Her ladyship began to call
For hartshorn, and her Abigail;
The servants chuckled at the door,
And all was clamour and uproar.
Rover, who now began to quake,
Aware of his foul mistake,
Trufts to his heels to save his life;
The squire sneaks home, and beats his wife.

The Devil outwitted. A Tale. SOMERVILLE.

A VICAR liv'd on this side Trent,
Religious, learn'd, benevolent;
Pure was his life in deed, word, thought,
A comment on the truths he taught:
His parish large, his income small,
Yet seldom wanted wherewithal;
For against ev'ry merry tide
Madam would carefully provide.

A painful pastor; but his sheep,
Alas! within no bounds would keep;
A scabby flock, that ev'ry day
Run riot, and would go astray.
He thump'd his cushion, fretted, vex'd,
Thumb'd o'er again each useful text;
Rebuk'd, exhorted, all in vain;
His parish was the more profane:
The scrubs would have their wicked will,
And cunning Satan triumph'd still.
At last, when each expedient fail'd,
And serious measures nought avail'd,
It came into his head, to try
The force of wit and railery.
The good man was by nature gay,
Could gibe and joke as well as pray;
Not like some hide-bound folk, who chase
Each merry smile from their dull face,
And think pride zeal, ill-nature grace.
At christenings and each jovial feast,
He singled out the sinful beast:
Let all his pointed arrows fly,
Told this and that, look'd very fly,
And left my masters to apply.
His tales were humorous, often true,
And now and then set off to view
With lucky fictions and sheer wit,
That pierc'd where truth could never hit.
The laugh was always on his side,
While passive fools by turns deride;
And, giggling thus at one another,
Each jeering loud reform'd his brother;
Till the whole parish was with ease
Sham'd into virtue by degrees.
Then be advis'd, and try a tale,
When Chrysofom and Austin fail.

The Frogs Choice. SOMERVILLE.

Ὡ πόποι, οἷον δὴ νῦν θεὸς βροτοὶ ἀπιδύωνται.
Εἰς ἡμῶν γὰρ φασὶ καὶ ἔμμεναι· οἱ δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
Σφῆσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὑπὲρ μύρον ἄλλῃ ἔχουσιν.

IN a wild state of nature, long
The frogs at random liv'd,
The weak a prey unto the strong,
With anarchy oppress'd and griev'd.
At length the lawless rout,
Taught by their sufferings, grew devout:
An embassy to Jove they sent,
And begg'd his highness would bestow
Some settled form of government,
A king to rule the fens below.
Jove, smiling, grants their odd request:
A king th' indulgent pow'r bestow'd,
Such as might suit their genius best
A beam of a prodigious size,
With all its cumbrous load,
Came tumbling from the skies.
The waters dash against the shore,
The hollow caverns roar:
The rocks return the dreadful sound,
Convulsions shake the ground.

The multitude with horror fled,
And in his oozy bed
Each skulking coward hid his head,

When all is now grown calm again,
And smoothly glides the liquid plain,
A frog more resolute and bold,
Peeping with caution from his hold,
Recover'd from his first surprize,
As o'er the wave his head he pozt,
He saw—but scarce believ'd his cye,
On the same bank where first he dropt,

Th' imperial lubber lies,
Stretch'd at his ease, careless, content :
Is this the monarch Jove has sent,
Said he, our warlike troops to lead ?
Ay, 'tis a glorious prince indeed !
By such an active general led,
The routed mice our arm shall dread,
Subdued shall quit their claim :
Old Homer shall recant his lays,

For us new trophies raise,
Sing our victorious arms, and justify our fame.
Then laughing impudently loud,
He soon alarm'd the dastard crowd.
The croaking nations with contempt
Behold the worthless indolent.
On wings of winds swift scandal flies,
Libels, lampoons, and lyes,
Hoarse treasons, tuneless blasphemies.
With active leap at last upon his back they stride,
And on the royal loggerhead in triumph ride.

Once more to Jove their pray'rs address'd,
And once more Jove grants their request :
A stork he sends of monstrous size,
Red lightning flashes in his eyes ;
Rul'd by no block, as heretofore,
The gazing crowds press'd to his court ;
Admire his stately mien, his haughty port,
And only not adore.
Addresses of congratulation,
Sent from each loyal corporation,
Full fraught with truth and sense,
Exhausted all their eloquence.
But now, alas ! 'twas night ; kings must have meat :
The Grand Vizier first goes to pot ;
Three Bassas next, happy their lot !
Gain'd Paradise by being eat.
And this, said he, and this is mine,
And this, by right divine :
In short, 'twas all for public weal,
He swallow'd half a nation at a meal.

Again they beg Almighty Jove,
This cruel tyrant to remove.
With fierce resentment in his eyes,
The frowning Thunderer replies :
Those evils which yourselves create,
Rash fools ! ye now repent too late ;
Made wretched by the public voice,
Not through necessity, but choice !
Be gone ! nor wrest from Heaven some heavier
curse,
Better bear this, this stork, than worse.

M O R A L.

Oppress'd with happiness, and sick with ease,
Not Heaven itself our fickle minds can please.
Fondly we wish, cloy'd with celestial store,
The leeks and onions which we loath'd before :
Still roving, still desiring, never pleas'd,
With plenty starv'd, and even with health diseas'd.
With partial eyes each present good we view,
Nor covet what is best, but what is new.
Ye pow'rs above, who make mankind your care,
To bless the supplicant, reject his pray'r !

The Oyster.

SOMERVILLE.

— In Jus
Acres procurant, magnum spectaculum uterque. MOR.

TWO comrades, as grave authors say
(But in what chapter, page, or line,
Ye critics, if ye please, define),
Had found an oyster in their way.

Contest and foul debate arose :
Both view'd at once with greedy eyes,
Both challeng'd the delicious prize,
And high words soon improv'd to blows,
Actions on actions hence succeed,
Each hero's obstinately stout,
Green bags and parchments fly about,
Pleadings are drawn, and counsel feed.

The parson of the place, good man !
Whose kind and charitable heart
In human ills still bore a part,
Thrice shook his head, and thus began :
Neighbours and friends, refer to me
This doughty matter in dispute,
I'll soon decide th' important suit,
And finish all without a fee.

Give me the oyster then—'tis well—
He opens it, and at one sup
Gulps the contested trifle up,
And smiling gives to each a shell.
Henceforth let foolish discord cease,
Your oyster's good as e'er was eat ;
I thank you for my dainty treat :
God bless you both, and live in peace.

M O R A L.

Ye men of Norfolk and of Wales,
From this learn common sense ;
Nor thrust your neighbours into gaols
For ev'ry slight offence.
Banish those vermin of debate
That on your substance feed ;
The knaves who now are serv'd in plate
Would starve, if fools agreed.

Epitaph on Miss Bajnet, in Pancras Church-yard.

GO, spotless Honour and unsullied Truth ;
Go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth ;
Go, female Sweetness, join'd with manly Sense ;
Go, winning Wit that never gave offence ;
Go,

Go, soft Humanity, that blest the poor;
Go, faint-eyed Patience, from affliction's door;
Go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;
Go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.
Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;
The friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears be-
dew'd thy hearse.

Ode. THOMSON.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled?
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?
Or dost thou free at pleasure roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?
O! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under every well-known tree,
I to thy fancied shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;
Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
O visit thou my soothing dream!

On Time. ANON.

I.

EV'N while the careless disencumber'd soul
Sinks all dissolving into pleasure's dream,
Ev'n then to Time's tremendous verge we roll,
With headlong haste along life's surgy stream.

II.

Can gaiety the vanish'd years restore,
Or on the withering limbs fresh beauty shed,
Or soothe the sad inevitable hour,
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

III.

Ah! Beauty's bloom avails not in the grave,
Youth's lofty mien, nor age's awful grace;
Moulder alike unknown the prince and slave,
Whelm'd in th' enormous wreck of human race.

IV.

The thought-fix'd portraiture, the breathing bust,
The arch with proud memorials array'd,
The long-liv'd pyramid shall sink in dust,
To dumb oblivion's ever desert shade.

SONGS, BALLADS, &c. &c.

§ 1. Song. Lord LYTTLETON.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?
Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the am'rous breast?
Alas! by some degree of woe
We ev'ry bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

§ 2. Song. WALLER.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time, and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.
Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she

The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

§ 3. Song. *L'Amour Timide.* MOORE.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

§ 4. Song. Earl of DORSET

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite!
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;

* Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

Yet

Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its work,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it fight'd with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress;
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness:
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears;

In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears:
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, &c.

§ 5. *Song.* Lord LANSDOWNE:

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent,
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move:
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due;
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, Celia! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

§ 6. *Song.* Sir CAR SCROOP.

ONE night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair
The wretched shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care;
Begone (said he), fond thoughts, begone!
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!
Why should you waste your tears for one
Who thinks on you no more?

Yet, O ye birds, ye flocks, ye pow'rs
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have pass'd in love!
Yon stars above (iny cruel foes!)
Have heard how she has sworn,
A thousand times, that like to those
Her flame should ever burn!

But, since she's lost, O let me have
My wish, and quickly die;
In this cold bank I'll make a grave,
And there for ever lie:
Sad nightingales the watch shall keep,
And kindly here complain.
Then down the shepherd lay to sleep,
But never rose again..

§ 7. *A Pastoral Elegy.*

AH, Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
By love and first nature allied,
Together in fondness we grew;
Ah, would we together had died!
For thy faith, which resembled my own,
For thy soul, which was spotless and true,
For the joys we together have known,
Ah Damon, dear shepherd, adieu!
What bliss can hereafter be mine
Whomever engaging I see,
To his friendship I ne'er can incline,
For fear I should mourn him like thee.

Though

Though the Muses should crown me with art,
 Though honour and fortune should join;
 Since thou art denied to my heart,
 What bliss can hereafter be mine?
 Ah Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!
 Thy grave with sad officers I'll bind;
 Though no more in one cottage we dwell,
 I can keep thee for ever in mind.
 Each morning I'll visit alone
 His ashes who lov'd me so well,
 And murmur each eve o'er his stone,
 "Ah, Damon, dear shepherd, farewell!"

§ 8. Song. MOORE.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
 Come Lucy, it cries, come away;
 The grave of thy Colin has room
 To rest thee beside his cold clay.
 I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
 Ye friends and companions, adieu;
 I haste to my Colin's dark home,
 To die on his bosom so true.
 All mournful the midnight bell rung,
 When Lucy, sad Lucy awoke;
 And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
 Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
 All wet with the night's chilling dew,
 Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground;
 While stormy winds over her blew,
 And night-ravens croak'd all around.
 How long, my lov'd Colin, she cried,
 How long must thy Lucy complain?
 How long will the grave my love hide?
 How long ere it join us again?
 For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
 With thee o'er the world would she fly,
 For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
 For thee would she lie down and die.
 Alas! what avails it how dear
 Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
 Her face like the lily so fair,
 And eyes that gave light to the plain!
 The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
 That face and those eyes charm no more;
 And Lucy, forgot and alone,
 To death shall her Colin deplore.
 While thus she lay sunk in despair,
 And mourn'd to the echoes around,
 Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
 And thunder shook dreadful the ground.
 I hear the kind call, and obey,
 O Colin, receive me, she cried!
 The breathing a groan o'er his clay,
 She hung on his tomb-stone, and died.

§ 9. Song. GAY.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the foaming billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days:
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast!
 The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
 Views temptings in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear!
 Should you some coast be laid on,
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.
 How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes these rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.
 All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spied;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and died.

§ 10. Song.

HARD by the hall, our master's house,
 Where Mercy flows to meet the main;
 Where woods, and winds, and waves dispose
 A lover to complain;
 With arms across, along the strand
 Poor Lycen walk'd, and hung his head;
 Viewing the footsteps in the sand
 Which a bright nymph had made,
 The tide, said he, will soon erase
 The marks so lightly here impress;
 But time or tide will ne'er deface
 Her image in my breast.
 Am I some savage beast of prey?
 Am I some horrid monster grown?
 That thus the flies so swift away,
 Or meets me with a frown?
 That bosom soft, that lily skin
 (Trust not the fairest outside show)
 Contains a marble heart within,
 A rock hid under snow.
 Ah me! the flints and pebbles wound
 Her tender feet, from whence there fell
 Those crimson drops which stain the ground,
 And beautify each shell.
 Ah! fair one, moderate thy sighs,
 I will no more in vain pursue,
 But take my leave for a long night;
 Adieu! lov'd maid, adieu!

With that, he took a running leap,
 He took a lover's leap indeed,
 And plung'd into the sounding deep,
 Where hungry fishes feed.
 The melancholy hern stalks by;
 Around the squalling sea-gulls yell;
 Aloft the croaking ravens fly,
 And toll his funeral bell.
 The waters roll above his head,
 The billows toss it o'er and o'er;
 His ivory bones lie scattered,
 And whiten all the shore.

§ 11. *Song. Jemmy Dawson's.* SHENSTONE.

COME listen to my mournful tale;
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.
 And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint, but mine.
 Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.
 One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.
 But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd youth astray!
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,
 O had he never seen that day!
 Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound.
 How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, or yet so chill, appear.
 With faltering voice she weeping said:
 O Dawson, monarch of my heart,
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.
 Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O George, without a pray'r for thee
 My orisons should never close.
 The gracious prince that gave him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame;
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to list the giver's name.
 But tho', dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree;

* Captain James Dawson, the amiable and unfortunate subject of these beautiful stanzas, was one of the eight officers, belonging to the Manchester Regiment of volunteers, in the service of the Young Chevalier, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered, on Kennington-common, in 1746: and this ballad, written about the time, is founded on a remarkable circumstance which actually happened at his execution. Just before his death he wrote a song on his own misfortunes, which is supposed to be still extant.

Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
 Though borne in her triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible bech'ls of law;
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
 And stifed was that tuneful breath,
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung;

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd;

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did to every heart prefer;
 For though it could its king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames
 She bore this constant heart to see;
 But when 'twas mould'ring into dust,
 Now, now, she cried, I follow thee.

My death, my death, alone can show
 The pure and lasting love I bore:
 Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful heart retir'd;
 The maid drew back her languid head,
 And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, and so true.

§ 12. *Song. A Morning Piece: or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.* SMART.

BRISK chaunticleer his matins had begun,
 And broke the silence of the night;
 And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
 And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light;
 Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms
 run.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
 And stoutly strode over the dale;
 He lent new perfume to the breath of the south;
 On his back hung his wallet and flail.
 Behind him came Health from her cottage of
 thatch,
 Where never physician had lifted the latch.
 First of the village Colin was awake,
 And thus he sung, reclining on his rake:

Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon maple-tree;
First the vestal Virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her, in rosy pride,
Sweet Society, the bride;
Last Honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly homespun vest.
The abbey bells, in wak'ring rounds,
The warning peal have given;
And pious Gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes; the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
Ail alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambskins play;
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day.
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines, our haycocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake.
Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise,
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream.

§ 13. Song. Sir JOHN SUCKLING.

Will, pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her;
The devil take her.

• § 14. Song. Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.

A Courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.
I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er-worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.
I clasp'd her hand close to my breast,
While my heart was as light as a feather;
Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—Madam, 'tis very fine woe her.

To an amour I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by her;
I crept to the furthermost end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.
I ask'd her which way was the wind,
For I thought in some talk we must enter:
Why, Sir (she answer'd, and grin'd),
Have you just sent your wits for a venture?
Then I fellow'd her into the house,
There I vow'd I my passion would try;
But there I was still as a mouse:
O what a dull booby was I!

§ 15. Song. The Despairing Lover. WALSH.

DISTRACTED with care,
For Phyllis the fair;
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish;
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes;
Where a leap from above
Would soon finish his woes.
When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear,
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:
And that he could die
Whenever he would;
But that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd,
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

§ 16. Song.

A Cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd him for parlour, for kitchen,
and hall,
No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.
Contented he work'd, and he thought himself happy
If at night he could purchase a jug of brown nappy:
How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too,
most sweet!
Saying just to a hair I have made both ends meet!
Derry down, down, &c.
But love, the disturber of high and of low,
That shoots at the peasant as well as the beau;

He shot the poor cobbler quite thorough the heart;
I wish he had hit some more ignoble part.

Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
Her eyes shone so bright when the rose ev'ry day,
That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
Whenever he spake she would flounce and would
flee,

Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise, as a friend,
All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's end:
Keep your hearts out of love, for we find by
what's past

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

§ 17. *Song.* MOORE.

WHEN Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The sunny hill, the flowery vale,
The garden, and the grove,
Have echoed to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

§ 18. *Song. The Lass of the Hill.*
Miss MARY JONES.

ON the brow of a hill a young shepherdess
dwelt,
Who no pangs of ambition or love had e'er felt;
For a few sober maxims still ran in her head,
That 'twas better to earn ere she eat her brown
bread;
That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,
And, to folks in a cottage, contentment was
wealth.

Now young Roger, who liv'd in the valley below,
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a
beau,
Had n any times tried o'er her heart to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale:

With his winning behaviour he melted her heart;
But, quite artless herself, she suspected no art.

He had sigh'd, and protested, had kneel'd, and
implo'd,

And could lye with the grandeur and air of a lord:
Then her eyes he commended in language well
dress'd,

And enlarg'd on the torments that troubled his
Till his sighs and his tears had so wrought on her
mind,

That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
All the flames of his love in a moment decreas'd;

And at noon he goes haunting all over the vale,
Where he boasts of his conquest to Susan and
Nell:

Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,
And if ev' he mentions her, makes her his jest.

All the day she goes sighing, and hanging her head,
And her thoughts are so pester'd, she scarce earns
her bread;

The whole village cry shame, when a milking she
goes,

That so little affection is shewn to the cows:

But she heeds not their railing, e'en let them rail on.

And a sig for the cows now her sw eart heart is gone.

Now beware, ye young virgins of Britain's gay
isle,

How ye yield up your hearts to a look or a smile:

For Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,

And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,

Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all
his skill;

But remember The lass on the brow of the hill.

§ 19. *Song.* BARTON BOOTH, Esq.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as the air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,

Or as the dial to the sun;

Constant as gliding waters roll,

Whose swelling tides obey the moon;

From every other charmer free,

My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,

The dam the tender kid pursues;

Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs

Of verdant spring, her note renews;

All follow what they most admire,

As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,

And vary as the seasons rise;

As winter to the spring gives place,

Summer th' approach of autumn flies:

No change on love the seasons bring,

Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring

Destroying time, with stealing pace,
Mans lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble tow'rs, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.
Death only with his cruel dart
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest'd above;
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.
Love, and his sister fair, the soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe controul,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

§ 20. *Song.* PARNELL.

MY days have been so wondrous fice,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as blest'd as I.
Ask gliding waters if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent a sigh to them?
But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.
An eager hope within my breast
My doubt controul:
And lovely Nancy stands confest
The fav'rite of my soul.
Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
Ye swains that haunt the grove,
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
Ye close retreats of love!
With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart
To make her ever mine.
The very thought of change I hate
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.
'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with sad distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

§ 21. *Song.* *May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wair,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.
Strike up the labor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nest'd birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.
Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin Queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

§ 22. *Song.* JOHNSON.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.
Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store;
Not all the pow'r, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve,
To form one wish my soul can move.
Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine,
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

§ 23. *Drama. A Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
Her glassy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whispering waves:
The silver tide, that wandering flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.
A parent-bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendant nest she view'd
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's fluttering heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear (the thousandth part)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
 Were natives of the dale;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale!
 My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee!
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me.
 Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair;
 The birds on Del a I'll bestow,
 They're like her luscious fair!
 When, in their chaste connubial love,
 My flocks with she'll see;
 Such mutual bliss as riddles prove,
 May Delia share with me!

§ 24. Song. AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair!
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.
 A damask cheek, and ivory arm,
 Shall ne'er my wishes win:
 Give me an animated form,
 That speaks a mind within.
 A face where awful honour shines,
 Where sense and sweetness move,
 And angel innocence refines
 The tenderness of love.
 These are the soul of beauty's frame,
 Without whose vital aid
 Unfinish'd all her features seem,
 And all her roses dead.
 But, ah! where both their charms unite,
 How perfect is the view,
 With every image of delight,
 With graces ever new!
 Of power to charm the greatest woe,
 The saddest rage controul;
 Dissolving wildness o'er the brow,
 And rapture through the soul.
 Their power but faintly to express
 All language must despair;
 But go, behold Arpasia's face,
 And read it perfect there.

§ 25. Song. On Young Orlando.

WHEN innocence and beauty meet,
 To add to lovely female grace,
 Ah, how beyond expression sweet
 Is every feature of the face!
 B, virtue ripen'd from the bud,
 The flow'r angelic odours breeds;
 The fragrant charms of being good
 Makes gaudy vice to smell like weeds.
 O sacred Virtue! tune my voice
 With thy inspiring harmony;
 Then I shall sing of rapt'rous joys,
 Which fill my soul with love of thee.

To lasting brightness be refin'd,
 When this vain shadow flies away;
 Th' eternal beauties of the mind
 Will last when all things else decay.

§ 26. Song. From the Lapland Tongue.

STEEL.

THOU rising sun, whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orta to my eyes.
 O were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough
 Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.
 My Orta Moor, where art thou laid?
 What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
 Fast by the roots enrag'd I'd tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.
 O could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!
 Ye flocks, ye swans, a moment stay
 And waft a lover on his way!
 My bliss too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wasting summer flies:
 Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
 Nor storms or night shall keep me here.
 What may for strength with steel compare?
 O, Love has fetters stronger far:
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd;
 But cruel Love enchains the mind.
 No longer then perplex thy breast;
 When thoughts torment, the first are best;
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
 Away to Orta, haste away!

§ 27. Song. The Midsummer Wight. CROXALL.

W AFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
 To Windsor's shady kind retreat;
 Where Sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
 Repel the dog-star's raging heat:
 Where tufted grass, and mossy beds,
 Afford a rural calm repose;
 Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
 And fragrant sweets around disclose.
 Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
 Along the smiling valley plays;
 His glassy surface cheers the eye,
 And through the flow'ry meadow strays.
 His fertile banks with herbage green,
 His vales with golden plenty swell;
 Where'er his purer streams are seen,
 The gods of health and pleasure dwell.
 Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave,
 With naked arm once more divide;
 In thee my glowing bosom lave,
 And stem thy gently rolling tide

e, with damask roses crown'd,
 Beneath some office's dusky shade;
Where water-lilies deck the ground,
Where bubbling fountains refresh the glade.

§ 28. Song. Miss WHATELEY.

COME, dear Pastora, come away!
 And hail the cheerful spring;
Now fragrant blossom crowns the May,
 And woods with love-notes ring:
Now Phoebus to the west descends,
 And sheds a fainter ray;
And, as our rural labours end,
 We bless the closing day.

In yonder arbutus maple bow'r,
 With blooming woodbines twin'd,
Let us enjoy the evening hour,
 On earth's soft lap reclin'd:
Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
 The crystal current shade,
O digne, fair nymph, to hear the vows
 My faithful heart has made.
Within this breast no soft deceit,
 No artful flattery hides:
But truth, scarce known among the great,
 O'er every thought presides:
On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
 And all its glittering train,
Be mine the pleasures which adorn
 This ever-peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
 All vain care subdue:
Thy presence can each grief remove,
 And every joy renew.
The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
 Their transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue paint
 Pastora of the plain.

§ 29. Song.

COME, dear Amanda, quit the town,
 And to the rural hummers fly;
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
 A gentle radiance glads the sky.
The birds awake, the flowers appear,
 Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and mirth all we hear!
 'Tis love and beauty all we see!
Come, let us mark the gradual spring,
 How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
 And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night,
 Arise my love, and come away.

§ 30. Song. From the *Lupland Tongue*.

STEEL.

HASTE, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
 Our amorous journey through this dreary
 waste.

Haste, my rein-deer! full, still thou art too slow;
 Impetuous love demands the lightning's late.

Around us for the rusky moors are spread;
 Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray,
Dulking and tired we shall the moor-tread,
 No lay daring to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors
 Does all the flow'ry meadows pride excel;
Through thide I fly to her my soul adores,
 Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell!

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd,
 My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind,
 Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
 And thou, my wonder-lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
 Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

§ 31. Song. *Anno's Vale*.

Part of MIDDLESEX.

WHEN here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Anno rolls his silver stream,
How blithe the nymphs, the swains how gay!
 Content inspir'd each rural lay.
The birds in livelier concert sing,
 The grapes in thicker clusters hung;
All look'd as joy could never fail
 Among the sweets of Anno's vale.

But since the good Polemon died,
 The chief of thepherds, and their pride,
Now Anno's sons must all give place
 To northern men, an' non race.
The taste of pleasure now is o'er;
 Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more;
Thy mads droop, the Goths prevail!
 Adieu, the sweets of Anno's vale!

§ 32. Song. *The passionate Shepherd to his Love*.

MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,
 And all the sleepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

* Charles Sackville, afterwards Duke of Dorset. It was written at Florence in 1737, on the death of John Grafton, the last Duke of Tuscany of the house of Medici; and addressed to signora Muscova, a singer, a favourite of the author's.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

§ 33. *Song. The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.*
SIR W. RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
And truth in ev'ry shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

§ 34. *Song. Summer.*

THOMAS BRERWOOD, *Esq.*

WHERE the light cannot pierce, in a grove of
tall trees,

With my fair-one as blooming as May,
Undisturb'd by all sound but the sighs of the breeze,
Let me pass the hot noon of the day.

When the sun, less intense, to the westward in-
clines,

For the meadows the groves we'll forsake,
And see the rays dance, as inverted he shines,
On the face of some river or lake.

Where my fairest and I, on its verge as we sit,
(For 'tis she that must still be my theme)
Our shadows may view on the watery glass,
While the fish are at play in the stream.

May the heads cease to low, and the lambkins to
bleat,

When she sings me some amorous strain;
All be silent and hush'd, unless Echo repeat
The kind words and sweet sounds back again!

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we sauntering stray,
Let the moon's silver beams through the leaves give
us light,

Just direct us, and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale waile its notes in our walk,
As thus gently and slowly we move;
And let no single thought he express'd in our talk,
But of friendship improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with these rural delights,
And secure from ambition's alarms;
Soft love and repose shall divide all our nights,
And each morning shall rise with new charms.

§ 35. *Song.* MOORE.

HOW bless'd has my time been, what joys have
I known,

Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines as often
we stray,

Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts the be-
guiles,

And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour bloom all the year
through;

Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too-credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

§ 36. *Song.* FITZGERALD.

THE charms which blooming beauty shews
From faces heavenly fair,
We to the lily and the rose,
With semblance apt, compare.

With semblance apt; for, ah! how soon,
How soon they all decay!

The lily droops, the rose is gone,
And beauty fades away.

~~But~~ when bright virtue shines confest'd,
 With sweet discretion join'd;
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
 And wisdom guides the mind:
 When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
 Thy person to approve,
 Thy kindle generous chaste desire,
 And everlasting love.
 Beyond the reach of time or fate
 These graces shall endure;
 Still, like the passion they create,
 Eternal, constant, pure.

§ 37. Song.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.
 Both alike are mine and thine,
 Hastening quick to their decline:
 Thine's a summer, mine no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.

§ 38. Song.

HAD Neptune, when first he took charge of the
 sea,
 Been as wise, or at least been as merry, as we,
 He'd have thought better on't, and instead of his
 brine
 Would have fill'd the vast ocean with generous
 wine.
 What trafficking then would have been on the
 main
 For the sake of good liquor, as well as for gain!
 No fear then of tempest, or danger of sinking;
 The fishes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.
 The hot thirsty sun then would drive with more
 haste,
 Secure in the evening of such a repast;
 And when he'd got tipsy would have taken his nap
 With double the pleasure in Thetis's lap.
 By the force of his rays, and thus heated with
 wine,
 Consider how gloriously Phœbus would shine;
 What vast exhalations he'd draw up on high,
 To relieve the poor earth as it wanted supply.
 How happy us mortals, when blest'd with such
 rain,
 To fill all our vessels, and fill them again!
 Nay even the beggar, that has ne'er a dish,
 Might jump into the river, and drink like a fish.
 What mirth and contentment in ev'ry one's
 brow,
 As great as a prince dancing after the plow!

The birds in the air, as they play on the wing,
 Although they can sip, would eternally sing.
 The stars, who I think don't to drinking incline,
 Would frisk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
 And, merrily twinkling, would soon let us know
 That they were as happy as mortals below.
 Had this been the case, then what had we caus'd,
 Our spirits still rising, our fancy ne'er caus'd
 A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his power,
 To slip, like a fool, such a fortunate hour!

§ 39. Song. SHENSTONE.

ADIEU, ye jovial youths, who join
 To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
 And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
 Discern him struggling in the bowl.
 Not yet is hope so wholly flown,
 Not yet is thought so tedious grown,
 But limpid steam and shady tree
 Retain as yet some sweets for me.
 And see, through yonder silent grove,
 See yonder does my Daphne rove:
 With pride her footsteps I pursue,
 And bid your frantic joys adieu.
 The sole confusion I admire,
 Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
 I scorn the madness you approve,
 And value reason next to love.

§ 40. Song.

MY mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
 That God or nature hath assign'd:
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.
 Content I live, this is my stay;
 I seek no more than may suffice:
 I press to bear no haughty sway;
 Look what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.
 I see how plenty forsakes off,
 And hasty elixirs soonest fall:
 I see that such as sit aloft
 Mithras doth threaten most of all:
 These get with toil, and keep with fear:
 Such cares my mind could never bear.
 No princely pomp, nor wealthy store,
 No force to win a victory,
 No wily wit to save a fore,
 No shape to win a lover's eye;
 To none of these I yield as thrall,
 For why? my mind despiseth all.
 Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have;
 And I am rich with little store:

They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind em tofs :
I brook that is another's bane ;
I fear no foe, nor fawn no friend ;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear, my chief defence :

I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
Would all did so as well as I !

I take no joy in earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Cæsus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law .
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again .
I kill not where I wish to kill ;
I scorn not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mighty's gate ;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich ;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, the cart, I like no loath ;
Extremes are counted worst of all ;
The golden mean betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;
This is my choice ; for why ? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

§ 41. *Song.* Countess of WINCHELSEA.

WOULD we attain the happiest state
That is design'd us here ;

No joy a rapture must create,
No grief beget despair.

No injury fierce anger raise,
No honour tempt to pride :
No vain desires of empty praise
Must in the soul abide.

No charms of youth or beauty move
The constant settled breast :
Who leaves a passage free to love,
Shall let in all the rest.

In such a heart soft peace will live,
Where none of these abound ;
The greatest blessing Heaven does give,
Or can on earth be found.

§ 42. *Song.* BEDINGFIELD.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for more than these ?

A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.

A little parlour stove, to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
Far off from court, God bless the king !
Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw ;
Have choice few friends of your own taste ;
A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find ;
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temperate meals,
Few tailors', and no doctors' bills ;
Content to take, as Heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

§ 43. *Song.* Mrs. PILKINGTON.

I ENVY not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state :
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in this sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings,
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great Cincinnatus at his plow
With brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty Cæsar e'er could show,
Though seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days and restless nights
Ambition ever knows,
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye powers divine !
And, pleas'd when ye demand my life
May I that life resign !

§ 44. *Song.* *The Character of a happy Life.*
Sir HENRY WOTTON.

HOW happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death :
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath !

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good !
Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great !

God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend!
This man is freed from servile hands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

§ 45. *Song.* HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq.*

I ENVY not the mighty great,
Those pow'rful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expence of ease.
Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily dandles on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On russhy pillows lays his head.
No curs'd ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope, and all his care.

§ 46. *Song.*

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.
With passions untruss'd, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.
The blessings which providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wise.
In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.
How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

§ 47. *Song.* DR. DARLTON.

NOR on beds of fading flow'rs,
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in syren bow'rs,
Will true pleasure long reside.
On awful virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair:
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peil, toil, and care.
So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.

§ 48. *g. A Moral Thought.*

DR. HAWKSWORTH.

THRO' groves sequester'd, dark, and still,
Low vales, and mossy cells among,
In silent paths the carols till
With ling'ring murmurs steals along.
Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And ling'ring leaves its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.
O'er my years thus devious glide,
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.
When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled flow,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingles with eternity.

§ 49. *Song.*

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call
glory:
Where pride without measure,
And pomp without pleasure,
Make life in a circle of hurry decay.
Far remote and retir'd from the noise of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain russet gown;
My friends shall be few,
But well chosen and true,
And sweet recreation our evening shall crown.
With a rural repast, a rich banquet for me,
On a mossy green turf near some flow'ry old tree,
The river's clear brook
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temperance my friendly physician shall be.
Ever calm and serene, with contentment still blest,
Not too gaily with joy, or with sorrow depress'd,
I'll neither invoke
Or repine at death's stroke,
But retire from this world as I would to my rest.

§ 50. *Song.* THE Blind Boy.

COLLEY CUBBER †.

O SAY what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!
You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?
My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

* In the Masque of Comus.—It seems to be imitated from a passage in the 17th book of Tasso's Jerusalem.

† Written for, and set by, the late celebrated Mr. Stanley, organist of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

§ 51. *Song.* ROBERT DODSLEY *.

HOW happy a state does the miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less!
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in this dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who sits in his garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean:
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cries without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern is to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

§ 52. *Song.* *The Old Man's Wish.* DR. POPE.

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate:—In a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate!

May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears
away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pail-nag to ride out a mile.

May I govern, &c.

With Horace, and Petrarch, and too or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than venison or teal,
And clean though coarse linen at ev'ry meal.

May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming
liquor,

And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With *Monte Fiascone*, or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.

May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
mellow,

He's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow:
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute
tway,

And grew wiser and better as his strength wore
away,

Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

§ 53. *Song.* *Time's Alteration.*

WHEN this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year,

No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:

All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true),

Which was not in those days

When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
Were much delighted then

To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,

Which by their coats were known
Of tawny, red, or blue,

With crests on their sleeves shewn,

When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,

Unto our land's reproach,

When he whose means is small

Maintains both horse and coach;

Instead of an hundred men,

The coach allows but two;

This was not thought on then,

When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality

Was cherish'd then of many;

Now poor men starve and die.

And are not help'd by any.

For charity waxeth cold,

And love is found in few;

This was not in time of old,

When this old cap was new.

Wherever you travell'd then,

You might meet on the way

Brave knights and gentlemen.

Clad in their country grey,

That courteous would appear,

And kindly welcome you:

No puritan then were,

When this old cap was new.

Our ladies, in those days,

In civil habit went;

Broad-cloth was then worth praise,

And gave the best content:

French fashions then were scorn'd,

Fond fangles then none knew,

Then modesty women adorn'd,

When this old cap was new.

* In the entertainment of The Miller of Mansfield.

Man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to ev'ry man
Were fill'd with wine and beer,
No pewter pot, nor can,
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a noiseman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn nor souce,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine:
None under degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show,
Which was a rare thing then
When this old cap was new.

Then brib'ry was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews:
The lawyers to be feed
At that time hardly knew,
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then carous'd,
Nor spent poor soldiers pay,
They were not so abus'd
As they are at this day;
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep them from their due;
Poor soldiers had their right
When this old cap was new.

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forc'd them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live!
Lord, mischief on them bring,
That will not their alms give;
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

To teach my flock I never mis'd,
Kings are by God appointed,
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the Lord's Anointed.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, fir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, fir.

When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,
And moderate men look'd big, fir;
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a whig, fir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The pope and the pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession;
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will fault.
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, fir—
That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the vicar of Bray, fir.

§ 54. *Song. The Vicar of Bray.*
IN good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church man I was,
And so I got preferment:

§ 55. *Song. The Storm.* G. A. STEVENS.
CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!
Lift, ye landmen, all to me!
Messinats, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea;

From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies!

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely hawling,
By topsail sheets and halyards stand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The top-sail sheets now let go;
Luff, boys, luff! don't make wry faces,
Up your topsails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms;
Fresh enjoyments wanton counting,
Safe from all but love's charms;
Round us roars the tempest louder;
Think what tears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now ag'd the boatswain calls!

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courle;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft the spirit-sail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer!

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash,
On our heads force rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky;
Distant deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chub-trie's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return.
Still the leak is gaining on us!
Both chain-pumps are chok'd below:
Heaven have mercy here upon us!
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'erboard be thrown;
To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys,
See! our mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury foremast,
She rights, the rights, boys, we're off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Heaven has sav'd our lives;
Come, the can, boys! let's be drinking
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to our lips a brimmer join:
Where's the tempest now, who feels it?
None—the danger's drown'd in wine.

§ 56. *Song. Neptune's raging Fury; or the Gallant
Seaman's Sufferings.*

YOU gentleman of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah, little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas;
Give ear unto the mariners,
And they will plainly shew
[All] the cares, and the fears,
When the stormy winds do blow.
All you that will be seamen,
Must bear a valiant heart,
For when you come upon the seas
You must not think to start;
Nor once to be faint-hearted,
In hail, rain, blow, or snow,
Nor to think for to shrink
When the stormy winds do blow.
The bitter storms and tempests
Poor seamen do endure,
Both day and night, with many a fright,
We seldom rest secure;
Our sleep it is disturb'd
With visions strange to know,
And with dreams on the streams,
When the stormy winds do blow.
In claps of roaring thunder,
Which darkness doth enforce,
We often find our ship to stray
Beyond our wanted courle:
Which causeth great distractions,
And sinks our hearts full low;
'Tis in vain to complain,
When the stormy winds do blow.
Sometimes in Neptune's bosom
Our ship is tost in waves,
And ev'ry man expecting—
The sea to be their graves;
Then up aloft the mounteth,
And down again so low,
'Tis with waves, O with waves,
When the stormy winds do blow.
Then down again we fall to pray'r,
With all our might and thought,
When refuge all doth fail us,
'Tis that must bear us out;
To God we call for succour,
For he it is, we know,
That must aid us, and save us,
When the stormy winds do blow.
The lawyer and the usurer,
That sit in gowns of fur,
In closets warm, can take no harm,
Abroad they need not stir;

When

When winter fierce with cold doth pierce,
And beats with hail and snow,
We are sure to endure,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We bring home costly merchandize,
And jewels of great price,
To serve our English gallantry
With many a rare device;
To please the English gallantry,
Our pains we freely shew,
For we toil, and we moil,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We sometimes sail to the Indies,
To fetch home spices rare;
Sometimes again, to France and Spain,
For wines beyond compare;
Whilst gallants are carousing,
On a row,
Then we sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When tempests are blown over,
And greatest fears are past,
In weather fair, and temperate air,
We straight lie down to rest;
But when the billows tumble,
And waves do furious grow,
Then we rouse, up we rouse,
When the stormy winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at war,
With any foreign nations,
We fear not wounds nor fears;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel, in the keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

We are no cowardly shrinkers,
But true Englishmen bred,
We'll play our parts, like valiant hearts,
And never fly for dread;
We'll ply our business nimbly,
Where'er we come or go,
With our mates, to the Straits,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage, all brave mariners,
And never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade;
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them wealth, I know;
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

When we return in safety,
With wages for our pains,
The tapster and the vintner
Will help to share our gains;
We call for liquor roundly,
And pay before we go;
Then we'll roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow.

§ 57. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.
THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

§ 58. *Song.* GOLDSMITH.
O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.
Thou, like the world, th'oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

§ 59. *Song.*
GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe fawns inclin'd to rest;
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will soothe her breast:
Pleasing dreams assist in love;
Let them all propitious prove.
On the mossy bank she lies
(Nature's verdant velvet bed),
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head;
Zephyrus waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers sound.

§ 60. *The same poet.*
GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast,
Dress it quickly, I desire,
In the dripping put a toast,
That I hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.
On the dresser see it lie,
O! the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
On the sweeten'd grass it fed:
Let the jack go swiftly round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.
On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean;
Pickles get, and salad both,
Let them each be fresh and green:
With small beer, good ale, and wine,
O ye gods! how I shall dine!

§ 61. *Song.* SHAKESPEARE.
UNDER the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

§ 62. *A Dirge.* D'URFEY.

SLEEP, sleep, poor youth; sleep, sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from love, and mortal care;
Whilst we, that pine in life's disease,
Uncertain blest less happy are.
Couch'd in the dark and silent grave,
No ills of fate thou now canst fear;
In vain would tyrant power enslave,
Or scornful beauty be severe.
Wars that do fatal storms disperse,
Far from thy happy mansion keep;
Earthquakes that shake the universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder sleep.
With all the charms of peace possit,
Secure from life's tormentor, pain,
Sleep, and indulge thyself with rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is the fear of future doubt,
The sun is from the dial gone,
The sands are sunk, the glass is out,
The folly of the farce is done.

§ 63. *Song.* GARRICK.

THOU soft flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare
would dream,
The fairies by moon-light dance round his green
bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain:
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here
dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.
Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow!
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it
spread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his
head.

§ 64. *Song. The Fairies.*

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the green;
Come follow Mab your queen:

Hand in hand we'll dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.
And if the house be foul,
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their arms and thighs,
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleannets kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
Every night before we go,
We drop a tester in her shoe.

Then o'er a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat,
The diet that we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn-cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.
O'er tops of dewy grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

§ 65. *Song. The Thief and Cordelier.* PRIOR.
WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know
the *Grève*,

The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroic pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had
put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge had
begun:
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of
the post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
no more cross'd.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;

And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;
But my hearers cry out, what a deuce dost thou ail?
Put off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier!

Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest;

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not I that murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Poh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;

Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend! to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon ought to think of to-night.

Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly trust'd up;

For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the Parbleu!
I shall have little stomach to eat: [treat,
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.

Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;

But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

The case of Hoffer, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this: In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the ports of that country; on, should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bostionas near Porto-Bello; but being restricted by his orders from obtruding the details of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the rest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Cua-cagua, and continued cruising in these seas till the far greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart.

AS near Porto-Bello lying

On the gently-swelling flood,

At midnight, with streamers flying,

Our triumphant navy rode;

There, while Vernon late all-glorious

From the Spaniards' late defeat,

And his crews, with shouts victorious,

Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,

Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;

Then, each heart with fear confounding,

A sad troop of ghosts appear'd;

All in dreary hammocks shrouded,

Which for winding-sheets they wore,

And, with looks by sorrow clouded,

Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,

When the shade of Hoffer brave

His pale band was seen to muster,

Rising from their wat'ry grave:

O'er the glimmering wave he hid him,

Where the Burford rear'd her sail,

With three thousand ghosts beside him,

And in groans did Vernon hail.

Hear, O heed, our fatal story!

I am Hoffer's injured ghost;

You who now have purchas'd glory

At this place where I was lost:

Though in Porto-Bello's ruin

You now triumph free from fears,

When you think on my undoing,

You will mix your joys with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping

Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;

These were English captains brave:

Mark those numbers, pale and horrid,

Who were once my sailors bold;

Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,

While his diurnal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,

Did this Spanish town affright;

Nothing

§ 66. Song. *Admiral Hoffer's Ghost*, GLOVER.
—was written by the ingenious author of *Leonidas*, on the taking of Porto-Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22, 1739.—

Nothing then its wealth defended,
 But my orders—not to fight:
 O! that in this rolling ocean
 I had cast them with disdain;
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain!
 For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast achiev'd with six alone.
 Then the Baskinets never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.
 Thus like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying,
 I had met a victor's doom:
 To have fallen, my country crying,
 "He has play'd an English part,"
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.
 Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let thy foes' wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.
 Hence with all my train ascending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Through the heavy foam ascending,
 How I feel my country woe:
 Here the Baskinets viewing,
 We read our shameful doom,
 And, our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.
 O'er these waves, for ever mourning,
 Shall we roan, depriv'd of rest,
 If, to Britain's shores returning,
 You neglect my just request:
 After this proud foe surviving,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for the land—sham'd in me.

§ 67. Song. *Captain Death*.

THE mate and the hero together are fir'd,
 The same noble views have their bosoms inspir'd;

* Written, as it is said, by one of his surviving crew.

† The great naval victory, intended to be celebrated by this excellent old song, was determined, after a running action of several days, off Cape La Hogue, on the coast of Normandy, the 22d of May, 1693, in favour of the English and Dutch combined fleets, consisting of 99 sail of the line, under the command of admiral Russel, afterwards earl of Orford, over a French squadron of about half that number, commanded by the chevalier Tourville, whose ship, *Le Soleil Royal*, carried upwards of a hundred guns, and was esteemed the finest vessel in Europe. This last fleet was fitted out for the purpose of restoring King James the Second to his dominions; and that prince, together with the duke of Berwick, and several great officers both of his own court and of the court of France, and even Tourville himself, beheld the final destruction of the French ships from an eminence on the shore. It is now certain that Russel had engaged to favour the scheme of his old master's restoration, on condition that the French took care to avoid him; but Tourville's impetuosity and rashness rendered the whole measure abortive: and the distressed and ill-fated monarch retired, in a fit of despondency, to mourn his misfortunes, and recover his peace of mind, amid the solitary gloom of La Trappe.

As freedom they love, and for glory contend,
 The muse o'er the hero still mourns as a friend;
 And here let the muse her poor tribute bequeath
 To one British hero—'tis brave captain Death!

His ship was the Terrible—dreadful to see!
 His crew were as brave and as gallant as he;
 Two hundred or more was their good complement,
 And sure braver fellows to sea never went:
 Each man was determin'd to spend his last breath
 In fighting for Britain, and brave captain Death.

A prize they had taken diminish'd their force,
 And soon the good prize-ship was lost in her course:
 The French privateer † and the Terrible met:—
 The battle begun—all with horror met!
 No heart was dismay'd, each as bold as Macbeth;
 They fought for old England, and brave captain Death.

Fire, thunder, balls, bullets, were seen, ~~heaven~~ felt;

A sight that the heart of Bellona would melt!
 The throats were all torn, and the decks fill'd with blood,

[flood:
 And scores of dead bodies were thrown in the
 The flood, from the days of old Noah and Seth,
 Ne'er saw such a man as our brave captain Death.

At last the dread bullet came wing'd with his fate,
 Our brave captain dropp'd, and soon after his mate;
 Each officer fell, and a carnage was seen,
 That soon died the waves to a crimson from green:
 And Neptune rose up, and he took off his wreath,
 And gave it a Triton to crown captain Death.

Thus fell the strong Terrible bravely and bold;
 But fifteen survivors the tale can unfold;
 The French werethe victors, tho' much to their cost,
 For many brave French werewith Englishmen lost.
 And thus, says Old Time, from good queen Elizabeth,

I ne'er saw the fellow of brave captain Death.

§ 68. Song. *The Sea Fight in XCII* †.

THURSDAY in the morn, the ides of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
 Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day;

The lofty sails of France advancing now:
 All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
 Let thy a cuterin, the signal for the line;

Let every hand supply his gun;

I follow me,

And you'll see

That the battle will be soon begun.

† Called the Vengeance.

Tourville on the main triumphant roll'd,
To meet the gallant Russel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English admiral and his fleet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea itself on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on;
Whilst a flood,
All of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Royal Sun.
Sulphur, smoke, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder afright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see their lofty streamers now no more.
At six o'clock the Red the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign;
Now they cry,
Run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main!
See they fly amaz'd o'er rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate;
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands;
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate;
For evermore adieu, thou Royal dazzling Sun,
From thy untimely end thy master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war!
Now we sing,
Bless the king,
Let us drink to every English tar.

§ 69. *Song. Peggy.* GARRICK.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
To hills and dales my passion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
That burns for thee, my Peggy:
Yet greater bards the lyre should hit;
For pray what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit
And bloom of lovely Peggy?
The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy:
And when, in Theris' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beautiful as undress'd
Appears my lovely Peggy.
When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the daisy rose,
He does not half the sweets disclose
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Is not so sweet as Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed;
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight;
But when she's gone it's endless night—
All's dark without my Peggy!

While bees from flow'r to flow'r shall rove,
And linnets warble through the grove,
Or stately swans the rivers love,
So long shall I love Peggy:
And when death with his pointed dart
Shall strike the blow that rives my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
"Adieu, my lovely Peggy!"

§ 70. *Song. The Miller's Wedding.* GARRICK.

LEAVE, neighbor ours, your work, and to sport
and to play;
Let the tabor strike up, and the village be gay:
No day thro' the year shall more cheerful be seen;
For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green.

CHORUS.

I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
And while the wind blows,
And while the mill goes,
Who'll be so happy, to happy as we!

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a
bride,
Be married to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd;
My lot is stout, and my heart is as found;
And my love, like my courage, will never give
ground.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best conjures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine
clothes,
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but
lies still,

Our joys shall continue and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

CHORUS—I love Sue, &c.

§ 71. *Song in the Winter's Tale.* GARRICK.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks
we must shear;
In your holiday-suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folk are the guileless and free,
And who are so guileless, so happy as we?

* This song was written in compliment to Mrs. Woffington.

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:
What we think in our hearts, you may read in
our eyes;

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led,
But we as the children of Nature are bred,
By her hand alone we are pointed and drest'd:
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in
the breast.

That giant, ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
They smile with the simple, and feed with the
poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we
feel;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

§ 72. *Song.* GARRICK.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has
caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your
eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your favourite
guitar,

Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!
The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at com-
mand:

Ever with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to
your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind;

'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests im-
prove,

And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of LOVE.

§ 73. *Song in Harlequin's Livery.* GARRICK.

TO arms! ye brave mortals, to arms!

The road to renown lies before you!

The name of King Shakspeare has charms
To rouse ye to actions of glory.

Away! ye brave mortals, away!

'Tis Nature calls on you to save her;

What man but would Nature obey,
And fight for her Shakspeare for ever?

§ 74. *Song in the same.* GARRICK.

THIRICE happy the nation that Shakspeare
has charm'd!

More happy the bosoms his genius has warm'd!

Ye children of nature, of fashion, and whim!

He painted you all, all join to praise him.

Chorus. Come away! come away!

His Genius calls—you must obey!

From highest to lowest, from old to the young,
All states and condition, by him have been sung;
All passions and humours were rais'd by his pen;
He could soar with the eagle, and sink with the
wren.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

To praise him ye Fairies and Genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted, in earth or in air:—
No phantom so subtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were swifter than yours.

Chorus. Come away! come away!

His Genius calls—you must obey.

§ 75. *Song in the Country Girl.* GARRICK.

TELL not me of the roses and lilies

Which tinge the fair cheek of your Phillis;

Tell not me of the dimples and eyes

For which silly Corydon dies:

Let all whining lovers go hang;

My heart would you hit,

Tip your arrow with wit,

And it comes to my heart with a twang, twang.

And it comes to my heart with a twang.

I am rock to the handsome and pretty,

Can only be touch'd by the witty;

And beauty will eke in vain:

The way to my heart's thro' my brain.

Let all whining lovers go hang:

We wits, you must know,

Have two strings to our bow,

To return them their darts with a twang, twang,

To return them their darts with a twang.

§ 76. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YOU gave me last week a young sunnet,

Shut up in a fine golden cage;

Yet how sad the poor thing was within it,

O how it did flutter and rage!

Then he creep'd and he peep'd

That his wings were confin'd,

Till I open'd the door of his den:

Then so merry was he;

And, because he was free,

He came to his cage back again.

§ 77. *Air in Cymon.* GARRICK.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me;

Fol I me in thy downy arms;

Let not care awake to grieve me,

Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stray,

Quitting young the parent's nest,

Find each bird a bird of prey;

Sorrow knows not where to rest!

§ 78. *Shakspeare's Mulberry-Tree.* GARRICK.

BEHOOLD this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from
the tree, [thou;
Which, O my sweet Shakspeare! was planted by
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine.
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Bless Mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shalt be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
Swamp the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here
From roods at the natives at prices so dear;
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britan's great boast,
Preferred once our king, and will always our
coast; [that in it,
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands
Whilstone, only one, like our Shakspeare a while.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Let Venus delight in gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakspeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers, and fairest of fruit.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd
birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;
But law and the gospel in Shakspeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The fame of the Patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this tree its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories reckon,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

The genius of Shakspeare outshines the bright
day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree that he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and lays, and the vine all in one.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

Thou each take a relic of this hallow'd tree;
From folly and fashion a chain let it be:
Fill, fill to the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree;
Bend to thee,
Bless Mulberry;
Matchless was he
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shalt be.

§ 79. *Song. The Friar of Orders Gray.*

"Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the

entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few capital-lined stanzas to connect them together, and term them into a little tale.

"One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher."

IT was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou dost see.

And how should I know your true love
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his hound's head.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were to find to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And cyne of lovely blue.

O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heel's a flint.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And pining of her pride.

Here bore him bare-fac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth?
And art thou dead and gone?
And dost thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghosly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er was a lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss,
I'll evermore weep and sigh,
For thee I e'er wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd the sweetest show'rs
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
 I pray thee say not so:
 For since my true love died for me,
 'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
 Will he ne'er come again?
 Ah! no, he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
 The comeliest youth was he.
 But he is dead, and laid in his grave,
 Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot on sea, and one on land,
 To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been foud, he had been false,
 And left thee sad and heavy;
 For young men ever were fickle found,
 Since summer-trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
 I pray thee, say not so;
 My love he had the truest heart:
 O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth?
 And didst thou die for me?
 Then farewell, home; for ever more
 A pilgrim I will be.

But fast upon my true love's grave
 My weary limbs I'll lay;
 And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf
 That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
 Beneath this cloister wall:
 See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
 And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar,
 O stay me not, I pray;
 No drizzly rain that falls on me
 Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
 And dry those pearly tears;
 For see, beneath this gown of gray,
 Thy own true love appears.

Here, forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
 These holy weeds I fought:
 And here, amidst these lonely walls,
 To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
 Is not yet pass'd away,
 Might I still hope to win thy love,
 No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
 Once more unto my heart;
 For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
 We never more will part.

§ 80. *Song. Black-eyed Susan.* GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The steamers waving in the wind,

When black-eyed Susan came on board,
 O where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord glides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's thrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest.

The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:
 We only part to meet again.
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
 They'll tell thee, sailors when away
 At every port a mistress find.
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present where'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath is Africa's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet, free from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:
 Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
 Left precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
 No longer must the stay on board:
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
 Her let's-ning boat unwilling rows to land;
 Adieu! she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

§ 81. *Song.* ROWE.

AS, on a summer's day,
 In the greenwood shade I lay,
 The maid that I lov'd,
 As her fancy mov'd,
 Came walking forth that way.

And as she pass'd by,
 With a scornful glance of her eye,
 What a shame, quoth she,
 For a swain must it be,
 Like a lazy loon for to lie!
 And dost thou nothing heed
 What Pan our god has decreed,

What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed ?
There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine ?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine.

Alas ! my love, I cried,
What avails this courtly pride ?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside ?

To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so shewn,
Or the brightest queen of May.

What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown ;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own.

§ 22. *Song.*

PRIOR.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains :
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow !
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek ;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but cou'd not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest ;
And she, too, kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe ;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal ;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain ;
You are the cause of all my care :
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love, and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, have I heard ;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,
And yet I pardon you, she cried ;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain :
He bow'd, obey'd—and died.

§ 23. *Song.*

ONE morning very early, one morning in the
spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing ;
Her chains the rattled on her hands, while sweetly
thus sung she,

I love my love, because I know my love loves me.
O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me ! [they've ruin'd me ;
Yet I love his parents, since they're his, although
And I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to
the sky, [love to fly ;
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge, around my
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should
I be ! [me.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.
I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,

With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine ;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns
from sea ; [me.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.
O if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest !
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should
be ; [me.

For I love my love, because I know my love loves
me.
O if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky !
I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy : [me ;
But ah, unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er shall
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves,
me.

§ 24. *Song.*

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill ;
The western clouds were lin'd with gold ;
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,

The flocks were penn'd within the fold ;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor Damon thus despair'd of love :

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows,
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

No herds have I, no sleepy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain ;

Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
 Whose whole estate, alas ! is love.
 How watch'd the fair'st youth,
 Since women's hearts are bought and sold !
 They ask no vows of sacred truth,
 Where'er they sigh, they hanker for gold :
 Gold can the frowns of teen remove ;
 But I am scorn'd—who have but love.
 To buy the gems of India's coast
 What wealth, what riches would suffice ?
 Yet India's shore should never loathe
 The lustre of thy rival eyes ;
 For there the world too of eap must prove ;
 Can I then buy—who have but love.
 Then, Mary, since ner gems nor ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just as fair, and value more
 Than gems or ore a heart sincere :
 Let treasure ne'er her beauty move ;
 Who pays thy worth must pay in love.

§ 85. *Song.*

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
 But Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy nor sweet-flushing rose,
 Nor all the gay dews of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.
 The warblers are heard in each grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enliven every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring ;
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.
 How does my love pass the love-day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never exclaim, lightly,
 While happily the lads sleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs shall I let her rest ;
 Knead nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pain of my breast
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, shepherd, where do thy flocks stray ?
 O tell me at noon where they feed !
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed ?

§ 86. *Song. Nancy of the Vale.* SHENSTONE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks, reviving, felt no more
 The busy heat of day ;

When from a hazel's artless bow'r
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 He blis'd the scene, he blis'd the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.
 Her fops with sickle falsehood range
 The paths of wanton love ;
 Whilst weeping maids lament their change,
 And sadden every grove :
 But endless blessings crown the day
 I live in ! shame's dale ;
 And every blessing finds its way
 To Nancy of the vale.
 'Twas from Avon's bank the maid
 Diffus'd her lovely beams ;
 And every shining glance display'd
 The Natid of the stream.
 Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
 That float on Avon's tide ;
 Bright as the water-lily sprung
 And glittering near its side.
 Fresh as the budding flow'rs her bloom,
 Her eye all mild to view ;
 The little halcyon's azure plume
 Was never half so blue.
 Her shape was like the reed, so sleek,
 So taper, straight, and fair ;
 Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
 How charming sweet they were !
 Far in the winding vale retir'd
 This peerless bud I found,
 And shadowing reeks and woods conspir'd
 To fence her beauties round.
 That nature in so lone a dell
 Should form a nymph so sweet !
 Or loan a to her secret cell
 Conduct my wand'ring feet !
 Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
 But she would ne'er incline ;
 Prove to your equals true, she cried,
 As I will prove to mine.
 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow
 Has won my right good will ;
 To him I gave my pighted vow,
 With him I'll climb the hill.
 Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd the constant fair ;
 To her alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care.
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I these charms forego,
 The stream that saw our tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

§ 87. *Song. To the Memory of W. Shenstone, Esq.* CUNNINGHAM.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 And see our lov'd Co ydon laid ;
 Tho' to row may blamish the verse,
 Yet let the sad tribute be paid.

They

They call'd him the pride of the plain ;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind ;
 He mark'd, in his elegant strain,
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.
 On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell ;
 He cultur'd the thyme for the bees,
 But never would rille their cell.
 Ye lambskins, that play'd at his feet,
 Go bleat, and your master benean ;
 His music was artless and sweet,
 His manners as mild as your own.
 No verdure shall cover the vale,
 No bloom on the blossoms appear ;
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,
 And winter discolour the year.
 No birds in our hedges shall sing
 (Our hedges so vocal before),
 Since he that should welcome the spring
 Can greet the gay season no more.
 His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
 And poets came revel'd in a throng ;
 They list'n'd, and envied his lays,
 But which of them equall'd his song ?
 Ye shepherds, hence forward be mute,
 For lost is the pastoral strain ;
 So give me my Corydon's flute,
 — And thus—let me break it in twain.

§ 88. *Song.* LYTTELTON.

THE heavy hours are almost ;
 That part my love and me ;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see.
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long ?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue ?
 Will you in ev'ry look declare
 Your heart is still the same ;
 And heal each idle anxious care
 Our seats in absence frame ?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.
 But if the dream that soothes my mind
 Shall false and groundless prove,
 If I am doom'd at length to find
 You have forgot to love ;
 All I of Venus ask is this—
 No more to let us join ;
 But grant me here the flat'ring bliss,
 To die, and think you mine.

§ 89. *Song.* LYTTELTON.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 I tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice but hers can hear,
 No other wit but hers approve ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?
 If the some other feain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
 His instant enemy I prove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?
 When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, the shaded grove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?
 When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for ev'ry twin,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

§ 90. *Song.* SOAME JENYNS.

TOO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
 My heart your own declare ;
 But for heaven's sake let it suffice
 You reign triumphant there.
 Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
 Nor further urge your sway ;
 Prets not for what I must deny,
 For fear I should obey.
 Could all your arts successful prove,
 Would you a maid undo,
 Whose greatest failing is her love,
 And that her love for you ?
 Say, would you use that very pow'r
 You from her fondness claim,
 To ruin in one fatal hour
 A life of spate's fame ?
 Resolve not then to do an ill
 Because perhaps you may ;
 But rather use your utmost skill
 To save me, than betray.
 Be you yourself my virtue's guard ;
 Defend, and not pursue ;
 Since 'tis a task for me too hard
 To strive with love and you.

§ 91. *Song.* The Power of Music. LESTER.

WHEN Orpheus went down to the regions below,
 Which men are forbidden to see,
 He run'd up his lyre, as old histories shew,
 To set his Eurydice free.
 All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his life,
 And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
 When they heard that he came for his wife !
 To find out a punishment due to his fault,
 Old Pluto long puzzled his brain ;
 But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
 So he gave him his wife back again.
 But pity succeeding found place in his heart ;
 And, pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again in reward of his art,
 Such power had music in hell !

§ 92. *Song.*

ROWE.

TO the brook and the willow, that heard him complain,

Ah willow! willow!

Poor Colin went weeping, and told them his pain.
Sweet stream, he cried, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
All restless and painful my Celia now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies:
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers
repair, [your care,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her
Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
Believe me, thou far one, thou dear one believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give,
One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide.
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself hie,
Bear this to my willow; this verse is my lie.
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!

§ 93. *Song.*

DEAR Chloe, while tious beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill-grounded
When once you its dictates obey.
The passion from beauty first drawn
Your kindness will vastly improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine or love:
And though the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.
Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is droop'd, she is fore-eyed,
Yet they're ever uneasy afunder:
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.
No beauty or wit they possess,
Their several failings to 'mother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blest things below.
These traces for ever will last,
Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,

A friendship insensibly grows

By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

§ 94. *Song*

GILBERT COOPER.

AWAY! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winiwida, move thy feet;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squander pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll thine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wish give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear 'em lip their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

§ 95. *Song.*

PERCY.

ONANCY! wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the haunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken thren,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy! canst thou love so true,
Thro' perils keen with me to go;
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?

Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recal
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

§ 96. *Song.* MALLET.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And, while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the shades of ENDERMAY.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom must fade;
And that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of ENDERMAY!

§ 97. *The Spanish Lady's Love.*

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she woo'd an English man?
Garments gay, as rich as may be,
Deck'd with jewels had she on:
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
Both by birth and parentage of high degree.
As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster,
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.
But at last there came commandment
For to set all ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.
O then, said this lady gay, full woe is me!
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!
Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness:
Thou hast set, this present day, my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.
"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."

All the harm I wish on thee, most courteous knight.
God grant upon my head the same may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That thou came on Spanish ground;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away that is your own.

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair flowers you have plenty,
Spain doth yield you wondrous store."
Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
Thou alone enjoy't my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
I will quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page will follow thee where'er thou go.

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case;
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,
And eke ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

"On the seas are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from war'y eyes."
Well, in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

"Courteous lady, leave this folly,
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I, in England, have already
A sweet woman to my wife;
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

O how happy is that woman
That enjoys to true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
And of my suit I'll make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which love and true affection did first commence.

Commend me to that gallant lady,
Bear to her this chain of gold,
With these bracelets, for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold:
All my jewels, in like sort, take thou with thee;
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery I will shroud me,
Far from any company:
But, ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewel to my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my mind was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!
"The like fall unto thy share, most fair Lady."

§ 98. *Ballock. The Children in the Woods; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament.*

NOW ponder well, you parents dear,
The words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
In time brought forth to light:
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolk liv'd of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
No help that he could have;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was left,
Each was to other kind:
In love they liv'd, in love they died,
And left two babes behind:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old:
Th' other a girl, more young than he,
And made in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controul'd:
But if the children chanc'd to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth,
For so the will did run.

Now, brother, said the dying man,
Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else I have here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
But little while, be sure, we have
Within this world to stay.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle, all in one;
God knows what will become of them,
When I am dead and gone.

With that bespake their mother dear:
O brother kind, quoth she,
You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery.

And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deeds regard.
With lips as cold as any stone
She kiss'd her children small:
God bless you both, my children dear!
With that the tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sick couple there:
The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not fear;
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave.

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them home unto his house,
And much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And lay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He did the children send
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went these pretty babes,
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made murderers hearts relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight
About the children's life:
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
While babes did quake for tears.

He took the children by the hand,
When tears flood in their eye;
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not cry:
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain:
Stay here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I do come again.

These pretty babes with hand in hand
Went wandering up and down;
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all befreid and dy'd;
And when they saw the darkness night,
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wander'd these two pretty babes,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fiend heads did haunt his house,
His conscience tell a hell:
His barns were fir'd, his goods consum'd,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him staid.

And, in the voyage of Portugal,
Two of his sons did die;
And, to conclude, himself was brought
To extreme misery:
He pawn'd and mortgag'd all his land
Ere seven years came about,
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out.

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to die,
As was God's blesst will;
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here express'd;
Their uncle died, while he, for debt,
In prison long did rest.

All you that be executors made,
And overseers like,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek,
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right;
Lest God, with such like misery,
Your wicked minds requite.

¶ 99. *Ballad. The Hunting in Chevy-Chase.*

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chase befall:

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.

The stout earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chase
To kill and bear away.
These tidings to earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport:
The English earl, not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gailant greyhounds twifly ran,
To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear;

And, long before high noon, they had
A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having din'd, the drovers went
To rouse them up again.

The bowmen muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure:
Their backfides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo thrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deer;
Quoth he, earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come
No longer would I stay.

With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed.
Then cease your sport, earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rede foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold :
 Shew me, said he, whose men you be
 That lust so boldly here ;
 That, without my consent, do chase
 And kill my fallow-deer ?
 The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy, he ;
 Who said, We list not to declare,
 Nor shew whose men we be :
 Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
 Thy chafest harts to slay.
 Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
 And thus in rage did say :
 Ere thus I will out-braved be,
 One of us two shall die :
 I know thee well ; an earl thou art,
 Lord Percy ; so am I.
 But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
 And grant offence, to kill
 Any of these our harmless men,
 For they have done no ill.
 Let thou and I the battle try,
 And set our men aside.
 Accurs'd be he, lord Percy said,
 By whom this is denied.
 Then stepp'd a gallant 'squire forth,
 Witherington was his name,
 Who said, I would not have it told
 To Henry our king, for shame,
 That e'er my captain fought on foot,
 And I stood looking on :
 You be two earls, said Witherington,
 And I a 'squire alone :
 I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have strength to stand ;
 While I have power to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.
 Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true ;
 At the first sight of arrows sent,
 Full threescore Scots they slew.
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Douglas had the bent ;
 A captain, mov'd with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent.
 They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 No slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.
 O Christ ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scatter'd here and there.
 At last these two stout earls did meet,
 Like captains of great might ;
 Like lions mov'd, they laid on loud,
 And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of temper'd steel ;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.
 Yield thee, lord Percy, Douglas said ;
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be
 By James our Scottish king.
 Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee :
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.
 No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn ;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.
 With that there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow :
 Who never spoke more words than these :
 Fight on, my merry men all ;
 For why ? my life is at an end :
 Lord Percy sees my fall.
 Then leaving life, earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand ;
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land.
 O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more renowned knight
 Mischance did never take.
 A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
 Upon the earl Percy :
 Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd ;
 Who, with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight :
 And pass'd the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear ;
 And through earl Percy's body then,
 He thrust his hateful spear :
 With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The spear went through the other side
 A large cloth yard, and more.
 So thus did both these nobles die,
 Whose courage none could stain.
 An English archer then perceiv'd
 The noble earl was slain ;
 He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree ;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long
 Up to the head drew he :
 Against sir Hugh Montgomery.
 So right the shaft he set,
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart-blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell
The battle scarce was done.
With the earl Percy there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratchiffe, and sir John,
Sir James that bold baron:
And with sir George, and good sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.
For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.
And with earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery;
Sir Charles Curriel, that from the field
One foot would never fly;
Sir Charles Murrel of Ratchiffe too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.
And the lord Maxwell, in like wise,
Did with earl Douglas die:
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears,
Scarce fifty-five did fly.
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slain in Chevy chase,
Under the green-wood tree.
Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.
Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times
When they were clad in clay.
This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.
O heavy news! king James did say;
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.
Like tidings to king Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.
Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith 'twill no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.
Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all
For brave lord Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown,
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown;
And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds die.
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the earl Percy.
God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

§ 100. *Song. Sir Cauline.*

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c. is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2. ver. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of Chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding "a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by K. Edward I. he, "at his own costs, caused a tournament to be held at Kenilworth, where he sumptuously "entertained an hundred knights, and as many "ladies, for three days; the like whereof was "never before in England; and there began the "ROUND TABLE, so called by reason that the "place wherein they practised those feats was "environed with a strong wall made in a round "form): and upon the fourth day, the golden "lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, "he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick."—It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls jousts and tournaments *Ilipudlia* *Maje Rotunde*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess; it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the Northern Chronicles we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands. And, even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest "of them are SKILFUL IN SURGERY." See Harison's Description of England, prefixed to Holingshead's Chronicle, &c.

The First Part.

IN Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knight,
Men call him syr Cauline.

The

The kinge had a lady to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreewe his courfayt to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this maye.

Till on a daye it so befell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love remoyde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knyghte.

One while he spred his arms him fro,
One while he spred them nye;
And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye.

And when our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, Where is syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?

Then answerde him a courteous knyghte,
And fust his handes gan winge:
Sir Cauline is sick, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.

Ferche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leecher fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tene.

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
O well, the sayth, how deeth my lord?
O sicke, thou fayre ladye.

Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.

Fayre ladve, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No longer would I lye.

Sir knyghte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onely heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knyghte,
I never can be youre fere.

O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtér,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be youre bachelcere.

Some dedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bachelcere to be,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee)

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, syr knyghte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fayre morninge?

For the Eldridge knyghte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne:
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him seath and scorne.

That knyghte he is a foul paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.

Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, fair ladie;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or I'll never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright:
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne:
Quoth hee, If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad
A feryous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtyll:

And soe fast he called on syr Cauline,
O man, I rede thee fye,
For but if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.

He sayth, No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in fayth, I wyll not fce;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The les me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knyghte he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either thooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soon in funder flode.

Then took they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande;
But syr Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Knights,

Then

Then up syr Cauline lift his brande
 All over his head so hye :
 And here I sweare by the holy roode,
 Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
 Faste wringing of her hande :
 For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Withhold that deadlye brande :

For the maydens love, that most you love,
 Nowe synye no more I praye ;
 And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
 He shall thy hefts obaye.

Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
 And here on this lay-land,
 That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
 And therto plight thy hand :

And that thou never on Eldridge come
 To sporte, gamon, or playe ;
 And that thou here give up thy armes
 Until thy dying daye.

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
 With many a sorrowfulle sighe ;
 And sweare to obey syr Caulines huff,
 Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
 Sett him in his saddle anone,
 And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
 To theyr cattle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloody hand,
 That was so large of bone,
 And on it he founde five ringes of gold
 Of knightes that had beene slaine.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
 As hard as any flint ;
 And he took off those ringes five
 As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked syr Cauline
 As light as leafe on tree :
 I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
 Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
 Before that lady gaye :
 O ladye, I have been on the Eldridge hills :
 These tokens I bring away.

Now welcomè, welcome, syr Cauline,
 Thrice welcomè unto mee,
 For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
 Of valour bold and free.

O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
 Thy hefts for to obaye :
 And mought I hope to winne thy love !—
 No more his tonge colde saye.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
 And sette a gentill sighe :
 Alas ! syr knighte, how my thy bee,
 For my degree's soe highe ?

But sith thou hast bight, thou comely youth,
 To be my batchiere ;

He promise if thee I may not wedde
 I will have none other fare.

Then shee held forth the lilly-white hand
 Towards that knighte to freee :
 He gave to it one gentill kisse,
 His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
 The teares sterte from his ee.

But keep my counsaile, syr Cauline,
 Ne let no man it knowe ;
 For and ever my father thold it ken,
 I wol he wolde us floe.

From that daye forth the ladye sayre
 Lovde syr Cauline the knighte :
 From that daye forth he only joyde
 When shee was in his sight.

Part the Second.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
 And every sweete its sowre :
 This found the ladye Christabelle
 In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle as syr Cauline
 Was with that ladye faire,
 The kinge her father walked forth
 To take the evenyng are :

And into the arbour as he went
 To rest his wearye feet,
 He found his daughter and syr Cauline
 There sette in dalliance sweet.

The kinge here sterted forth, i-wys,
 And an angrie man was hee :
 Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
 And rewe shall thy ladie.

Then forthe syr Cauline he was ledde,
 And throwne in dungeon deepe ;
 And the ladye into a towre so hye,
 There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was syr Caulines friend,
 And to the kinge said thee :
 I pray you save syr Caulines life,
 And let him banisht bee.

Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
 Across the salt sea some :
 But here I will make with thee a band,
 If ever he come within this land,
 A foule death is his doome.

All woe-begone was that gentill knight
 To parte from his ladye ;
 And many a time he sighed fore,
 And cast a witfull eye :
 Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
 Farre lever had I dye.

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
 Was had forthe of the towre :
 But ever shee doopeth in her minde ;
 As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
 Doth some faire lilye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
 To tute her lover soe ;

Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lords of high degre,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never thes wolde them nec.

When many a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte the colde linde,
The kinge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind :

And there came lords, and there came knights,
Fro manye a farre countrye,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle foe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knyghte was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye :
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His aſton it was all of blacke,
His hewerke and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivaltye,
Vpon lo open the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A huge giant stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from care to care.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee,
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

Sir, quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe;
Behold that hend Soldan !
Behold these heads I bear with me !
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath slent :
And hee is come to avenge his wrong;
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughters love to winne :
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

Thy head, syr king, must goe with mee;
Or else thy daughter deere ;
Or else within thes lists foe broad
Thou must find him a peere.

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe :

Is there never a knyghte of my round tablè,
This matter will undergoe ?

Is there never a knyghte amongst yee, all
Will fight for my daughter and mee ?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right faire his meede shall be ;

For hee shall have my broad lay-lands ;
And of my crowne be heyre ;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle,
To be his wedded fere.

But every knyghte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale ;
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no helpe was nye :
She cast her thought on her own true-love,
And the teares gush from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knyghte,
Sayd, Ladye, be not affrayd ;
He fight for thee with this grimme soldan,
Thoughe he be unthacklye mad.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiffe in stowre.

Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,
The kinge he cryde, with speede :
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knyghte ;
My daughter is thy meede.

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, Awaye, awaye :
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye.

Then forth the stranger knight he came
In his blacke armour dight :
The lady sighd a gentle sighe,
" That this were my true knighte !"

And nowe the gyaunt and knyghte be mett
Within the lists so broad :
And now with swordes so sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan stricke the knyghte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde :
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan stricke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe :
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan stricke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knyghte on his knee :
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knyghte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the paine ;
Quoth he, But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine,

He grasped his sword with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the foldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

'Then all the people gave a shoute,
When they sawe the foldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had rekeved her from thrall.

And howe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from off his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
That courteous knighte to greete.

But he for payne and lacke of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all waltering in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leech of skille;
Farre lever had I lose half my landes,
Than this good knighte shoulde spille.

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beaver raise,
It is my life, my lord, she sayes,
And shiekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste liste up his eyes
When he heard his ladye crye,
O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye.

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Began to draw her breathe.

But when she founde her comely knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layd her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane.

O staye, my deare and onely lord,
For mee thy faithful feere;

*Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare.

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swounde,
And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

§ 101. *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.*

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlaws, among the which Robin Hood, and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the

onsset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that; which by theft he got from abbeyes and the houses of rich earles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe." *Stowe's Annals*, p. 159.

WHAN shaws beene shene, and shaddes full
fayre,

And leaves both large and longe,
It's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Now by my fayre, said jollye Robin,
A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow mighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beat and binde,
And tooke my bowe me froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
He be wroken on them tow.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,
As the wind blowes over the hill;
For if it be never so longe this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

Bu'ke yee, bowhe yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For he goe se'ke yond mighty yemen,
In greenwood where they bee.

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the green forrest
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee,
There they were ware of a wight yeoman,
That leane against a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Top and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Lyttle John,
Under this tree so grent,
And I will goe to yond wight yeoman
To know what hee doth meane.

Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How often send I my men before,
And tarry myselfe behinde?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And it were not for burstyng of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake.

As often wordes they breeden bale,
 So they parted Robin and John;
 And John is gone to Barneisdale,
 The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barneisdale,
 Great heavynesse there hee hadd,
 For he found tow of his owne fellowes
 Were slaine both in a flade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
 Fast over stocke and stone,
 For the proud sheriffe with seven score men
 Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,
 With Christ his might and mayne;
 He make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,
 To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
 And fertled him to shoote:
 The bow was made of tender boughes,
 And fell downe at his foote.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
 That ever thou grew on a tree;
 For now this day thou art my bale,
 My boote when thou shold bee.

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
 Yet flew not the arrowe in vaine,
 For it mett one of the sheriffes men,
 And William a Trent was slaine,

It had bene better of William a Trent
 To have bene abed with sorrowe,
 Than to be that day in the green wood flade
 To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
 Fyve can doe more than thre,
 The sheriffe hath taken little John,
 And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,
 And hanged hie on a hill.
 But thou mayst sayle of thy purpose, quoth John,
 If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
 And thinke of Robin Hood,
 How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
 Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,
 "Good morrowe, good fellow," quo he:
 Methinkes, by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
 A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yeman,
 And of my morning tyde.

He lead thee through the wood, sayd Robin:
 Good fellow, He be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the fraunger sayd,
 Men call him Robin Hood;
 Rather Ild meet with that proud outlawe
 Than fortye pound soe good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeman,
 And Robin thou soone shalt see:
 But first let us some pastime find
 Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make
 Among the woods so even,
 We may chance to meet with Robin Hood,
 Here at some unsett steven.

They cut them down two summer shroggs,
 That grew both under a breere,
 And set them threescore rood in twaine
 To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,
 Leade on, I do bidd thee.

Nay by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,
 My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
 He mist but an inch it fro:
 The yeoman he was an archer good,
 But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
 He shot within the garland:
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,
 For he clawe the good pricke wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;
 Good fellowe, thy shooting is good;
 For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
 Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,
 Under the leaves of lyne.

Nay by my faith, quoth bolde Robin,
 Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,
 And Robin to take I me sworne;
 And when I am called by my right name
 I am Guy of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
 By thee I set right nought:
 I am Robin Hood of Barneisdale,
 Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kithe nor kin,
 Might have seene a full fayre sight,
 To see how together these yeomen went
 With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
 Two howres of a summers day:
 Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
 Them feetled to flye awaye.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
 And stumbled at that tyde;
 And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
 And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah deere Ladye, said Robin Hood, thou
 That art but mother and may,
 I think it was never mans destinye
 To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our Ladye deere,
 And soone leapt up againe,

And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And stuck it upon his bowes end :
Thou hast been a traytor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now, Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe ;
If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That clad him topp to toe.

Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare ;
For I will away to Barnsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.

Robin Hood sett Guy's horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,
I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hood.

Yonder I heare Sir Guy's horne blowe,
It blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.
O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,
Nor I will none of thy fee :

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,
Lett me goe strike the knave ;
For this is all the meede I aske,
None other reward I'll have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,
Thou shouldst have had a knightes fee :
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shall bee.

When litle John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven :
Now shall I be loofet, quoth Little John,
With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loofe him blive ;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him gan drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;
Why draw you mee so neere ?
It was never the use in our countrye,
Ones shrist another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And loofed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes ech one :
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away ;
And so did all the companye :
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away so fast cold ryde,
But Little John, with an arrowe soe broad,
He shott him into the backe-tyde.

§ 102. *Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudfesse.*

—were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad Englishwood, whereas Engle or Ingle wood signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on "The pedigree, education, and marriage of Robin Hood," makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know :

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Cloudfesse,
To shoot with our forester for forty mark ;
And our forester beat them all three.

Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, 1 vol. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular Hero of Sherwood.

I have only to add further concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the BELLS were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth. See, in Rymer's *Fœderæ*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

Part the First.

MERY it was in grene forest
Among the levys grene,
Wheras men hunt east and west
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene;

To ryse the dère out of theyr denne ;
 Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene ;
 As by thre yemen of the north countrè,
 By them it is I meane.
 The one of them hight Adam Bel,
 The other Clym of the Clough ;
 The thyr'd was William of Cloudeſly,
 An archer good ynough.
 They were outlawed for venyson,
 These yemen everychone ;
 They swore them brethren upon a day,
 To Englyſhe wood for to gone.
 Now lith and lyſten, gentylmen,
 That of myrthe loveth to here :
 Two of them were ſingele men,
 The third had a wedded fere.
 Wylliam was the wedded man,
 Muche more than was hys care :
 He ſayde to hys brethren upon a day,
 To Carleil he wold fare ;
 For to ſpeke with fayre Alyce his wiſe,
 And with hys children thre.
 By my trowth, ſayde Adam Bel,
 Not by the counſell of me :
 For if ye go to Carleil, brother,
 And from thys wyld wode wende,
 If the juſtice may you take,
 Your lyfe were at an ende.
 If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
 By prythe to you agayne,
 Truſte not els, but that I am take,
 Or elſe that I am ſlayne.
 He toke his leave of his brethren two,
 And to Carleil he is gon :
 Theyre he knocked at his owne windowe
 Shortlye and auone.
 Wher be you, fayre Alyce my wyſe,
 And my chyldren thre ?
 Lyghtly let in thine owne huſbande,
 Wylliam of Cloudeſlè.
 Alas ! then ſayde fayre Alyce,
 And ſyghed wonderous ſore,
 Thys place hath ben beſette for you
 Thys halfe yere and more.
 Now am I here, ſaid Cloudeſlè,
 I wold that in I were :
 Now fetche us meate and drynke ynough,
 And let us make good chere.
 She fetched hym meate and drynke plentyè,
 Lyke a true wedded wyſe ;
 And pleaſed hym with that ſhe had,
 Whome ſhe loved as her lyf.
 There lay an old wyſe in that place,
 A lytle beſyde the fyre,
 Whych Wylliam had ſound of charytyè
 More than ſeven yere.
 Up ſhe roſe, and forth ſhe goes,
 Evel more ſhe ſpede therefore ;

For ſhe had not ſet no foie on ground
 In ſeven yere before.
 She went unto the juſtice-hall,
 As faſt as ſhe could hyc :
 Thys night is come unto thys town
 Wylliam of Cloudeſlyè.
 Thereof the juſtice was full fayne,
 And ſo was the ſhirife alſo :
 Thou ſhalt not trauaill hither, dame, for nought,
 Thy mede thou ſhalt have or thou go.
 They gave to her a ryght good gounce
 Of ſcarlate and of graine :
 She toke the gyft, and home ſhe wente,
 And couched her doune agayne.
 They ryſed the towne of mery Carleile
 In all the haſte they can ;
 And came thronging to Wylliames houſe,
 As faſt as they might gone.
 There they beſette that good yemàn
 About on every ſide :
 Wylliam hearde great noyſe of folkes,
 That theyther-ward they hyed.
 Alyce opened a back wyndow,
 And lokèd all aboute,
 She was ware of the juſtice and ſhirife bothe,
 Wyth a full great route.
 Alas ! treaſon, cryed Alyce,
 Ever wo may thou be !
 Goe into my chamber, huſband, ſhe ſayd,
 Sweet Wylliam of Cloudeſlè.
 He toke hys ſweard and hys bucler,
 Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
 And wente into hys ſtrongest chamber,
 Where he thought ſureſt to be.
 Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
 Took a pollaxe in her hande :
 He ſhal be dead that here commeth in
 Thys dore, whyle I may ſtand.
 Cloudeſlè bente a wel-good bowe,
 That was of truſty tre,
 He ſmot the juſtice on the breſt,
 That hys arowe breſt in thre.
 A curſe on his harte, ſaide William,
 Thys day thy cote dyd on !
 If it had ben no better than myne,
 It had gone nere thy bone.
 Yeld the, Cloudeſlè, ſayd the juſtice,
 Thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro.
 A curſe on hys hart, ſayd fair Alyce,
 That my huſband councelleth ſo.
 Set fyre on the houſe, ſaide the ſherife,
 Syth it wyll no better be,
 And brenne we therein William, he ſaide,
 Hys wyfe and chyldren thre.
 They fyred the houſe in many a place ;
 The fyre ſlew up on hys :
 Alas ! then cryed fair Alyce,
 I ſe we here ſhall dy.

* Clym of the Clough, means Clem. (Clement) of the valley : for ſo Clough ſignifies in the North.

William openyd a backe wyndow,
That was in hys chamber hie,
And wyth shetes let downe his wyfe,
And eke hys chyldren thre.
Have here my treasure, sayde William,
My wyfe and my chyldren thre:
For Christes love dar them no harme,
But wreke you all on me.
Wylliam shot so wonderous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.
The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wylliam of Cloudeſle:
Than he was a wofull man, and sayde,
Thys is a cowardes death to me.
Lever had I, sayde Wylliam,
With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode
Thus crucily to bren.
He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.
There myght no man abyde hys stroke,
So ferly on them he ran:
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemān.
There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dongeon caſt.
Now, Cloudeſle, ſayd the hys juſtice,
Thou ſhalt be hanged in haſt.
A payre of new gallows, ſayd the ſherife,
Now ſhal I for the make;
And the gates of Carleil ſhal be ſhutte,
No man ſhall come in therat.
Then ſhal not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet ſhall Adam Bell,
Though they come with a thouſand mo,
Nor all the devils in hell.
Early in the mornynge the juſtice uproſe,
To the gates firſt gan he gon,
And commaundeth to be ſhut full cloſe
Lightly everychone.
Then went he to the markett place,
As faſt as he could hys;
A payre of new gallows there he ſet up
Betwix the pylorye.
A lytle boy among them asked,
"What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
They ſayde, to hange a good yemān,
Called Wylliam of Cloudeſle.
That lytle boye was the towne ſwyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces ſwyne;
Ofte he had ſeene Cloudeſle in the wodge,
And geuend hym there to dyne.
He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the wode dyd gone;

There met he with theſe wightye yemen
Shortly and anon.
Alas! then ſayde that lytle boye,
Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeſle is taken, and dampned to death,
All readye for to hongre.
Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we ſee thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.
He myght have dwellyd in grene foreſte,
Under the ſhadowes grene,
And have kepte both hym and us in reſte,
Out of trouble and teene.
Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart ſone had he ſlayne:
Take that, chyldre, he ſayde, to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne.
Now go we hence, ſayd theſe wightye yemen,
Tary we no longer here;
We ſhall hym borowe by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere.
To Caerleil wente theſe good yemen,
In a mery mornynge of Maye.
Here is a FYR^e of Cloudeſlye,
And another is for to ſaye.

Part the Second.

AND when they came to mery Carleil,
All in the mornynge tyde,
They founde the gates ſhut them untyll
About on every ſyde.
Alas! then ſayd good Adam Bell,
That ever we were made men!
Theſe gates be ſhut ſo wonderous wel,
We may not come here in.
Then beſpake him Clym of the Clough,
Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us ſaye we be meſſengers,
Streight come nowe from our king.
Adam ſaid, I have a letter written,
Now let us wyſely werke,
We wyl ſaye we have the kynges ſeals;
I holde the porter no clerke.
Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With ſtrokes great and ſtrong;
The porter herde ſuch noyſe therat,
And to the gate he throng.
Who is there nowe, ſayde the porter,
That maketh all thys dinna?
We be tow meſſengers, ſayde Clim of the Clough,
Be come ryght from our kyng.
We have a letter, ſayde Adam Bel,
To the juſtice we muſt it bryng;
Let us in our meſſage to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng.
Here commeth none in, ſayd the porter,
Be hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a falſe thefe be hanged up,
Called Wylliam of Cloudeſle.

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
 And swore by Mary fre,
 And if that we stande long without,
 Lyk a thefe hongre thou shalt be.
 Lo! here we have the kyng's scale:
 What, Iurden, art thou wode?
 The porter went it had ben so,
 And lightly dyd off hys hode.
 Welcome be my lordes scale, he saide;
 For that ye shall come in.
 He opened the gate full shortlye;
 An euyl openyng for him.
 Now are we in, sayde Adam Bell,
 Therof we are full faine;
 But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
 How we shall com out agayne.
 Had we the keys, said Clim of the Clough,
 Ryght wel then should we spede,
 Then might we come out wel ynough
 When we se tyme and nede.
 They called the porter to counsell,
 And wrange hys necke in two,
 And cast him in a depe dongeon,
 And toke hys keys hym fro.
 Now am I porter, sayd Adam Bell,
 Se, brother, the keys are here,
 The worst porter to merry Carleile
 They have had thys hundred yere.
 And now wyll we our bowes bend,
 Into the towne wyll we go,
 For to delyuer our dere brother,
 That lyeth in care and wo.
 Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
 And loked theyr stringes were round,
 The markett place in merry Carleile
 They beset that stound.
 And, as they loked them besyde,
 A pair of new gloves thei sec,
 And the justice, with a quest of squyers,
 Had judg'd theyr fere to de.
 And Cloudestle hymselfe lay in a carte,
 Fast bound both fore and hand;
 And a stronge rop about hys necke,
 All readye for to hange.
 The justice called to hym a ladde,
 Cloudestles clothes should he have,
 To take the measure of that yeman,
 Therafter to make hys grave.
 I have sene as great mervaile, sayde Cloudestle,
 As betweyne thys and pryme,
 He that maketh thys grave for me
 Hymselfe may lye therein.
 Thou speakest proudli, sayd the justice,
 I shall the hange with my hande.
 Full well herd this his bretheren two,
 There styll as they did stande.
 Then Cloudestle cast hys eyen asyde,
 And saw hys brethren twaine

At a corner of the market-place,
 Redy the justice for to slaine.
 I se comfort, sayd Cloudestle,
 Yet hope I well to fare,
 If I might have my handes at wyll.
 Ryght lytle wolde I care.
 Then bespake good Adam Bell
 To Clym of the Clough so free,
 Brother, se ye marke the justice wel;
 Lo! yonder ye may him see:
 And at the sherife shote I wyll
 Strongly wyth arrowe kene;
 A better shote in merry Carleile
 Thys seven yere was not sene.
 They loosed their arrowes both at once,
 Of no man had the dread;
 The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
 That both theyr sides gan blede.
 All men voyded, that them stode nye,
 When the justice fell to the grounde,
 And the sherife fell hym by;
 Eyther had his deathe wounde.
 All the citezens fast gan flye,
 They durst no longer abyde:
 There lightly they loosed Cloudestle,
 Where he with ropes lay tyde.
 Wyllyam sterre to an officer of the towne,
 Hys axe fro hys hand he wronge,
 On eche syde he smote them downe,
 Hym thought he taryed to long.
 Wyllyam saide to his brethren two,
 'I hys daye let us lyve and de,
 If ever you have nede, as I have now,
 The same shall you finde by me.
 They shot so well in that tyde,
 Theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
 That they kept the stretes on every side;
 That batayle did long endure.
 The fought together as brethren tru,
 Lyke hardy men and bolde,
 Many a man to the ground they throe,
 And many a herte made colde.
 But when their arrowes were all gon,
 Men precd to them full fast,
 They drew their swordes then anone,
 And theyr bowes from them cast.
 They wenten lyghtlye on theyr way,
 With swordes and bucklers round;
 By that it was myd of the day,
 They made mani a wound.
 There was many an out-horne in Carleile blowen,
 And the belles backward did ryng,
 Many a woman sayde, Alas!
 And many theyr handes did wryng.
 The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
 Wyth hym a ful great route:
 These yemen dred him full fore,
 Of their lyves they stode in doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
 With a pollaxe in hys hande;
 Many a strong man wyth him was,
 There in that stowre to stande.

The mayre smot at Cloudfle with his bil,
 Hys bucler he brast in two,
 Full many a yeman with great evyll,
 Alas! they cryed for wo.

Kepe we the gates fast, they bad,
 That these traytours thereout not go.

But al for nought was that the wrought,
 For so faste they downe were layde,
 Tyll they all thre, that so marfulli fought,
 Were gotten without, abaide.

Have here your keys, sayd Adam Bel,
 Myne office I here forsake,
 And yf you do by my counsell
 A new porter do ye make.

He threw theyr keys at theyre heads,
 And bad them well to thryve,
 And all that letteth any good yeman
 To com and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
 And lyghtly, as lese on lynde;
 The lough and be mery in theyre mode,
 Theyr foes wer ferr behind.

And when they came to the old Englishe wode,
 Under the trusty tre,
 There they found bowes full good,
 And arrowes full great plentye.

So God me help, sayd Adam Bell,
 And Clym of the Clough so fre,
 I would we were in mery Carlisle,
 Before that fayre meynè.

They set them downe, and made good chere,
 And eate and dranke full well.

A second tyt of the wightye yeomen,
 Another I wyll you tell.

Part the Third.

AS they sat in Englyshe wood,
 Under the green-wode tre,
 They thought they heard a woman wepe,
 But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
 That ever I have thys day!
 For nowe is my dere husband slayne:
 Alas! and well-a-way!

Might I have spoke with his dere brethren,
 Or with eyther of them twayne,
 To shew to them what him befell,
 My heart were out of payne.

Cloudfle walk'd a litle beside,
 Lookt under the green-wood linde,
 He was ware of his wife, and children thre,
 Full wo in harte and mynde.

Welcome, wyfe, then sayd Wyllyam,
 Under this trusty tre:
 I wende yesterday, by sweete saynt John,
 Thou shoulde me never have sec.

"Now well is me that ye be here,
 My hate is out of wo."
 Dame, he sayde, be mery and glad,
 And thanke my brethren two.

Herof to speake, said Adam Bell,
 I-wis it is no bote:
 The meate, that we must suppe withall,
 It runneth yet fast on tote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
 These noble archares thre;
 Eche of them flew a hart of grece,
 The best that they cold se.

Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,
 Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudfle;
 By cause ye so bouldly stode by me,
 When I was slayne full nye.

Then went they to suppe
 Wyth suche meate as they had;
 And thanked God of their fortune:
 They were both mery and glad.

And when ther had supped well,
 Certaine wythouten lease,
 Cloudfle sayd, We wyll to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.

Alyce shal be at our sojournyng
 In a nunnery here besyde;
 My tow sons shal wyth her go,
 And there they shal abyde.

Myne eldest son shal go wyth me;
 For hym have you no care;
 And he shal bring you worde agayn,
 How that we do fare.

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
 As fast as they might he*,
 Tyll they came to the kyng's pallace,
 Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyng's courte,
 Unto the pallace-gate,
 Of no man wold they aike no leave,
 But boldly went in therat.

They preed prestly into the hall,
 Of no man had they drede:
 The porter came after, and dyd them call,
 And with them gan to chede.

The usher sayde, Yemen, what would ye have?
 I pray you tell to me:
 You myght thus make officers shent:
 Good fyrs, of whence be ye?

Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest
 Certayne wythouten lease;
 And hether we be come to our kyng,
 To get us a charter of peace.

And when they came before the kyng,
 As it was the lawe of the lande,
 The kneled downe without lettyng,
 And eche held up his hand.
 The sayed, Lord, we besече the here,
 That ye will graunt us grace :
 For we have slayne your fat falow-dere
 In many a sondry place.
 What be your nams, then said our king,
 Anone that you tell me ?
 They said Adam Bell, Clime of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudestle.
 Be ye those theves, then sayd our kyng,
 That men have tolde of to me ?
 Here to God I make an avowe,
 Ye shall be hang-d all thre.
 Ye shal be dead withoute mercy,
 As I am kyng of this lande.
 He commandeth his officers every one,
 Fast on them to lay hande.
 There they toke these good yemen,
 And arested them all thre :
 So may I thryve, sayd Adam Bell,
 Thys game lyketh not me.
 But, good lorde, we besече you now,
 That yee graunt us grace,
 Infomuche as frele to you we comen,
 As frele fro you to passe,
 With such weapons, as we have here,
 Tyll we be out of your place ;
 And yf we lye this hundreth yere,
 We wyll aske you no grace.
 Ye speake proudly, sayd the kyng ;
 Ye shall be hanged all thre.
 That were great pty, then sayd the quene,
 If any grace myght be.
 My lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande
 To be your wedded wyfe,
 The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
 Ye wold graunt it me belyfe :
 And I never asked none tyll now ;
 Then, good lorde, graunt it me.
 Now ask it, madam, sayd the kyng,
 And graunted it shall be.
 Then good my lord, I you besече,
 These yemen graunt ye me.
 Madame, ye myght have asked a boone
 That shuld have been worth them all thre.
 Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
 Parkes and forrests plente.
 But none soe pleasant to my pay, shee sayd ;
 Nor none so lefe to me.
 Madame, sith it is your desyre,
 Your asking graunted shal be ;
 But I had lever have given you
 Good market townes thre.
 The quene was a glad woman,
 And sayde, Lord, gramarcyè ;
 I dare undertake for them
 That true men they shal be.

But good my lord, speke some mery word,
 That comfort they may se.
 I graunt you grace, then sayd our kyng,
 Washe, felos, and to meate go ye.

They had not setten but a whyle
 Certayne without lesyng,
 There came messengers out of the north
 With letters to our kyng.

And when they came before the kyng,
 They knelt downe on theyr kne ;
 Sayd, Lord, your officers grete you well ;
 Of Carleile in the north cuntrè.

How fareth my justice ? sayd the kyng,
 And my sherife also ?
 Syr, they be slayne without leasyng,
 And many an officer mo.

Who hath them slayne, sayd the kyng,
 Anone thou tell to me ?
 " Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
 And Wyllyam of Cloudestle."

Alas for rewth ! then sayd our kyng,
 My hart is wonderous fore ;
 I had lever than a thousande pounce,
 I had known of thys before ;

For I have graunted them grace,
 And that forthynketh me :
 But had I knownen all thys before,
 They had been hanged all thre.

The kyng he opened the letter anone,
 Himselfe he red it thro,
 And founde how these outlawes had slaine
 Thre hundred men and mo :

Fyrst the justice, and the sheryfe,
 And the mayre of Carleile towne ;
 Of all the constables and carchipolles
 Alyve were scant left one.

The baylyes, and the bedyls both,
 And the sergeante of the law,
 And forty fosters of the fe,
 These outlawes had yslaw :

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere ;
 Of all they chose the best ;
 So perelous out-lawes, as they were,
 Walked not by caste nor wett.

When the kyng this letter had red,
 In harte he syghed fore :
 Take up the tables anone he bad,
 For I may eat no more.

The kyng called hys best archars
 To the buttes wyth hym to go :
 I wyl see these felowes shote, he sayd,
 In the north have wrought this wo.

The kynges bowmen busket them blyve,
 And the quenes archers also ;
 So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen ;
 With them they thought to go.

There

There twise or thryse they shote about,
For to assay theyr hande;
There was no shote those yemen shot
That any prycke * myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeflè;
By him that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde.

"At what a butte now wold ye shote,
I pray thee tell to me?"
At such a but, syr, he sayd,
As men use in my countrè.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
With his two bretherènc:
There they set up two haseil roddes
Full twenty score betwene.

I hold him an archar, sayd Cloudeflè,
That yonder wand clevech in two.
Here is none suche, sayd the kyng,
Nor none that can so do.

I shall assaye, Sir, sayd Cloudeflè,
Or that I farther go.
Cloudefly with a bearyng arowe
Clave the wand in two.

Thou art the best archer, then said the king,
For sothe that ever I see.
And yet for your love, sayd Wyllyam,
I wyll do more mastery.

I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake;
All shall se, that be here;

And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe with a broad arow
Shall cleve the apple in two.

Now haste the, then sayd the king,
By hym that dyed on a tre,
But yf thou do not, as thou hast sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hang you all thre.

That I have promised, said William,
*That wyll I never forsake.
And there even before the kyng
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound thereto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat;
And turned the childe's face him fro,
Because he should not sterre.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent;
Syxe score paces they were our mete,
And thether Cloudeflè went,

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe;
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people that wer there
That they all still wold stand;
For he that shoteth for such a wager
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Muche people prayed for Cloudeflè,
That his lyfe saved myght be;
And whan he made him redy to shote,
There was many a weeping ce.

But Cloudeflè cleft the apple in twaine,
His sonne he did not see.
Over Gods forbode, sayde the kinge,
That thou shold shote at me.

I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè
I make the chyfe rydèr.

And I thyrteene pence a day, said the quene,
By God, and by my fay;
Come seche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay.

Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman
Of clothyng, and of fe:
And thy two breathren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so femely to fe.

Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be:
And when he cometh to mans estate,
Shall better avaunced be.

And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife,
Me longeth her fore to fe;
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurierye.

The yemen thanketh them courteously;
To some bishop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes, that we have done,
To be assoyl'd at his hand.

So forth be gone these good yemen,
*As fast as they might he;
And after came and dwelled with the kyng,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen,
God send them eternal blyse,
And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heaven they never mysse. Amen.

§ 103. Song. Willow, Willow, Willow.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspere has taken his song of the Willow, in his Othello, A. 4. f. 3. though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbarie:
 "She was in love; and he the lov'd forsook her,
 "And she prov'd mad. She had a song of *WILLOW*,
 "An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune;
 "And she dyed singing it."

A POORE foule fat sighing under a sicamore tree;
 O willow, willow, willow!
 With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!
He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
 O willow, &c.
I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone;
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove:
 O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
O pity me (cried he) ye lovers, each one;
 O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble, she rues not my mone.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
 O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
The mure birds sat by him, made tame by his mones:
 O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softned the stones.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove:
 O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I to die for her love.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
 O willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Let love no more boast him, in palace or bower;
 O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and fote in an houre.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
But what helps complaining? In vain I complaine:
 O willow, &c.
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdain.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me;
 O willow, &c.
He that plaines of his false love, mine's a falser than
 O willow, &c. [she.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
 O willow, &c.
 A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall by my garland!

Part the Second.

LOWE lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdain,
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Against her too cruell, still still I complaine,
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland!
 O love too injurious, to wound my poor heart!
 O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart:
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 O willow, willow, willow! the willow garland,
 O willow, &c.
 A signe of her falsenesse before me doth stand:
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
 O willow, &c.
 So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view
 O willow, &c.
 Of all that doe know her, to blaze her untrue,
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
 O willow, &c.
 "Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most
 O willow, &c. [sweet."
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
 O willow, &c.
 And carelessly smiles at the sorrows I prove;
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
 O willow, &c.
 Cause once well I lov'd her, and honour'd her name;
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 The name of her founded so sweete in mine eare,
 O willow, &c.
 It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare.
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
 O willow, &c.
 It now brings me anguish, then brought me reliefe,
 O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Farewell,

Farewell, faire false hearted : plaints end with my
 O willow, willow, willow ! [breath !
 Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of
 O willow, willow, willow ! [my death.
 O willow, willow, willow !
 Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland !

§ 104. *Barbara Allen's Cruelty.*

IN Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
 There was a fair maid dwellin,
 Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye !
 Her name was Barbara Allen.
 All in the merrie month of May,
 When greene buds they were swellin,
 Young Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
 For love of Barbara Allen.
 He sent his man unto her then,
 To the town where thee was dwellin ;
 You must come to my master deare,
 Giff your name be Barbara Allen.
 For death is printed on his face,
 And ore his harte is stealin :
 Then haste away to comfort him,
 O lovely Barbara Allen.
 Though death be printed on his face,
 And ore his harte is stealin,
 Yet little better thall he bee
 For bonny Barbara Allen.
 So slowly, slowly, she came up,
 And slowly she came nye him ;
 And all she say'd, when there she came,
 Young man, I think y' are dying.
 He turned his face unto her strait,
 With deadlye sorrow sighing ;
 O lovely maid, come pittie mee,
 Ime on my death-bed lying.
 If on your death-bed you doe lye,
 What neede the tale you are tellin ;
 I cannot keep you from your death :
 Farewell, sayd Barbara Allen.
 He turned his face unto the wall,
 As deadly pangs he fell in :
 Adieu ! adieu ! adieu to you all !
 Adieu to Barbara Allen !
 As she was walking ore the fields,
 She heard the bells a knellin ;
 And every stroke did seem to saye,
 • Unworthy Barbara Allen.
 She turned her bodye round about,
 And spied the corpse a coming :
 Laye down, laye down the corps, she sayd,
 That I may look upon him.
 With scornful eye she looked downe,
 Her cheek with laughter swellin ;
 Whilist all her friends cryd out amaine,
 Unworthy Barbara Allen.
 When he was dead, and laid in grave,
 Her harte was struck with sorrowe ;
 O mother, mother, make my bed,
 For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature, him to slight,
 Who loved me so dearly :
 O that I had been more kind to him,
 When he was alive and neare me !

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
 Beg'd to be buried by him :
 And sore repented of the daye
 That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
 And thun the fault I fell in :
 Henceforth take warning by the fall
 Of cruel Barbara Allen.

§ 105. *The Frolicsome Duke, or the Tinker's good Fortune.*

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Induction to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the Dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy; and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said Duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnised in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c. and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers, he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a country fellow dead drunke, snoring on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuaide him that he was some great Duke. The poor fellow, admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long: after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures; but late at night, when he was well-tipt, and again' fast asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself: all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poor man told his friends he had seen a vision; constantly believed it; would not otherwise be perswaded, and so the jest ended." *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*. pt. 2. sect. 2. memb. 4. 2d ed. 1624. fol.

NOW as fame does report, a young duke keeps
 a court,
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport:
 But among all the rest, here is one, I protest,
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the
 true jest:

A poor

A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a frownd.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,

Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.

O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd

To the palace, altho' he was poorly array'd :

Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,

And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt :

On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ;

And the chamberlain bare then did likewise declare,

He desired to know what apparel he'd wear :

The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to his honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,

Which he straitways put on without longer dispute;
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace

Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him ; thought he, this is great :

Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was dress'd, both for him and his guests,
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat, the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and sherry, and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,

Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did shone,

Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,

And restore him his old leather garments again :

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,

And they carried him straight where they found him at first ;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
But when he did waken his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream :
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he fought

For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,

Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke ;

Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground :

Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,

Crying old brags to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,

Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker replied, What ! must Joan, my sweet bride,

Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride ?

Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command ?

Then I shall be a squire I well understand :

Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace ;

I was never before in so happy a case.

§ 106. Song. Death's Final Conquest.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses." Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I. but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 29, 1666, æt. 72. It is said to have been a favourite song with K. Charles II.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;

There is no armour against fate :

Death lays his icy hands on kings :

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill :

But their strong nerves at last must yield,

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds :
All heads must come
To the cold tomb :
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

§ 107. *Song.* SMOLLET.

TO fix her—'twere a task as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To sow in Afric's barren soil,
Or tempests hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, she's light as air,
False as the fowler's artful snare ;
Inconstant as the passing wind,
As winter's dreary frost unkind.

She's such a miser too in love,
Its joys she'll neither share nor prove ;
Tho' hundred of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Blushing at such inglorious reign,
I sometimes strive to break her chain ;
My reason summon to my aid,
Resolve no more to be betray'd.

Ah, friend ! 'tis but a short-liv'd trance,
Dispell'd by one enchanting glance ;
She need but look, and I confess
Those looks completely curse or bless.

So soft, so elegant, so fair,
Sure something more than human's there :
I must submit, for strife is vain ;
'Twas destiny that forg'd the chain.

§ 108. *Song.* GILDEROY

—was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century ; if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone,
His stockings were of silken foy,
Wi' garters hanging doun :
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy ;
He was my joy and heart's delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! like twe charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose ;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the love of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy,
Ah ! wae is mee ! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together ;
We scant were seven years befor
We gan to luv'e each other ;
Our dadies and our mammies thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luv'e of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine
Wi' silken flowers wrought :
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy,
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we past the langsome time
Among the leaves sae green :
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kifs and toy ;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

Oh ! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life ;
But, ah ! his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feats of strife !
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try ;
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wet mine ee ;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
“ My benison gang wi' thee !
God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy ;
My heart is rent, sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy ! ”

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun ;
Nane eir du ft meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy ;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear,
To 'reave of life for ox or afe,
For sheep, or horse, or mare :
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy ;
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek,
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been,
Ah, what fair cruelty is this,
To hang like handsome men !

To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet a fair a boy;
 Nae lady had sae white a hand,
 As thee, my Gilderoy.
 Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
 They bound him mickle strong,
 Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung:
 They hung him high aboon the rest,
 He was sae trim a boy;
 Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
 My handfome Gilderoy.
 Thus having yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corpse away,
 Wi' tears, that trickled for his death,
 I wafit his comely clay;
 And siker in a grave sae deep
 I laid the dear-lued boy,
 And now for evir maun I weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

§ 109. *Song. Bryan and Pereene, a West-Indian Ballad, founded on a real fact, that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's.* GRAINGER.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
 The ship was safely moor'd;
 Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
 And fo leapt over-board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
 His heart long held in thrall;
 And whofo his impatience blames,
 I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
 He dwelt on English land;
 Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
 Tho' ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
 Right blythfome roll'd his een;
 Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung:
 He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countlefs charms can draw,
 That grac'd his mistress true?
 Such charms the old world seldom saw,
 Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine;
 Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
 Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
 She cast her weeds away;
 And to the palmy shore she hied,
 All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad
 She there impatient stood;
 The crew with wonder saw the lad
 Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
 Which he at parting gave;
 Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
 And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all
 Rejoicing crowd the strand;
 For now her lover swam in call,
 And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
 To clasp her lovely swain;
 When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
 His heart's blood died the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprang from the wave,
 Streaming with purple gore;
 And soon it found a living grave,
 And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
 Fetch water from the spring:
 She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
 And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May-morning round her tomb,
 Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;
 So may your lovers scape his doom,
 Her hapless fate scape you!

§ 110. *Song. Gentle River, gentle River. Translated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language Romances. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. The two following are specimens.

GENTLE river, gentle river,
 Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore;
 Many a brave and noble captain
 Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
 All beside thy sands so bright,
 Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
 Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes,
 On thy fatal banks were slain:
 Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
 All the pride and flow'r of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
 Full of wounds and glory died;
 There the fearless Urdiales
 Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
 Thro' their squadrons slow retires;
 Proud Seville, his native city,
 Proud Seville his worth admires.

Clofe behind a renegado

Loudly shouts, with taunting cry :
Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly ?

Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lifts of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know ;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine :
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow
Which I drank when I was thine.

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare :
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound :
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors furrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay :
Wearied out, but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
Stout resists the Paynim bands ;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile Squadron,
Furious he repels their rage :
Loss of blood at length enfeebles :
Who can war with thousands wage !

Where yon rock the plain o'er shadows,
Clofe beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

§ *Alcanzor and Zaida, a Moorish Tale,
imitated from the Spanish.* PERCY.

SOFTLY blow the evening breezes,
Softly fall the dews of night ;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure :
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies,
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for th' appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro :
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick, and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate tease him,
Oft he sighs with heart-felt care.
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the tim'rous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain :

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies :

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh :
Alla * keep thee, lovely lady ;
Tell me, am I doom'd to die ?

Is it true the dreadful story,
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by fordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age ?

An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along ;
But canst thou, inconsistent Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong ?

If 'tis true, now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes ;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows.

Deeply sigh'd the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend :
Ah ! my lord, too true the story ;
Here our tender loves must end.

Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows ;
All my friends are full of fury,
Storms of passion shake the house.

Threats, reproaches, fears surround me ;
My stern father breaks my heart ;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Gen'rous youth, from thee to part.

Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine ;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine ?

Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee,
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne,
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

I no longer may resist them ;
All to force my hand combine ;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong ;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

* Alla is the Mahometan name of God.

Farewel then, my dear Alcanzor!
 Farewel too my life with thee!
 Take this scarf, a parting token;
 When thou wear'st it, think on me.
 Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
 Shall reward thy generous truth;
 Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
 Died for thee in prime of youth.
 To him, all amaz'd, confounded,
 Thus she did her woes impart:
 Deep he sigh'd; then cried, O Zaida,
 Do not, do not break my heart!
 Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
 Canst thou hold my love so small?
 No! a thousand times I'll perish!
 My curst rival too shall fall.
 Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
 O break forth, and fly to me!
 This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
 These fond arms shall shelter thee.
 'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
 Spies surround me, bars secure:
 Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
 While my damsel keeps the door.
 Hark, I hear my father storming!
 Hark, I hear my mother chide!
 I must go: farewell for ever!
 Gracious Alla be thy guide!

§ 112. *King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth.*

IN summer time when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Somme pastime fur to see.
 With hawke and hounde he made him bowne;
 With horne, and cke with bowe;
 To Drayton Bassett he took his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.
 And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day,
 When he was ware of a bold tanner,
 Come ryding along the waye.
 A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin;
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling.
 Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the greene wood spraye;
 And I will wende to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will saye.
 God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
 Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.
 "The readiest waye to Drayton Bassett
 I praye thee to shewe to mee."
 "To Drayton Bassett woldest thou goe,
 Fro the place where thou dost stand,
 The next payer of gallowses thou comest unto,
 Turne in upon thy right hand."

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
 Thou dost but jest, I see:
 Now shewe me out the nearest waye,
 And I pray thee wend with mee.
 Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner;
 I hold thee out of thy witt:
 All day have I rydden on Brocke my mare,
 And I am fasting yett.
 "Go with me downe to Drayton Bassett
 No daynties we will spare;
 All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
 And I will paye thy fare."
 Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
 Thou payest no fare of mine:
 I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
 Than thou hast pence in thine.
 God give thee joy of them, sayd the king,
 And send them well to prieste.
 The tanner wolde faine have been away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.
 What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe?
 Of thee I am in greate feare;
 For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
 Might beseeine a lord to weare.
 I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, sir, by the roode.
 "Then thou playest as many an unthrif doth,
 And standest in midds of thy good."
 What tydinges heare you, sayd the kyng,
 As you ryde far and neare?
 "I hear no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
 But that cove-hides are deare."
 "Cove-hides! cove-hides! what things are those?
 I marvell what they bee?"
 What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
 I carry one under mee.
 What craftiman art thou? said the king;
 I pray thee tell me trowe.
 "I am a barker", sir, by trade;
 Now tell me what art thou?"
 I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne;
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunninge for to learne.
 Marrye, heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
 That thou my prentise were:
 Thou woldest spend more good than I shold winne,
 By fortye shilling a yere.
 Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange:
 Though my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.
 "Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
 I will have some boot of thee."
 That were against reason, sayd the king,
 I sweare, so mote I thee:
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

Dealer in bark.

"Yea."

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild;
And softly she will fare:
Thy horse is unruly and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and there."
What boote wilt thou have? our king replied;
Now tell me in this stounde.
"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so rounde."
"Here's twentye groates of white moneye,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee."
I would have sworne now, quoth the tannèr,
Thou hadst not had one pennie.
But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hyde.
I will not have it, say'd the kynge,
I sweare, so mote I thee;
Thy soule cow-hide I would not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.
The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt;
And threwe it upon the king's saddelle,
That was foe fayrelye gilt.
"Now helpe me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone;
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
Sheel say I'm a gentilmon."
The kinge he took him by the legge;
The tanner a f... lett fall.
Now marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
Thy courtesye is but small.
When the tanner he was in the kinges saddelle,
And his foote in the stirrup was;
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brasse.
But when his steed saw the cows-taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne;
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.
The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
His necke he had well-nye braft.
Take thy horse again with a vengeance, he sayd,
With mee he shall not hyde.
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.
Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."
What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
Nowe tell me in this stounde?
"Noe pence, nor half pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pounce."
"Here's twentye groates out of my purse;
And twentye I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The kinge set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blew bothe loude and shrille:
And soone came lords, and soone came knyghts,
Fast ryding over the hille.
Nowe, out alas! the tanner he cryde,
That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide awaye.
They are no thieves, the king replyde,
I sweare, so mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Heie come to hunt with mee.
And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde:
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounce.
A collar, a collar, here, sayd the king,
A collar he loud did crye:
Then woulde he lever than twentye pound
He had not been so nigh.
A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
I trowe it will breede sorrowe:
After a collar comes a halter,
And I shall be hangd to-morrowe.
"Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
I wote noe halter thou shalt weare,
But thou shalt have a knight's fee.
For Plumpton parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside:
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
To maintaine thy good cow-hide."
Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
For the favour thou hast me showne;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

§ 113. *Lady Anne Botwell's Lament. A Scottish Song.*

The subject of this pathetic ballad is, A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself.

BALOW, my babe, ly still and sleipe!
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:
If thoult be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe!
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

When he began to court my luv,
And with his sugred wordes to mure,
His faynings fals, and flattering chaire,
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Below, &c.

Ly stil, my darlinge, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest sweetly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yette I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luvyng to thy father stil:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My love with him maun stil abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neir depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luvver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous fair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome finiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me whan care doe grieve:
My babe and I right fast will ly,
And quite forgett man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le use us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!
It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

§ 114. *Corydon's doleful Knell.*

The burthen of the song, DING, DONG, &c.
is at present appropriated to burlesque sub-
jects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous
ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of
our poet it usually accompanied the most so-
lemn and mournful strains.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made:
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.

Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maidens in faire array,

Till th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay. Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excel;
And when that she is buried.
I thus will ring her knell, Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and nature's skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will*: Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly blacke and yellowe
With her to grave shall go. Ding, &c.

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art †,
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart. Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden
"That e'er gave shepherd care." Ding, &c.

In fable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede,
Ay me! I am forlorne,
Now Phillida is dead. Ding, &c.

§ 115. *The Old and Young Courtier.*

The subject of this excellent old song is a com-
parison between the manners of the old gen-
try, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth,
and the modern refinements affected by their
sons, in the reigns of her successors.

AN old song made by an aged old pate
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a
greate estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their
wages, [footmen, nor pages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and
badges;

Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, ycu might know
him by his looks,
With an old buttery-hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintain'd half a dozen
old cooks;

Like an old courtier, &c.

* It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried. † This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,
and bows, [many threwe blows,
With old swords, and bucklers, that had borne
And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's
trunk hose,
And a cup of old therry to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good fashon, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe
and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old
room, [man dumb;
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel
of hounds, [grounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his
own bounds, [good pounds;
And when he dyed gave every child a thousand
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he as-
sign'd, [full mind
Charging him in his will to keep the old bounti-
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neigh-
bours be kind: [was inclin'd;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to
his land, [command,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his
And racks up a thousand pound upon his father's
land, [go nor stand!
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice,
and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good house-
keeping, or care;
Who buys gaudy-color'd fans to play with wane-
ton air, [women's hair;
And seven or eight different dressings of ether
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old
one stood, [no good,
Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns
neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no
victuals e'er stood;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff full of pamphlets and
plays, [prays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in
four or five days, [shows and toys;
And a new French cook to devise fine kick-
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must
be gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new por-
ter John, [with a stone;
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is
compleat, [carry up the meat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is
very neat, [not cat;
Who, when her lady has din'd, lets the servants
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his fa-
ther's old gold, [sold;
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now
grown so cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

§ 116. *Loyalty confined.*

This excellent old song is preserved in David
Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in
"the cause of Charles I." He speaks of it
as the composition of a worthy personage, who
suffered deeply in those times, and was still
living, with no other reward than the con-
science of having suffered. The author's
name he has not mentioned; but, if tradition
may be credited, this song was written by Sir
R. L'ESTRANGE.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though furly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
calm;
Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty;
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorit.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd;
Or like those sophists that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wildernesse;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus;
Contentment cannot smart; Stoicks, we see,
Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And for to keep my ancles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high-prized margarite,
Or, like the great mogul or pope,
Am cloyster'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultran, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, oftimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart;
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
Neither in person or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the nightingale
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And, though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
To accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

§ 117. *To Althea from Prison.*

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster;

to which he was committed by the House of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's *Athenæ*, Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer; who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies; died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

WHEN love with unconfin'd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups ran swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty griefe in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tittle in the deepe,
Know no such libertie.

When, linnet-like, confin'd I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercye, sweetness, majestye,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarg'd windes, that curlc the flood,
Know no such libertie.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindees, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soare above,
Enjoy such libertie.

§ 118. *The Braes of Yarrow, in Imitation of the ancient Scots Manner:*

Was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq. who died March 25, 1754, aged 50.

A. BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bridle,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think no mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?

Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride!

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,

Nor let thy heart lament to leive

Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow;
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun the weep, lang maun she, maun
the weep,
Lang maun the weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her luvver, luvver dear,
Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comliest swain
That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid?
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful
flude?

What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
O 'tis he, the comely swain I slew
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in
tears,

His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
And wrap his limbs in mourning weids,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
And weep around in wae'ful wif
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvve?
And warn from fight? but, to my sorrow,
Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of
Yarrow.

Sweet sinells the birk, green grows, green
grows the grafs,
Yellow on Yarrow's banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow st. eet? as sweet, as sweet flows
Tweed,

As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet sinells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luvve, fair, fair indeed thy luvve,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well beluv'd again,
Than me he never luv'd thee better.

Buik ye, then buik, my bonny bonny bride,
Buik ye, buik ye, my winsome marrow,
Buik ye, and luvve me on the banks of
Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. How can I buik a bonny bonny bride?
How can I buik a winsome marrow?
How luvve him upon the banks of Tweed,
That flew my luvve on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never, never rain,
Nor dew, thy tender blossoms cover!
For there was basely slain my luvve,
My luvve, as he had not been a luvver.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah wretched me! I little, little kenn'd
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white
steed;

Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;
But ere the dewfall of the night
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that wae'ful, wae'ful day;
I sang, my voice the woods returning:
But lang ere night the spear was flown,
That flew my luvve, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,
But with his cruel rage pursue me?

My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo
me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle coffin',
May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
My luvver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
And strive with threatening words to move me:
My luvver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luvve thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvve,
With bridal sheets my body cover;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husbunde luvver.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's you
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Yet lye all night between my breists,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my breists,
No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful
bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrowe.
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.
d d 3

§ 119. *Child Waters.*

CHILD is frequently used by our old writers as a title. It is repeatedly given to Prince Arthur in the *Fairie Queen*: and the son of a king is in the same poem called "*Child Tristram*." And it ought to be observed that the word *child* or *childe* is still used in North-Britain to denominate a man, commonly with some contemptuous character affixed to him, but sometimes to denote Man in general.

CHILDE Waters in his stable stode,
And stroakt his milke-white steede:
To him a fayre yonge ladye came
As ever ware womans weede.

Saves, Christ you save, good Childe Waters;
Saves, Christ you save, and see:
My girdle of gold that was too longe,
Is now too short for mee.

And all is with one childe of yours,
I feele sturre at my side:
My gowne of greene it is too straight;
Before it was too wide.

If the child be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you tell mee;
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
Take them your owne to bee.

If the childe be mine, faire Ellen, he sayd,
Be mine, as you doe sweare:
Then take you Cheshire and Lancashire both,
And make that child your heyre.

Shee sayes, I had rather have one kisse,
Childe Waters, of thy mouth;
Than I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
That lye by north and southe.

And I had rather have one twinkling,
Childe Waters, of thine ee;
Then I wolde have Cheshire and Lancashire both,
To take them mine owne to bee.

To-morrow, Ellen, I must forth ryde
Farr into the north countree;
The fayrest ladye that I can finde,
Ellen, must goe with mee.

Thoughe I am not that ladye fayre,
Yet let me goe with thee:
And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Your foot-page let me bee.

If you will my foot-page bee, Ellen,
As you doe tell to mee;
Then you must cut your gowne of greene
An inch above your knee.

Soe must you doe your yellowe lockes,
An inch above your ee:
You must tell no man what is my name;
My foot-page then you shall bee.

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote by his fyde;
Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,
To say, Ellen will you ryde?

Shee, all the long daye Childe Waters rode,
Ran barefoote thorow the broome;

Yet was he never soe courteous a knyghte,
To say, put on your shoone.

Ride softely, shee sayd, O Childe Waters,
Why doe you ryde to fast?

The childe, which is no man's but thine,
My body itt will braft.

Hee sayth, seest thou yond water, Ellen,
That flows from banke to brimme?

I trust in God, O Childe Waters,
You never will see me swimme.

But when shee came to the water fyde,
Shee sayled to the chinne:

Nowe the Lord of heaven be my speede,
For I must learne to swimme.

The salt waters bare up her clothes;
Our Ladye bare up her chinne:

Childe Waters was a woe man, good Lord,
To see faire Ellen swimme.

And when shee over the water was,
Shee then came to his knee:

Hee sayd, Come hither, thou fayre Ellen,
Loe yonder what I see.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red gold shines the yate:

Of twenty-four faire ladyes there,
The fairest is my mate.

Seest thou not yonder hall, Ellen?
Of red golde shines the towre:

There are twenty-four fayre ladyes there,
The fayrest is my paramoure.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red gold shines the yate:

God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your worthy mate.

I see the hall now, Childe Waters,
Of red golde shines the towre:

God give you good now of yourselfe,
And of your paramoure.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were,
A playing at the ball:

And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his steed to the stall.

There twenty-four fayre ladyes were
A playenge at the chesse;

And Ellen, the fayrest ladye there,
Must bring his horse to gresse.

And then bespake Childe Waters sister,
These were the wordes sayd shee:

You have the prettyest page, brother,
That ever I did see.

But that his bellye it is soe bigge,
His girdle stands soe hye:

And ever I pray you, Childe Waters,
Let him in my chamber lye.

It is not fit for a little foot-page,
That has run thro mosse and myre,

To lye in the chamber of any ladye,
That wears soe riche attyre.

It is more meete for a little foot-page,
That has run throughe mosse and myre,

To take his supper upon his knce,
And lye by the kitchen fyre.

Permit, suffer.

Now

Now when they had supped every one,
To bedd they toke theyre waye :
He sayd, Come hither, my little foot-page,
And hearken what I saye.

Goe thee downe unto yonder towne,
And love into the streete ;
The fayrest ladye that thou canst finde,
Hyre in mine armes to sleepe,
And take her up in thine arms twaine,
For filing * of her feete.

Ellen is gone into the towne,
And love into the streete :
The fayrest ladye that thee colde finde,
She hyred in his armes to sleepe ;
And tooke her up in her armes twaine,
For filing of her feete.

I pray you nowe, good Childe Waters,
Let me lyc at your feete :
For there is noe place about this house
Where I may 'faye † a sleepe.
He gave her leave, and faire Ellèn
Down at his beds feet laye :
This done, the night drove on apace,
And when it was neare the daye,
Hee sayd, Rise up, my little foot-page,
Give my steede corne and haye ;
And give him nowe the good black oates,
To carry mee better awaye.

Up then rose the fayre Ellèn,
And gave his steede corne and haye ;
And soe shee did the good black oates,
To carry him better awaye.

She leane her back to the manger side,
And grievouslye did groane :
Shee leane her back to the manger side,
And there she made her moane.

And that behcard his mother deare,
Shee heard her woeful woe,
Shee sayd, Rise up, thou Childe Waters,
And into thy stable goe ;

For in thy stable is a ghost,
That grievouslye doth grone :
Or else some woman laboures with childe,
She is so woe-begone.

Up then rose Childe Waters soone,
And did on his shirte of silke ;
And then he put on his other clothes,
On his bodye as white as milke.

And when he came to the stable dore,
Full still there hee did stand,
That he might heare his fayre Ellèn,
How shee made her monand ‡.

She sayd, Lullabye, mine own deare childe,
Lullabye, deare childe, dear :

I wolde thy father were a kinge,
Thy mother e layd on a bier.

Peace nowe, hee sayd, good faire Ellèn,
Bee of good cheere, I praye ;
And the brideale and the churchinge bothe
Shall be upon one daye.

§ 120. *The King and Miller of Mansfield.*

It has been a favourite subject with our English ballad-makers to represent our kings conversing either by accident or design with the meanest of their subjects. Of the former kind, besides this song of the King and the Miller, we have K. Henry and the Soldier ; K. James I. and the Tinker ; K. William III. and the Forrester, &c. Of the latter sort, are K. Alfred and the Shepherd ; K. Edward IV. and the Tanner ; K. Henry VIII. and the Cobler, &c. — This is a piece of great antiquity, being written before the time of Edward IV. and for its genuine humour, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners, is infinitely superior to all that have been since written in imitation of it.

Part the First.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire ;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping ;
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire :
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things pre-
par'd

For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles eche one ;
Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gal-
lantely,

Till the darke evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.

Wandering thus wearily, all alone, up and downe,
With a rude miller he mett at the last :

Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham ;

Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say,
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way.

Why, what dost thou think of me, quoth our king
merrily,

Passing thy judgment on me so brieft ?
Good faith, sayd the miller, I meane not to flatter
thee ;

I guesse thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe ;
Stand thee backe, in the darke ; light not adowne,
Lest I presently cracke thy knaves crowne.

Thou dost abuse me much, quoth the king, saying
thus ;

I am a gentleman ; lodging I lacke.
Thou hast not, quoth the miller, one groat in thy
purse ;

All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe ;
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be forty pence, I will pay all.

If thou beest a true man, then quoth the miller,
I sweare by my toll-dish I'll lodge thee all night.
Here's my hand, quoth the king, that was I ever.

Nay, soft, quoth the miller, thou mayst be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake,
With none but honest men hands will I take.

* Dressing.

† Essay, attempt.

‡ Meaning, bemoaning.

Thus they went all along unto the millers house ;
Where they were seething of puddings and
soufe :

The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king ;
Never came hee in soe smoakyc a house.

Now, quoth he, let me see here what you are.
Quoth our king, look your fill, and do not spare.

I likewell thy countenance, thou hast an honest face ;

With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye.

Quoth his wife, by my troth, it is a handsome youth,

Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.

Art thou no runaway, prythee, youth, tell ?

Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well.

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,

With his hatt in hand, thus he did say ;

I have no passport, nor never was servitor,

But a plow countyer, rode out of my way :

And for your kindness here offered to mee,

I will requite you in everye degree.

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,

Saying, It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,

Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners ;

To turne him out, certainlye, were a great sin.

Yea, quoth hee, you may see, he hath some grace,

When he doth speake to his betters in place.

Well, quo' the millers wife, young man, ye're
welcome here ;

And, though I say it, well lodged shall be :

Ficth straw will I have, laid on thy bed so brave,

And good brown hempen sheetes likewise, quoth
hee.

Aye, quoth the good man, and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne.

Nay, first, quoth Richard, good-fellowe, tell me
true,

Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose ?

Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado ?

I pray, quoth the king, what creaturcs are those ?

Art thou not lowly, nor scabby ? quoth he :

If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee.

This caus'd the king suddenlye to laugh most
heartilye,

Till the teares trickled fast downe from his eyes.

Then to their supper were they set orderlye,

With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes ;

Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,

Which did about the board merrily trowle.

Here, quoth the miller, good fellowe, I drinke to
thee,

And to all cuckolds, wherever they bee.

I pledge thee, quoth our king, and thanke thee
heartilye

For my good welcome in every degree :

And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.

Do then, quoth Richard, and quicke let it come.

Wife, quoth the miller, fetch me forth lightfoote,

And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste.

A faire ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye.

Eate, quoth the miller, but, sir, make no waste :

Here's dainty lightfoote ! In faith, sayd the king,
I never before eate so dainty a thing.

I wis, quoth Richard, no dainty at all it is,

For we doe eat of it everye day.

In what place, sayd our king, may be bought like
to this ?

We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay :

From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here ;
Now and then we make bold with our kings deer.

Then I thinke, sayd our king, that it is venison,

Eche foole, quoth Richard, full well may know
that :

Never are wee without two or three in the roof,

Very well fleshed, and excellent fat :

But, prythee, say nothing whereever thou goe ;

We would not for two pence the king should it
knowe.

Doubt not, then sayd the king, my promised se-
cretise ;

The king shall never know more on't for me.

A cup of lambs-wool they dranke unto him then,

And to their beds they past presentlie.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and down,

For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers cott, soone they espy'd him
out,

As he was mounting upon his faire steede ;

To whom they came presently, falling down on
their knee ;

Which made the millers heart wofully bleede :

Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,

Thinking he should have been hang'd by the rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,

Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed :

The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,

Doubting the king would have cut off his head :

But he his kind courtesy for to requite,

Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight,

Part the Second.

WHEN as our royall king was come home from
Nottingham,

And with his nobles at Westminster lay ;

Recounting the sports and pastimes they had taken,

In this late progress along on the way ;

Of them all, great and small, he did protest,

The miller of Manfield's sport liked him best.

And now, my lords, quoth the king, I'm de-
termined,

Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,

That this old miller our new confirmed knight,

With his son Richard, shall here be my guest :

For, in this merriment, 'tis my desire

To talke with the jolly knight, and the young
squire.

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasant-
ness,

They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts ;

A pursuivante there was sent straight on the bu-
sines,

The which had often-times been in those parts.

When

When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

God save your worshippe, then said the messenger,
And grant your ladye her owne hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and hap-
pines;

That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. Georges day;

Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place.
I wis, quoth the miller, this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid.
I doubt, quoth Richard, to be hang'd at the least.
Nay, quoth the messenger, you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake.

Then sayd the miller, By my troth, messenger,
'Thou hast contented my worshippe full well.
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentle-
ness

For these happy tydings, which thou dost tell.
Let me see, heare thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mattershipp in everye thing.

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitie,
And, making many legges, tooke their reward;
And his leave taking with great humilitie,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say,
Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend all
we have;

For of new garments we have great need:
Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more.

Tushe, Sir John, quoth his wife, why should you
frett or frown?

You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turn and trim up my old russet gowne,
With every thing else as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannels as we shall provide.

In this most stately fort rode they unto the court,
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all;
Who set up, for good hap, a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife, like maid Marian, did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,
Meeting this gallant knight with his brave
traine;

Welcome, sir knight, quoth he, with your gay
lady;

Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe:
And so is the squire of courage foe free.

Quoth Dicke, A bots on you! do you know me?

Quoth our king gentlye, How should I forget thee?
That wast my own bed-fellowe, well it I wot.
Yea, sir, quoth Richard, and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot.
Thou whore-son unhappy knave, then quoth the
knight,

Speak cleanly to our king, or else go sh-r*

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king rakerh them both by the hand;
With the court dames and maids, like to the queen
of spades,

The miller's wife did foe orderly stand,
A milk-maids courtseye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were fet to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sat at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jessing fell,
And in a bowl of wine dranke to the knight:
Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer.

Quoth Sir John Cockle, I'll pledge you a pottle,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:
But then, said our king, now I think of a thing,
Some of your lightfoot I would we had here.
Ho! ho! quoth Richard, full well I may say it,
'Tis knavery to cate it, and then to betray it.

Why art thou angry? quoth our king merrilye;
In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine
heartily.

Quoth Dicke, You are like to stay till I have
din'd:

You feed us with twatling dishes so small;
Zounds, a black-pudding is better than all.

Aye, marry, quoth our king that were, a daintye
thing,

Could a man get but one here for to eat.
With that Dick straight arose, and plucked one
from his hose,

Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
'Tis meat for your master; good sir, you must stay.

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly
spent;

And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard incontinent,
Unto their places the king did advance:
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides ake.

Many thanks for their paines did the king give
them,

Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh thee?
Quoth he, Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red
head:

She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead.
Then

Then Sir John Cockle the king called unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'er-fer;
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearlye;

Take heed now you steal no more of my deer:
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu.

§ 121. *The Witches' Song,*

—From Ben Jonson's *Masque of Queens*, presented at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609.

It is true, this song of the Witches, falling from the learned pen of Ben Jonson, is rather an extract from the various incantations of classic antiquity, than a display of the opinions of our own vulgar. But let it be observed, that a parcel of learned wiseacres had just before busied themselves on this subject, with our British Solomon James I. at their head; and these had so ransacked all writers ancient and modern, and so blended and kneaded together the several superstitions of different times and nations, that those of genuine English growth could no longer be traced out and distinguished.

By good luck the whimsical belief of fairies and goblins could furnish no pretences for torturing our fellow-creatures, and therefore we have this handed down to us pure and unsophisticated.

1 Witch.

I HAVE beene all day looking after
A raven feeding upon a quarter;
And, soone as the turn'd her back to the south,
I snatch'd this morcell out of her mouth.

2 Witch.

I have beene gathering wolves haire,
The mad dogges foame, and adders eares;
The spurning of a deadman's eyes:
And all since the evening starre did rise.

3 Witch.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to heare the mandrake grone;
And pluckt him up, though he grew full low:
And, as I had done, the cocke did crow.

4 Witch.

And I h' beene chuting out this scull;
From chainell-houses that were full:
From private grots, and publike pits:
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

5 Witch.

Under a cradle I did creepe
By day, and, when the childe was a-sleepe
At night, I suck'd the breath; and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

6 Witch.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Killed an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church-ale,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tale.

7 Witch.

A murderer, yonder, was hung in chaines;
The sunne and the wind had thrunked his veines:
I bit off a sinew; I clipp'd his haire;
I brought off his ragges, that danc'd i' the ayre.

8 Witch.

The scritch-owles egges, and the feathers blacke,
The bloud of the frogge, and the bone in his backe,
I have been getting; and made of his skin
A purfet, to keepe fir Cranion in.

9 Witch.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hemlock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moonc-wort, libbards-bane;
And twise by the dogges was like to be tane.

10 Witch.

I from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch;
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Kill'd the blacke cat, and here is the braine.

11 Witch.

I went to the toade, breeds under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owle before;
I tore the batts wings: what would you have more?

Dame.

Yes: I have brought, to helpe your vows,
Horned poppie, cypresse boughes,
The fig-tree wild, that grows on tombes,
And juice that from the larch-tree comes,
The basilikes bloud, and the vipers skin;
And now our orgies let's begin.

§ 122. *The Fairies Farewel.*

This humorous old song fell from the hand of the witty Dr. CORBET (afterwards bishop of Norwich, &c.) In his *Poëtica Stromata* it is called, "A proper new Ballad, intituled, The Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will, to be sung or whistled to the tune of The Mea-
"dow brow, by the learned; by the unlearned,
"to the tune of Fortune."

FAREWELL, rewards and Fairies!

Good housewives now may say;
For now foule sluts in dairies
Doe fare as well as they;
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than mayds were wont to doe,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds six-pence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbies,
The fairies lost command!
They did but change priests babies,
But some have chang'd your land:

And

And all your children stoln from thence
Are now growne Puritanes,
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your demaines.

At morning and at evening both
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleepe and sloth
These prettie ladies had.
When Tem came home from labour,
Or Ciss to milking rose,
Then merrily went their labour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remaine;
Were footed in queen Maries dayes
On many a grassy playne.
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time had been.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession:
Their songs were Ave Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure;
And who so kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure:
It was a just and christian deed
To pinch such blacke and blue:
O how the common-wealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Now they have left our quarters;
A Register they have,
Who can preserve their charters;
A man both wife and grave.
An hundred of their merry pranks
By one that I could name
Are kept in store; con twenty thanks
To William for the same.

To William Churne of Staffordshire
Give laud and praises due,
Who every meale can mend your cheare
With tales both old and true;
To William all give audience,
And pray yee for his noddle;
For all the fairies evidence
Were lost, if it were addle.

§ 123. *Unfading Beauty.*

This little beautiful sonnet is reprinted from a small volume of "Poems by THOMAS CAREW, Esq.," one of the gentlemen of the privie-chamber, "and sewer in ordinary to his majesty Charles I. Lond. 1640." This elegant, and almost forgotten writer, whose poems have been deservedly revived, died in the prime of his age, in 1639.

In the original follows a third stanza, which not being of general application, nor of equal merit, I have ventured to omit.

H E E that loves a rosie cheek,
Or corall lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seeke
Fuell to maintaine his fires:
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfaste mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

§ 124. *Song. The Sky-Lark.* SHENSTONE.

G O, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quiv'ring pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.
And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that soothe her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.
Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd with thine?
Then bid her treat yon wireles bea
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

§ 125. *The Hermit.* BEATTIE.

A T the close of the day, when the hamlet's still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Tho' mournful his numbers, his soul was resign'd;
He thought as a sage, tho' he felt as a man.
' Ah! why, thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
' Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain?
' For spring shall return, and a lover bestow;
' And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
' Yet if Pity inspire thee, O cease not thy lay!
' Mourn, sweetest companion; man calls thee
' to mourn:
' O soothe him whose pleasures, like thine, pass
' away!
' Full quickly they pass—but they never re-
' turn!

' Now,

- Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
 ' The moon, half extinct, a dim crescent dis-
 plays ;
 • But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 • Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 ' The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
 • But man's faded glory no change shall renew ;
 ' Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !
 • 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more :
 ' I mourn ; but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for
 ' you ;
 • For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 ' Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring
 ' with dew.
 • Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 ' Kind Nature the embryo-blossom shall save :
 • But when shall spring visit the mould'ring urn ?
 ' O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

§ 126. *A Pastoral Ballad. In Four Parts.*
 SHENSTONE.

I. A B S E N C E.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 O call the poor wanderers home,
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
 None, once, was so watchful as I :
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.
 Now I know what it is to have strove
 With the torture of doubt and desire ;
 What it is, to admire and to love,
 And to leave her we love and admire.
 Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
 And the damps of each evening repel ;
 Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
 —I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.
 Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
 I never once dream'd of my vine ;
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.
 I priz'd every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
 But now they are pass'd, and I sigh,
 And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.
 But why do I languish in vain ?
 Why wander thus pensively here ?
 O, why did I come from the plain,
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
 They tell me, my favourite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown !
 Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.
 When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdraw ;
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.
 The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away,
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
 And my solace wherever I go.

II. H O P E.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
 My grottoes are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep.
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow ;
 My fountains, all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.
 Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
 But with tendrils of woodbine is bound
 Not a beech's more beautiful green,
 But a sweet-briar twines it around.
 Not my fields in the prime of the year
 More charms than my cattle unfold :
 Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
 But it glitters with fishes of gold.
 One would think she might like to retire
 To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
 Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
 But I hasten'd and planted it there.
 O how sudden the jessamine strove
 With the lilac to render it gay !
 Already it calls for my love,
 To prune the wild branches away.
 From the plains, from the woodlands, and groves,
 What strains of wild melody flow !
 How the nightingales warble their loves,
 From thickets of roses that blow !
 And when her bright form shall appear,
 Each bird shall harmoniously join
 In a concert so soft and so clear,
 As—she may not be fond to resign.
 I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
 But let me that plunder forbear,
 She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
 For he ne'er could be true, she aver'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
 And I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.
 I have heard her with sweetness unfold
 How that pity was due to a dove :
 That it ever attended the bold,
 And the call'd it the sister of Love,
 But her words such a pleasure convey,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and, whatever she say,
 Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs ?
With a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.
But where does my Phyllida stray ?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs !
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?
Why term it a folly to grieve ?
Ere I shew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave ;
With her wit she engages the free ;
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.
O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays !
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay, on him let not Phyllida frown ;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.
For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind !
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around ;
And his pipe—O may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.
'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
“ How her face is as bright as the snow,
“ And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ;
“ How the nightingales labour the strain,
“ With the notes of his charmer to vic ;
“ How they vary their accents in vain,
“ Repine at her triumphs, and die.”
To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet ;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
“ O Phyllis,” he whispers, “ more fair,
“ More sweet than the jessamine's flow'r !
“ What are pinks, in a morn, to compare ?
“ What is eglantine after a show'r ?
“ Then the lily no longer is white ;
“ Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom ;
“ Then the violets die with despoite,
“ And the woodbines give up their perfume.”

Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer ;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.
Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise ;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue.
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep :
They have nothing to do but to stray ;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove ;
She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smil'd—and I could not but love ;
She is faithless—and I am undone.
Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love ev'ry hope can inspire :
It banishes wisdom the while ;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.
She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let Reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree :
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.
Alas ! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.
The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shewn to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own :
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.
O ye woods, spread your branches apace ;
To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase ;
I would vanish from ev'ry eye.
Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How the smil'd, and I could not but love ;
Was faithless, and I am undone !

§ 127. *Phœbe. A Pastoral.* BYRON.

MY time, O ye Muses! was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went:
Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest.
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possible be,
I thought it was Spring; but, alas! it was she.

The fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
It was pleasant to look at, 'twas music to hear.
But, now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide:
Must you be so cheerful, whilst I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleas'd to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and parted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, "Sirrah," and give him a blow with my
crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not
Tray
Be dull as his master, when Phœbe's away?

Sweet music went with us both all the wood
thro',
The lark, linnet, thro'ble, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gives every thing else its agreeable sound.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove:
But what swain is so silly to live without love?
No, Deity, bid the dear nymph to return;
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair:
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

§ 128. *A Pastoral Ballad.* ROWE.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And, while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.
Alas! silly swain that I was!
(Thus sadly complaining he cried);
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died:

She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, it was pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet!

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd;
What tho', when they hear my soft strains,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Tho' thro' the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change;
'Tis mine to be constant—and die.

If, while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found;
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at ev'ry fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

§ 129. *A Fairy Tale.* PARNELL.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight Fairies daunc'd the maze;
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Tho' badly shap'd he been.
His mountain back more well be said
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.
He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;

But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
 And, if a shape could win a heart,
 He had a shape to win.
 Edwin, if right I read my song,
 With slighted passion pac'd along
 All in the moony light;
 'Twas near an old enchanted court,
 Where sportive fairies made resort,
 To revel out the night.
 His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
 'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
 That reach'd the neighbour town;
 With weary steps he quits the shades,
 Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
 And drops his limbs adown.
 But scant he lays him on the floor,
 When hollow winds remove the door,
 A trembling rocks the ground:
 And, well I woen to count aright,
 At once an hundred tapers light
 On all the walls around.
 Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
 Now sounding feet approach near,
 And now the sounds increase:
 And from the corner where he lay,
 He sees a train profusely gay
 Come pranking o'er the place.
 But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
 Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich, before;
 The country lent the sweet perfumes,
 The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its silken store.
 Now, whilst he gaz'd, a gallant, dress'd
 In flaunting robes above the rest,
 With awful accent cried:
 "What mortal, of a wretched mind,
 Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide?
 At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul
 No fears of magic art controul,
 Advanc'd in open fight;
 "Nor have I cause of dread," he said,
 "Who view, by no presumption led,
 Your revels of the night.
 'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
 Which made my steps unweeting rove
 Amid the nightly dew."
 'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
 We fairies never injure men
 Who dare to tell us true,
 Exalt thy love-dejected heart;
 Be mine the task, or ere we part,
 To make thee grief resign;
 Now take the pleasure of thy chance;
 Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
 Be little Mable thine."
 He spoke, and, all a sudden, there
 Light music floats in wanton air;
 The Monarch leads the Queen:
 The rest their fairie partners found:
 And Mable trimly tript the ground,
 With Edwin of the green.
 The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And sicer such a feast was made

As heart and lip desire:
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.
 But now, to please the fairie king,
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antic feats devise;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other-some transmute their shape
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes.
 Till one, at last, that Robin hight,
 Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
 Has bent him up aloof;
 And full against the beam he hung,
 Where by the back the youth he hung,
 To sprawl unneath the roof.
 From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
 "And let it fairly now suffice
 'The gambol has been shewn."
 But Oberon answers with a smile,
 Content thee, Edwin, for awhile,
 The vantage is thine own.
 Here ended all the phantom play;
 They smelt the fresh approach of day,
 And heard a cock to crow;
 The whirling wind, that bore the crowd,
 Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
 To warn them all to go.
 Then, screaming, all at once they fly,
 And all at once the tapers die;
 Poor Edwin falls to floor;
 Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
 Was never wight in such a case
 Thro' all the land before.
 But, soon as dan Apollo rose,
 Full jolly creature home he goes,
 He feels his back the lels;
 His honest tongue and steady mind
 Had rid him of the lump behind,
 Which made him want success.
 With lusty livelyhed he talks,
 He seems a dauncing as he walks;
 His story soon took wind;
 And beauteous Edith sees the youth
 Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
 Without a bunch behind.
 The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
 To see the revel scene:
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.
 As there he bides, it so befel,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall:
 Up sprung the tapers as before,
 The fairies bragly foot the floor,
 And music fills the hall.
 But, certes, sorely sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
 His spirits in him die;
 When Oberon cries, "A man is near;
 A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
 Hangs flapping in the sky."

With

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth !
 In accents falt'ring, ay for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt;
 For als he been a misfer wight
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
 To tread the circled haunt.
 " Ah, losel vile ! " at once they roar,
 " And little skill'd of fairie lore,
 Thy caufe to come we know :
 Now has thy keftrell courage fell ;
 And fairies, fince a lye you tell,
 Are free to work thee woe. "
 Then Will, who bears the wifpy fire
 To trail the fivains among the mire,
 The captive upward flung :
 There, like a tortoise in a fhop,
 He dangled from the chamber top,
 Where whilom Edwin hung.
 The revel now proceeds apace,
 Defily they frisk it o'er the place,
 They fit, they drink, and eat ;
 The time with frolic mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
 Till all the rout retreat.
 By this the ftars began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers fink,
 And down ydrops the knight :
 For never fpell by fairie laid
 With ftrong enchantment bound a glade
 Beyond the length of night.
 Chill, dark, alone, adreel he lay,
 Till up the welkin rofe the day,
 Then deem'd the dolc was o'er :

But wot ye well his harder lot ;
 His feely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin loft afore.
 This tale a Sybil nurfe ared ;
 She foftly ftroak'd my youngling head ;
 And when the tale was done,
 " Thus fome are born, my fon," fhe cries,
 " With bafe impediments, to rife,
 And fome are born with none.
 But virtue can itfelf advance
 To what the fav'rite fools of chance
 By Fortune feem'd design'd ;
 Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
 And from itfelf shake off the weight
 Upon th' unworthy mind. "

§ 130. Song. THOMSON.

FOR ever, Fortune ! wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part ?
 Bid us figh on from day to day,
 And wifh, and wifh the foul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of love is gone ?
 But bufy, bufy ftill art thou,
 To bind the lovelefs joylefs vow,
 The heart from pleafure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune ! hear my pray'r,
 And I abfolve thy future care ;
 All other bleffings I refign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

§ 1. *Epilogue to a Woman kill'd with Kindnefs,*
 1617.

AN honeft crew, difpofed to be merry,
 Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine :
 The drawer brought it (fmiling like a cherry)
 And told them it was pleafant, neat, and fine.
 Taftedit, quoth one; he did: O, fie ! (quoth he)
 This wine was good; now 't runs too near
 the lee.

Another fipp'd, to give the wine his due,
 And ftood unto the ref, it drank too flat;
 The third fald, it was old; the fourth, too new;
 Nay, quoth the fifth, the fharpnefs likes me not.
 Thus, gentlemen, you fee how in one hour
 The wine was new, old, flat, fharp, fweet,
 and four.

Unto this wine do we allude our play;
 Which fome will judge too trivial, fome too grave:
 You, as our guefts, we entertain this day,
 And bid your welcome to the beft we have.

Excufe us then; good wine may be difgrac'd,
 When ev'ry fev'ral mouth hath fundry taft.

§ 2. *Prologue to the Unfortunate Lovers. Spoken
 at Black-Friars, 1643. DAVENANT.*

WERE you but half fo humble to confeß,
 As you are wife to know your happineß;
 Our author would not grieve to fee you fit
 Ruling with fuch unqueftion'd pow'r his wit:
 What would I give, that I could ftill preferve
 My loyalty to him, and yet deserve
 Your kind opinion, by revealing now
 The caufe of that great ftorm which clouds his
 brow,
 And his clofe murmurs, which, fince meant to you,
 I cannot think or mannerly or true !
 Well; I begin to be refolv'd, and let
 My melancholic tragic Monfieur fret;
 Let him the fev'ral harmlefs weapons ufe
 Of that all-daring trifle, call'd his Mufe;

Yet I'll inform you, what this very day,
Twice before witness I have heard him say,
Which is, that you are grown excessive proud;
For ten times more of wit, than was allow'd
Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
Y' expect should in two hours be given you here:
For they, he swears, to th' theatre would come,
Ere they had din'd, to take up the best room;
There sit on benches, not adorn'd with mats,
And graciously did veil their high-crown'd hats
To every half-dress'd player, as he still
Thro' th' hangings peep'd to see how th' house did
fill.

Good easy judging souls! with what delight
They would expect a jig, or target fight;
A furious tale of Troy, which they ne'er thought
Was weakly written, so 'twere strongly fought;
Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
And cry'd 'A passing good one, I protest!'
Such dull and humble-witted people were
Even your forefathers, whom we govern'd here;
And such had you been too, he swears, had not
The poets taught you how t' unweave a plot,
And trace the winding scenes; taught you t' admit

What was true sense, not what did sound like wit.
Thus they have arm'd you 'gainst themselves to
fight,

Made strong and mischievous from what they write.
You have been lately highly feasted here,
With two great wits*, that grac'd our theatre.
But, if to feed you often with delight,
Will more corrupt, than mend, your appetite;
He vows to use you, which he much abhors,
As others did your homely ancestors.

* § 3. *Epilogue to the Cutter of Coleman-street,
spoken by the Person who acted Cutter.* 1656.
COWLEY.

METHINKS a vision bids me silence break,
[Without his peruke.
And some words to this congregation speak;
So great and gay a one I ne'er did meet
At the Fifth Monarch's court in Coleman-street.
But yet I wonder much, not to espy a
Brother in all this court, call'd Zephaniah.
Bless me! where are we? What may this place be?
For I begin my vision now to see
That this is a mere theatre—Well then,
If t' be e'en so, I'll Cutter be again.

[Puts on his peruke.
Not Cutter the pretended cavalier;
For, to confess ingenuously here
To you, who always of that party were,
I never was of any; up and down
I roll'd, a very rake-hell of this town,
But now my follies and my faults are ended,
My fortune and my mind are both amended;
And if we may believe one who has fail'd before,
Our author says he'll mend—that is, he'll write
no more.

§ 4. *Prologue to Nero; 1675.* LEE

GOOD plays, and perfect sense, as scarce are
grown

As civil women in this d—d lewd town;
Plain sense is despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.
'Tis your brisk fool that is your man of note;
Yonder he goes, in the embroider'd coat:
Such wenching eyes, and hands so prone to rustle,
The genteel sling, the trip, and modish shuffle;
Salt soul and flame, as gay as any prince;
Thus tags and silks make up your men of sense.
I'm told that some are present here to-day
Who, ere they see, resolve to damn this play,
So much would interest with ill-nature sway.
But ladies, you, we hope, will prove more civil,
And charm these wits that damn beyond the devil;
Then let each critic here all hell inherit,
You have attractions that can lay a spirit.
A bloody fatal play you'll see to-night,
I vow to God, 't has put me in a fright.
The meanest waiter huffs, looks big, and struts,
Gives breast a blow, then hand on hilt he puts.
'Tis a fine age, a tearing thundering age,
Pray heaven this thund'ring does not crack the
stage:

This play I like not now——
And yet, for aught I know, it may be good,
But still I hate this fighting, wounds, and blood,
Why, what the devil have I to do with honour?
Let heroes court her; I cry, Pox upon her!
All tragedies, i' gad, to me sound oddly,
I can no more be serious, than you godly.

§ 5. *Epilogue to Tyrannick Love; spoken by
Nell Gwyn, when she was to be carried off dead
by the bearers.* 1672. DRYDEN.

To the Bearer.

HOLD! are you mad, you damn'd confounded
dog?
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

To the Audience.

I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye;
I am the ghost of poor departed Nelly.
Sweet ladies, be not frightened, I'll be civil:
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil;
For, after death, we sprites have just such na-
tures

We had, for all the world, when human creatures:
And therefore I, that was an actress here,
Play all my tricks in hell, a goblin there.
Gallants, look to't; you say there are no sprites;
But I'll come dance about your beds at nights;
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damn'd dull poet! who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!

Nay, what's yet worse, & kill me in the prime
Of Easter-term, in tart and cheefecake time !
I'll fit the fop ; for I'll not one word say,
T'excuse his godly, out-of-fashion play ;
A play which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be slander'd, and be thought devout.
But farewell, gentlemen ; make haste to me ;
I'm sure ere long to have your company.
As for my epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own.

Here Nelly lies, who tho' she liv'd a flattern'g,
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Cath'rine †.

§ 6. *Prologue to Alcibiades* ; 1675. ORWAY.

NEVER did rhymers greater hazards run,
'Mongst us by your severity undone :
Tho' we, alas ! to oblige ye have done most,
And bought ye pleasures at our own sad cost,
Yet all our best endeavours have been lost. }
So oft a statesman, lab'ring to be good,
His honesty's for treason undertook -
Whilst some false, flattering minion of the court,
Shall play the traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you, known judges of what's sense and wit, }
Our author swears he gladly will submit :
But there's a sort of things infect the pit,
That would be witty spice of nature too,
And to be thought so, haunt and pester you.
Hither sometimes those would-be-wits repair,
In quest of you ; where if you don't appear,
Cries one—Pugh ! D—n me, what do we do }
here ?

Straight up he starts, his garniture then puts
In order, so he cocks, and out he struts
To th' coffee-house, where he about him looks :
Spies friend ; cries, Jack—I've been to-night at
th' Duke's :

The silly rogues are all undone, my dear,
I gad ! not one of sense that I saw there.
Thus to himself he'd reputation gather
Of wit, and good acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a stranger been, of late,
'Mongst its pretenders nought so strange as that.
Both houses too, so long a fast have known,
That coarsest nonsense goes most glibly down.
Thus though this trifler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common score :
Since nonsense is so generally allow'd,
He hopes that this may pass amongst the crowd.

§ 7. *Epilogue to Aurengzebe* ; 1676. DRYDEN.

A Pretty task ! and so I told the fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by
rule :
He thought that if his characters were good,
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and
blood,

The action great, yet circumscrib'd by time,
The words not forc'd, but sliding into rhyme,
The passions rais'd and calm'd by just degrees,
As tides are swell'd, and then retire to seas ;
He thought in hinting these his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one.
But, after all, a poet must confess,
His art's like physic, but a happy guess.
Your pleasure on your fancy must depend ;
The lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her friend.
No song ! no dance ! no show ! he fears you'll say,
You love all naked beauties, but a play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight,
And, like the French, abhors our target fight ;
But those damn'd dogs can never be i' th' }
right.

True English hate your Monseurs' paltry arts ;
For you are all silk-weavers † in your hearts.
Bold Britons, at a brave bear-garden fray
Are rous'd ; and clatt'ring sticks, cry, Play, play,
play !

Mean time, your fribbling foreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, *Ab, gens barbare !*
And, 'gad, 'tis well he mutters, well for him ;
Our butchers else would tear him limb from
limb.

'Tis true, the time may come, your sons may be
Infected with this French civility :
But this in after ages will be done ;
Our poet writes an hundred years too soon.
This age comes on too slow, or he too fast ;
And early springs are subject to a blast !
Who would excel, when few can make a test
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best.
For favours cheap and common who would
strive,

Which, like abandon'd prostitutes, you give ?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold ;
To these he writes ; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their prerogative to rule the crowd ;
For he more fears (like a presuming man)
Their votes who cannot judge, than theirs who
can.

§ 8. *Epilogue to the first Part of The Rover, or The Banished Cavaliers* ; 1677. Mrs. BEHN.

THE banish'd cavaliers ! a roving blade !
A popish carnival ! a masquerade !
The devil's in't if this will please the nation, }
In these our blessed times of reformation,
When conventicling is so much in fashion. }
And yet—
That mutinous tribe less factions do beget,
Than your continual differing in wit.
Your judgment (as your passion)'s a disease ;
Nor Mute nor Mute your appetite can please ; }
You're grown as nice as queasy consciences,
Whose each convulsion, when the spirit moves,
Damns every thing that maggot disapproves.

* Her real character. † The character she represented in the play.

‡ Alluding to the rivalry of

the Spital-fields manufactures with those of France.

With canting rule you would the stage refine,
And to dull method all our sense confine.
With th' insulence of commonwealths you rule,
Where each gay fop, and politic brave fool,
On monarch Wit impose without controul.
As for the last, who seldom sees a play,
Unless it be the old Black-Friars way,
Shaking his empty noddle o'er Bamboo,
He cries, Good faith, these plays will never do.
Ah, Sir! in my young days, what lofty wit,
What high-strain'd scenes of fighting there were
writ!

These are slight airy toys. But tell me, pray,
What has the House of Commons done to-day?
Then shews his politics, to let you see,
Of state affairs he'll judge as notably
As he can do of wit and poetry.
The younger sparks, who hither do resort,
Cry—

Pox o' your gentle things! give us more sport;
Damme! I'm sure 'twill never please the court.

Such fops are never pleas'd, unless the play
Be stuff'd with fools, as brisk and dull as they;
Such might the half-crown spare, and in a glass
At home behold a more accomplish'd ass;
Where they may set their cravats, wigs, and faces,
And practice all their buffoonry grimaces—
See how this buff becomes—this damme state,
Which they at home may act, because they dare;
But must with prudent caution do elsewhere.
O, that our Nokes, or Tony Lee, could shew
A fop but half so much to th' life as you!

§ 9. *Epilogue to The Round-Heads, or The Good Old Cause; 1682. Spoken by Lady Debro'.* MRS. BEHN.

THE vizor's off, and now I dare appear
I high for the royal cause, *en cavalier*;
Tho' once as true a whig as most of you,
Could cant and lye, preach, and dissemble too:
So far you drew me in; but faith I'll be
Revenge'd on you, for thus debauching me:
Some of your pious cheats I'll open lay,
That lead your ignoramus flock astray;
For since I cannot fight, I will not fail
To exercise my talent—that's to rail.
Ye race of hypocrites, whose cloak of zeal
Covers the knave that cants for commonweal,
All laws, the church, and state to ruin brings,
And impudently sets a rule on kings:
Ruin, destroy, all's good that you decree,
By your infallible presbytery;
Prosperous at first, in ills you grew so vain,
You thought to play the old game o'er again;
And thus the cheat was put upon the nation,
First with long parliaments, next reformation,
And now you hop'd to make a new invasion:
And when you can't prevail by open force,
To cunning tickling tricks you have recourse,
And raise sedition forth without remorse.
"Confound these cursed Tories," then they cry,
[In a preaching tone.]
"Those fools, those loyal pimps to monarchy,

"Those that exclude the saints, yet open the door
"To introduce the Babylonian Whore!
"By sacred Oliver, the nation's mad!
"Beloved, 'twas not so when he was head:
"But then, as I have said it oft before ye,
"A Cavalier was but a type of Tory.
"The curs then durst not bark, but all the breed
"Is much increas'd since that good man is
"dead?
"Yet then they rail'd against the Good Old
"Cause,
"Rail'd foolishly for loyalty and laws;
"But when the saints had put them to a stand,
"We left them loyalty, and took their land;
"Yea, and the pious work of reformation
"Rewarded was with plunder, sequestration."
Thus cant the faithful; nay they're so uncivil,
To pray us harmless prayers to the devil.
When this is all th' exception they can make,
They damn us for our glorious master's sake.
But why 'gainst us do you unjustly arm?
Our small religion sure can do no harm:
Or if it do, since that's the only thing,
We will reform, when you are true to th' king.

§ 10. *Epilogue to the Lancashire Witches; 1682. Spoken by Mrs. Barry and Teague.*

SHADWELL.

Mrs. Barry. A Skilful mistress uses wondrous art

To keep a peevish crazy lover's heart.
His awkward limbs, forgetful of delights,
Must be urg'd on by tricks and painful nights
Which the poor creature is content to bear,
Fine mantuas and new petticoats to wear.
And, Sirs, your sickly appetites to raise,
The starving players try a thousand ways:
You had a Spanish Friar of intrigue,
And now we have presented you a Teague,
Which with much cost from Ireland we have got:
If he be dull, e'en hang him for the plot.

Teague. Now have a care; for by my shoul's
shaulvaation,
Dish will offend a party in de nation.

Mrs. Barry. They that are angry must be very
beasts;

For all religions laugh at foolish priests.

Teague. By Cressht, I swear, de poet has
undone me;

Some simple Tory will make beat upon me.

Mrs. Barry. Good Protestants, I hope you will
not see

A martyr made of our poor Tony Lee.
Our popes and friars on one side attend,
And yet, alas! the city's not our friend:
The city neither like us nor our wit;
They say their wives learn ogling in the pit:
They're from the boxes taught to make ad-
vances,

To answer stolen sighs and naughty glances.
We virtuous ladies some new ways must seek;
For all conspire our playing trade to break.
If the bold poet freely shews his vein,
In every place the snarling fops complain.

Of your gross follies if you will not hear,
With inoffensive nonsense you must bear.
You, like the husband, never shall receive
Half the delight the sportive wife can give.
A poet dares not whip this foolish age;
You cannot bear the physic of the stage.

§ 11. *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise; 1683.*
Spoken by Mrs. Cook. DRYDEN.

MUCH time and trouble this poor play has
cost;

And, faith, I doubted once the cause was lost.
Yet no one man was meant, nor great, nor small;
Our poets, like frank gamesters, threw at all.
They took no single aim—
But like bold boys, true to their prince, and
hearty,

Huzza'd, and fir'd broadsides at the whole party.
Ducals are crimes; but when the cause is right,
In battle, every man is bound to fight.
For what should hinder me to sell my skin
Dear as I could, if once my heart were in? }
Se defendendo never was a sin.

'Tis a fine world, my masters—right or wrong,
The Whigs must talk, and Tories hold their
tongue.

They must do all they can—
But we, forsooth, must bear a Christian mind,
And fight like boys with one hand tied behind:
Nay, and when one boy's down, 'twere wondrous
wise,

To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.
When fortune favours, none but fools will dally:
Would any of you sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipp'd youth inviting wink, stand shall I shall I? }
A Trimmer cried (that heard me tell this story)
Fie, Mistress Cook! faith, you're too rank a
Tory!

With not Whigs hang'd, but pity their hard
cases;

You women love to see men make wry faces.
Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me such a Jew;
I say no more, but give the devil his due.
Lenitives, says he, best suit with our condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent physician.
I love no blood—Nor I, Sir, as I breathe;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of death.
We Trimmers are for holding all things even—
Yes, just like him that hung 'twixt hell and
heaven.

Have we not had men's lives enough already?—
Yes, sure; but you're for holding all things
steady.

Now, since the weight hangs all on one side,
brother,

You Trimmers should, to poize it, hang on t' o-
ther.

Damn'd neuters, in their middle way of steering,
Are neither fish nor flesh, nor good red-herring;
Not Whigs nor Tories they, nor this nor that;
Nor birds, nor beasts, but just a kind of bat;
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

§ 12. *Prologue to the Emperor of the Moon;*
1675. Spoken by Mr. Jevern. MRS. BEHN.
LONG, and at vast expence, th' industrious
stage

Has strove to please a dull ungrateful age;
With heroes and with gods we first began,
And thunder'd to you in heroic strain:
Some dying love-sick queen each night you
enjoy'd,

And with magnificence at last were cloy'd:
Our drums and trumpets frighted all the women;
Our fighting fear'd the beaux, and billet-doux men.
So Spark, in an intrigue of quality,
Grows weary of his splendid drudgery;
Hates the fatigue, and cries, A pox upon her!
What a damn'd bustle's here, with love and
honour!

In humble comedy we next appear,
No fop, or cuckold, but, slap-dash, we had him
here;

We shew'd ye all; but you, malicious grown,
Friends' vices to expose, and hide your own, }
Cry, Damn it—this is such or such a one! }

Yet, nettled, Plague! what does this scribbler mean,
With his damn'd characters, and plots obscene?
No woman without vizard in the nation
Can see it twice, and keep her reputation—

That's certain, forgetting—
That he himself, in every gross lampoon,
Her lewder secrets spread about the town;
Whilst their feign'd niceness is but cautious fear,
Their own intrigues should be unravell'd here.

Our next recourse was dwindling down to farce,
Then, Zounds—what stuff is here! Is wit so
scarce?

Well, gentlemen, since none of these has sped,
Gad, we have bought a share in the speaking head.
So there you'll save a sice,
You love good husbandry in all but vice.

*The head rises upon a twisted post, on a bench
from under the stage. After Jevern speaks
to its mouth.*

O!—O!—O!

Stentor. O!—O!—O!

[*After this it sings Sawney, laughs, cries God bless
the king, in order.*

Stentor answers,

Speak louder, Jevern, if you'd have me repeat;
Plague of this rogue, he will betray the cheat.

[*He speaks louder, it answers indirectly.*

—Hum—There 'tis again:

Pox of your echo with a northern strain.

Well—this will be but a nine days wonder too;

There's nothing lasting but the puppet-show.

What lady's heart so hard, but it would move,

To hear Philander and Irene's love?

Those sisters too, the scandalous wits do say,

Two nameless keeping beaux have made so gay;

But these amours are perfect sympathy,

Their gallants being as mere machines as they.

O! how the city wife, with her gown ninnay,

Is charm'd with, Come into my coach, Miss

Jenny!

• This Play was written jointly by Dryden and Lee.

But

But overturning—Fribble cries—Adzigs,
The joggling rogue has murder'd all his kids.
The men of war, cry, Pox on't! this is dull;
We're for rough sports—dog Hector, and the
bull.

Thus each, in his degree, diversion finds,
Your sports are suited to your mighty minds;
Whilst so much judgment in your choice you shew,
The puppets have more sense than some of you.

§ 13. *Prologue to The Mistakes, a play written
by Joseph Harris, comedian; 1690. DRYDEN.*

Enter Mr. Bright.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon;
here's no prologue to be had to-day; our
new play is like to come on without a frontif-
piece; as bald as one of you young beaux
without your periwig. I left our young poet
snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and
cursing somebody that has deceived him.

Enter Mr. Bowen.

Hold your prating to the audience; here is
honest Mr. Williams just come in, half mellow,
from the Rose-Tavern. He swears he is in-
spired with claret, and will come on, and that
extempore too, either with a prologue of his
own, or something like one. O here he comes to his
trial, at all adventures: for my part, I wish him
a good deliverance.

[Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.]

Enter Mr. Williams.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I'm in a hopeful way.
I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for
the play:

But the deuce take me if I know what to say.
I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye,
To the last drop of claret in my belly.

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no
granting: [are wanting.]

And, if my verses feet stumble—you see my own
Our young poet has brought a piece of work,
In which tho' much of art there does not lurk,
It may hold out three days—and that's as
long as Cork.*

But for this play—(which 'till I have done, we
shew not) [not.]

What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know
This I dare swear, no malice here is writ:
'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets,
His squibs are only levell'd at your pockets.
And if his crackles light among your pelf,
Ye are blown up; if not, then he's blown up
himself.

By this time I'm something recover'd of my
fluster'd madneß:

And now, a word or two, in sober sadness.
Quix is a common play; and you pay down
A common harlot's price—just half a crown.
You'll say, I play the pimp on my friend's score;
But since 'tis for a friend, your gibes give o'er:
For many a mother has done that before.

How's this, you cry? an actor write!—we know it;
But Shakspeare was an actor, and a poet.
Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd,
While Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd?
Have not some writing actors, in this age,
Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
Peace and the butt, is all our business here;
So much for that—and the devil take small beer.

§ 14. *Epilogue to King Arbur, an Opera;
1691. Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, in the
Character of Emline. DRYDEN.*

I'VE had to-day a dozen billet-doux,
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow-street
beaux.

Some from Whitchall, but from the Temple
more,

A Covent-Garden porter brought me four.
I have not yet read all; but, without feigning,
We maids can make shrewd guesses at your
meaning.

What if, to shew your styles, I read them here?
Methinks I hear one cry, "O Lord, forbear!"

"No, Madam, no; by Heaven that's too se-
Well then, be safe— [were.]

But swear henceforward to renounce all writ-
ing,

And take this solemn oath of my inditing,
"As you love ease, and hate campaigns and
"fighting."

Yet, faith, 'tis just to make some few examples:
What if I shew'd you one or two for samples?

Here's one desires my ladyship to meet
[Pulls out one.]

At the kind couch above, in Bridges-street.
O sharpening knave! that would have you know what,

For a poor sneaking treat of chocolate.
Now, in the name of luck, I'll break this open,

[Pulls out another.]
Because I dreamt last night I had a token;
The superscription is exceeding pretty,

"To the desire of all the town and city."
Now, gallants, you must know, this precious fop

Is foreman of a haberdasher's shop;
One who devoutly cheats, demure in carriage,

And courts me to the holy bands of marriage:
But with a civil innuendo too,

My overplus of love shall be for you.

[Reads.]
"Madam, I swear, your looks are so divine,
"When I set up, your face shall be my sign."

"Tho' times are hard, to shew how I adore you,
"Here's my whole heart, and half a guinea for you."

"But have a care of beaux; they're false, my
honey;

"And, which is worse, have not one rag of
money."

See how maliciously the rogue would wrong ye:
But I know better things of some among ye.

* The siege of the city of Cork.

My wisest way will be to keep the stage,
And trust to the good-nature of the age;
And he that likes the music and the play,
Shall be my favourite gallant to-day.

§ 15. *Prologue to the Old Batchelor*; 1693.
CONGREVE.

HOW this vile world is chang'd! In former days

Prologues were serious speeches before plays;
Grace, solemn things (as graces are to feasts),
Where poets begg'd a blessing from their guests.
But now no more like suppliants we come!
A play makes war, and prologue is the drum.
Arm'd with keen satire, and with pointed wit,
We threaten you, who do for judges sit,
To save our plays; or else we'll damn your
pit.

But, for your comfort, it falls out to-day,
We've a young author, and his first-born play:
So, standing only on his good behaviour,
He's very civil, and entreats your favour.
Not but the man has malice, would he shew it:
But, on my conscience, he's a bashful poet;
You think that strange—no matter; he'll
outgrow it;
Well, I'm his advocate—by me he prays you,
(I don't know whether I shall speak to please
you)

He prays—O bless me! what shall I do now?
Hang me if I know what he prays, or how!
And 'twas the prettiest prologue as he wrote it:
Well, the deuce take me if I han't forgot it.
O Lord! for Heaven's sake excuse the play,
Because, you know, if it be damn'd to-day,
I shall be hang'd for wanting what to say.
For my sake then—but I'm in such confusion,
I cannot stay to hear your resolution.

[Runs off.]

§ 16. *Prologue, spoken by Lord Buckhurst, at Westminster School, at a representation of Mr. Dryden's CLEOMENES, the Spartan Hero, at Christmas, 1695.*
PRIOR.

PISH! Lord, I wish this prologue was but
Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak:
But can Lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators; pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their
bread,

And if they are not wounded are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're
treated.

The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confession we would sue
Praise undeserv'd; we know ourselves and you;
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For those are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

§ 17. *Prologue to The Royal Mischief*; 1696.
PRIOR.

LADIES, to you with pleasure we submit
This early offspring of a virgin-wit.
From your good-nature nought our authors
fears:

Sure you'll indulge, if not the muse, her years;
Freely the praise she may deserve, bestow;
Pardon, not censure, what you can't allow;
Smile on the work, be to her merits kind,
And to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.

Let critics follow rules; the boldly writes
What Nature dictates, and what Love indites.
By no dull forms her queen and ladies move,
But court their heroes, and agnize their love.
Poor maid! she'd have (what e'en no wife would
crave)

A husband love his spouse beyond the grave:
And, from a second marriage to deter,
Shews you what horrid things step-mothers are.
Howe'er, to constancy the prize she gives,
And tho' the sister dies the brother lives.
Blest with success, at last he mounts a throne,
Enjoys at once his mistress and a crown.
Lean, ladies, then from Lidaraxa's fate,
What great rewards on virtuous lovers wait.
Learn too, if heaven and fate should adverse
prove,

(For fate and heaven don't always smile on love)
Learn with Zelinda to be still the same,
Nor quit your first for any second flame:
Whatever fate, or death, or life, be given,
Dare to be true, submit the rest to Heaven.

§ 18. *Prologue to Love and a Bottle*; 1699.
FARQUHAR.

[Servant attending with a bottle of wine.]

AS stubborn atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying day;
So in their pangs most authors, rack'd with fears,
Implore your mercy in our suppliant prayers.
But our new author has no cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd:
Love and a Bottle are his peaceful arms;
Ladies and gallants, have not those some charms?

For love, all mankind to the fair must sue :
And, Sirs, the bottle he presents to you.
Health to the play I toast [*Drinks*];—en let it pass,
Sure none fit here that will refuse their glass !
O there's a damning soldier—let me think—
He looks as he were sworn—to what ? To drink.

[*Drinks.*]
Come on then ; foot to foot be boldly set,
And our young author's new commission wet.
He and his bottle here attend their doom,
From you the poet's Helicon must come ;
If he has any fecs, to make amends,
He gives his service [*Drinks*];—sure you now are friends.

No critic here will he provoke to fight ;
The day be theirs, he only begs his night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all abuse ;
Then name the health you love, let none refuse.

§ 19. *Prologue to the Constant Couple* ; 1700.

FARQUHAR.

POETS will think nothing so checks their fury,
As wits, cits, beaux, and women for their jury.
Our spark 's half dead to think what medley 's come,
With blended judgments, to pronounce his doom.
'Tis all false fear ; for in a mingled pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully

writ,
His neighbour i' th' great wig may take for wit.
Some authors court the few, the wife if any ;
Our youth 's content, if he can reach the many,
Whogowith muchlike ends to church and play,
Not to observe what priests or poets say,
No, no ! your thoughts, like theirs, lie quite

another way.
The ladies safe may smile, for here's no slander,
No sinist, no lewd-tongued beau, no *double en-*
tendre.

'Tis true, he has a spark just come from France,
But then, so far from beau—why he talks sense ;
Like coin, oft carried out, but—seldom brought
from thence.

There's yet a gang to whom our spark submits,
Your elbow-shaking fool, that lives by's wits,
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits.
Who, lion-like, through bailiffs scours away,
Hunts, in the face of dinner, all the day,
At night with empty bowels grumbles o'er the
play.

And now the mt-lish 'prentice he implores,
Who, with his master's cash, stol'n out of doors,
Employs it on a brace of—honourable whores :
While their good bulky mother pleas'd sits by,
Bawd-regent of the bubble gallery.
Next to our mounted friends we humbly move,
Who all your side-box tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your love.
Ah, friends ! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone ;
Our merry meetings there are all undone :
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange misdeeds,
That strong dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our heads,

Snaps rope like thread ; but when his fortune's
told him,
He'll hear perhaps of rope will one day hold him :
At least, I hope that our good-natur'd town
Will find a way to pull his prices down.

Well, that's all ! Now, gentlemen, for the play ;
On second thoughts, I've but two words to say ;
Such as it is, for your delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.

§ 20. *Prologue to the Inconstant* ; 1702.

FARQUHAR.

LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks :
Plays are like suppers ; poets are the cooks.
The founders you : the table is the place :
The carvers we : the prologue is the grace :
Each act a course ; each scene a different dish :
'I ho' we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough ;
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper proof.
Wit is the wine ; but 'tis so scarce the true,
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,
Are butcher's meat, a battle 's a sirloin :
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.
Bawdy's fat venison, which, tho' stale, can please :
Your rakes love *baut-gouts*, like your damn'd
French cheese.

Your rarity, for the fair guest to gaze on,
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon ;
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred
pound.

An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age ;
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage ;
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.
A pastoral's whipt cream ; stage whims, mere trash ;
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.
But comedy, that, that's the darling cheer ;
This night, we hope, you'll an Inconstant bear :
Wild-fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.
Yet since each mind betrays a different taste,
And ev'ry dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,
If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.
This favour crav'd, up let the music strike :
You're welcome all—now fall to where you like.

§ 21. *Prologue on the proposed Union of the Two Houses* ; 1703.

FARQUHAR.

NOW all the world's ta'en up with state af-
fairs,
Some wishing peace, some calling out for wars,
'Tis likewise fit we should inform the age,
What are the present politics o' th' stage :
Two different states, ambitious both, and bold,
All free-born souls, the New House and the Old,
Have

Have long contended, and made stout essays,
Which should be monarch absolute in plays.
Long has the battle held with bloody strife,
Where many wanting heroes lost their life;
Yet such their enmity, that e'en the slain
Do conquer death, rise up, and fight again.
Whilst from the gallery, box, the pit, and all,
The audience look'd, and shook its awful head,
Wond'ring to see so many thousands fall,
And then look'd pale to see us look so red.
For force of numbers, and poetic spell,
We've rais'd the ancient heroes too from hell,
To lead our troops; and on this bloody field
You've seen great Cæsar fight, great Pompey yield.
Vast sums of treasure too we did advance,
To draw some mercenary troops from France;
Light-footed rogues, who when they got their pay,
Took to their heels—*Allons*—and ran away.
Here you have seen great Philip's conq'ring son,
Who in twelve years did the whole world o'er-run;
Here has he fought, and found a harder job,
To beat one playhouse, than subdue the globe:
All this from emulation for the bays,
You lik'd the contest, and bestow'd your praise:
But now (as busy heads love something new)
They would propose an union—*O mort dieu!*
If it be so, let Cæsar hide his head,
And fight no more for glory, but for bread.
Let Alexander mourn, as once before,
Because no worlds are left to conquer more.
But if we may judge small from greater things,
The present times may shew what union brings,
You feel the danger of united kings. }
If we grow one, then slav'ry must ensue,
To poets, players, and, my friends, to you.
For, to one house confin'd, you then must praise
Both cur'd actors, and confounded plays.
Then leave us as we are, and next advance
Bravely to break the tie 'twixt Spain and France.

§ 25. *Prologue to Love's Contrivance*; 1703.
CENTLIVRE.

POETS like mushrooms rise and fall of late,
Or as th' uncertain favourites of state;
Invention's rack'd to please both eye and ear,
But no scene takes without the moving play'r:
Daily we see plays, pamphlets, libels, rhymes,
Become the falling-sickness of the times;
So feverish is the humour of the town,
It surfeits of a play ere three days run.
At Locket's, Brown's, and at Pontack's inquire,
What modish kick-shaws the nice beaux desire,
What fam'd ragouts, what new-invented fallad,
Has best pretensions to regale the palate.
If we present you with a medley here,
A hodge-podge dish serv'd up in china ware, }
We hope 'twill please, 'cause like your bills of
fare.
To please you all we should attempt in vain;
In different persons different humours reign.
The soldier's for the rattling scenes of war,
The peaceful beau hates shedding blood so near.

Courtiers in com'dy place their chief delight,
'Cause love's the proper business of the night.
The clown for past'ral his half-crown bestows,
But t'other house by sad experience knows }
This polish'd town produces few of those.
The merchant is for traffic ev'ry where,
And values not the best, but cheapest ware.
Since various humours are pleas'd various ways,
A critic's but a fool to judge of plays.
Fool, did I say? 'Tis difficult to know
Who 'tis that's so indeed, or is not so:
If that be then a point so hard to gain,
Wit's sure a most profound unfathom'd main.
He that sits judge, the trident ought to sway, }
To know who's greatest fool or wit, to-day,
The audience, or the author of the play.

§ 23. *Epilogue to the Beau's Duel*; 1703.
CENTLIVRE.

YOU see, gallants, 't has been our poet's care,
To shew what beaux in their perfection are;
By nature cowards, foolish; usele's tools,
Made men by taylor's, and by women, fools:
A fickle, false, a singing, dancing crew,
Nay, now we hear they've smiling-masters too;
Just now a Frenchman, in the dressing-room,
From teaching of a beau to smile was come.
He shew'd five guineas—Was n't he rarely paid?
Thus all the world by smiles are once betray'd;
The statesman smiles on them he would undo,
The courtier's smiles are very seldom true,
The lover's smiles too many do believe,
And women smile on them they would deceive;
When tradesmen smile, they safely cheat with ease;
And smiling lawyers never fail of fees—
The doctor's look the patient's pains beguiles,
The sick man lives if the physician smiles:
Thus smiles with interest hand in hand do go,
He surest strikes, that smiling gives the blow;
Poets, with us this proverb do defy,
We live by smiles, for if you frown we die.
To please you, then, shall be our chief endeavour,
And all we ask is but your smiles for ever.

[*Going,*

Hold—I forgot—the author bid me say,
She humbly begs protection for her play:
'Tis yours—the dedicates it to you all,
And you're too gen'rous, sure, to let it fall;
She hopes the ladies will her cause maintain,
Since virtue here has been her only aim.
The beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her right,
Since here they're taught with safety how to fight.
She's sure of favour from the men of war,
A soldier is her darling character:
To fear their murmurs then would be absurd,
They only mutiny when not prefer'd.
But yet, I see, she does your fury dread,
And, like a prisoner, stands with fear half dead,
While you, her judges, do her sentence give;
If you're not pleas'd, she says, she cannot live.
Let my petition then for once prevail;
And let your gen'rous hands her pardon seal.

§ 24. *Prologue to Love makes a Man*; 1704.

CIBBER.

SINCE plays are but a kind of public feasts,
Where tickets only make the welcome guests;
Methinks, instead of grace, we should prepare
Your tastes in prologue, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each course, tho' this may
tease you,

'Tis five to one but one o' th' five may please you.
First, for the critics, we've your darling cheer,
Faults without number, more than sense can
bear;

You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your displeasure I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown but where your neighbours laugh.
Now you that never know what spleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two are welcome gratis,
That tip the wink, and so sneak out with *num-
quam satis*;

For your smart tastes we've tof'd you up a fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a ragout piping hot from Paris.
But for the softer sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaste were form'd for—
love:

An artless passion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And nearest happy when it most despairs.
For masks, we've scandal; and for beaux,
French airs.

To please all tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the galleries, we've Dicky and Will Pin-
kethman.

Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know
your fare;

• But pray, in charity, the founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once the poet and the play'r.

§ 25. *Prologue to the Twin Rivals*; 1706.

FARQUHAR.

[*An alarm sounded.*]

WITH drums and trumpets, in this warring
age,

A martial prologue should alarm the stage.
New plays—ere acted, a full audience here,
Seem towns infested, when a siege they fear.
Prologues are like a forlorn hope, sent out
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout:
Our dreadful foes, the critics; when they spy,
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back
they fly.

The siege is laid—there gallant chiefs abound;
Here—foes intrench'd; there—glitt'ring troops
around,

And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising
ground.

In the first act, brisk sallies (mist or hit),
With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.
The next—the fire continues, but at length
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's
strength.

The third—feints, mines, and countermine's
abound,

Your critic engineers, safe under ground,
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.

The fourth—brings' on most action, and 'tis
sharp,

Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,
And desp'rate, though unskill'd, insult our coun-
telscarp.

Then comes the last; the gen'ral storm is near,
The poet-governor now quakes for fear;

Runs wildly up and down, forgets to huff,
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.

So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege:

'Twas *Viva Spagna! Viva France!* before;
Now, *Quartier, Monsieur! Quartier! Ah, Senor!*

But what your resolution can withstand?
You master all, and awe the sea and land.

In war—your valour makes the strong submit;
Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.

What play, what fort, what beauty can endure
All fierce assaults, and always be secure?

Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,
Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight.

If we must yield—yet, ere the day be fix'd,
Let us hold out the third, and, if we may, the sixth.

§ 26. *Prologue to the Bassett-Table*; 1706. *Spoken
by Mr. Pinkethman.* CENTLIVRE.

IN all the faces that to plays resort,
Whether of country, city, mob, or court,

I've always found, that none such hopes inspire,
As you—dear brethren of the upper tier.

Poets in prologues may both preach and rail,
Yet all their wisdom nothing will avail;

Who writes not up to you, 'tis ten to one will
fail.

Your thund'ring plaudit 'tis that deals out fame;
You make plays run, though of themselves but
lame.

How often have we known your noise command-
ing,

Impose on your inferior masters understanding;
Therefore, dear brethren, since I'm one of
you,

Whether adorn'd in grey, green, brown, or blue,
This day stand all by me, as I will fall by you.

And now let—
The poor pit see how Pinky's voice commands,

Silence—now rattle all your sticks, and clap your
grimy hands.

I greet your love—and let the vainest author
shew

Half this command on cleaner hands below:
Nay, more to prove your interest, let this play
live by you.

So may you share good claret with your masters,
Still free in your amours from their disasters;

Free from poor house-keeping, where peck is under
locks;

Free from cold kitchens, and no Christmas-box:

So may no long debates i' th' House of Commons
Make you i' th' lobby starve, when hunger fum-
mons;

But may your pious vails come flowing in,
Give you a lucky hit, and make you gentlemen;
And, thus prefer'd, ne'er fear the world's re-
proaches,

But shake your elbows with my lord, and keep
your coaches.

§ 27. *Prologue to the Busy Body*; 1708.

CENTLIVRE.

THOUGH modern prophets were expos'd of
late,

The author could not prophesy his fate:

If with such scenes an audience had been fir'd,

The poet must have really been inspir'd.

But these, alas! are melancholy days,

For modern prophets, and for modern plays.

Yet since prophetic lyes please fools of fashion,

And women are so fond of agitation;

To men of sense I'll prophesy anew,

And tell you wondrous things that will prove
true:

Undaunted colonels will to camps repair,

Assur'd there'll be no skirmishes this year;

On our own terms will flow the wish'd-for peace,
All wars, except 'twixt man and wife, shall
cease.

The Grand Monarque may with his son a throne,

But hardly will advance to lose his own.

This season most things bear a smiling face;

But play'rs in summer have a dismal case,

Since your appearance only is our act of grace.

Court ladies will to country seats be gone,

My lord can't all the year live great in town;

Where, wanting operas, ballet, and a play,

They'll sigh, and stitch a gown to pass the time
away.

Gay city wives at Tunbridge will appear,

Whose husbands long have wish'd for an heir;

Where many a courtier may their wants relieve,

But by the waters only they conceive.

The Fleet-street sempstress—roast of Temple
sparks,

That runs spruce neckcloths for attorneys clerks,

At Cupid's gardens will her hours regale,

Sing fair Dorinda, and drink bottled ale.

At all assemblies rakes are up and down,

And gamblers, when they think they are not
known.

Should I denounce our author's fate, to-day,

To lay down prophecies, you'd damn the lay;

Yet whims like these have sometimes made you
laugh,

'Tis tattling all like Isaac Bickerstaff.

Since war and peace claim the bards that write,

Be kind, and bear a woman's treat, to-night;

Let your indulgence all her fears allay,

And none but women-haters damn this p. y.

§ 28. *Prologue to The Man's bewitch'd*; 1710.

CENTLIVRE.

OUR female author trembling stands within;

Her fear arises from another's sin;

One of her sex has so abus'd the town,

That on her score she dreads your angry frown;

Though I dare say, poor soul, she never writ

Lampoon, or satire, on the box or pit;

A harmless hum'rous play is her extent of wit.

Tho' Bickerstaff's vast genius may engage,

And lash the vice and follies of the age;

Why should the tender Delia tax the nation,

Stickle and make a noise for reformation,

Who always gave a loose herself to inclination?

Scandal and satire's thrown aside to-day,

And humour the sole business of our play.

Beaux may dress on, to catch the ladies' hearts,

And good assurance pass for mighty parts:

The city may bring their spouses without fear,

We shew no wife that's poaching for an heir,

Nor teach the use of a fine gauze handkercher.

Cowards may huff, and talk of mighty wonders,

And jilts sit up—for twenty thousand pounders.

Our author, even though she knows full well,

Is so good-natur'd, she forbears to tell,

What colonels, lately, have found out the knack,

To muster madam, still, by Ned or Jack.

To keep their pleasures up, a frugal way,

They give her—subaltern's subsistence for her pay.

In short, what'er your darling vices are,

They pass untouch'd in this night's bill of fare.

But if all this can't your good-nature wake,

Tho' here and there a scene should fail to take,

Yet spare her for the Busy Body's sake.

§ 29. *Epilogue to the same. Spoken by Mrs.*

Oldfield; 1710. CENTLIVRE.

[A Porter delivers a Letter, just as she
is going to speak.

WHAT's this? a billet-doux! from hands un-
known?

'Tis new to send it thus 'fore all the town:

But since the poor man's so agog,

I'll read it out, by way of epilogue.

[Reads.

Madam,

Permit a wretch to let you know,

That he's no more in *statu quo*;

My ruin from this night commences,

Unless your smiles refund my senses;

For, with one thrust of Cupid's dart,

You've whipp'd your slave quite thro' the
heart:

Therefore, I beg you, cast your eye

O'er boxes, pit, and gallery,

In pity of my pains and doubt,

And try if you can't find me out.

Poor soul! he seems indeed in dismal plight;

Let's see! it can't be, sure! from the upper flight;

No, no—that's plain—for—none of them can

Nor

Nor can I think it from the middle fell,
For I'm afraid as few of them can spell;
Beside, their haggling passions never gain
Beyond the passage-walking nymphs of Drury-Lane:

And then the pit's more stock'd with rakes and rovers,

Than any of these senseless, whining lovers.
The backs o' th' boxes too seem mostly lin'd
With souls whose passion's to themselves confin'd.
In short, I can't perceive, 'mongst all your sparks,
The wretch distinguish'd by these bloody marks:
But since the town has heard your kind commands,
sir,

The town shall e'en be witness of my answer.
First then, beware you prove no spark in red,
With empty purse and regimental head;
That thinks no woman can refuse t' engage in't,
While love's advanc'd with offer'd bills on agent;
That swears he'll settle from his joys commencing,
And make the babe, the day he's born, an ensign.
Nor could I bear a titled beau, that steals
From fasting spouse her matrimonial meals:
That modish sends next morn to her apartment
A civil how d'ye—far, alas! from th' heart meant:
Then, powder'd for th' ensuing day's delights,
Bows thro' his crowd of duns, and drives to
White's.

Nor could I like the wretch that all night plays,
And only takes his rest on winning days;
Then sets up, from a lucky hit, his rattler;
Then's trac'd from his orig'nal—in the Tatler.
To tell you all that are my fix'd aversion,
Would tire the tongue of malice or aspersion.
But if I find 'mongst all one gen'rous heart,
That deaf to stories takes the stage's part;
That thinks that purse deserves to keep the plays,
Whose fortune's bound for the support of operas;
That thinks our constitution here is justly fix'd,
And now no more with lawyers' brawls perplex'd:
He, I declare, shall my whole heart receive;
And (what's more strange) I'll love him while I live.

§ 30. *Prologue to Cato*; 1713. POPE.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was;

No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Even when proud Cæsar, midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state:
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend; be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued:
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 31. *Prologue to Lady Jane Gray*; 1715. ROWE.

TO-NIGHT the noblest subject swells our scene,
A heroine, a martyr, and a queen;
And though the poet dares not boast his art,
The very theme shall something great impart,
To warm the gen'rous soul, and touch the tender heart.

To you, fair judges, we the cause submit;
Your eyes shall tell us how the tale is writ.
If your soft pity waits upon our woe,
If silent tears for suff'ring virtue flow;
Your grief the muses' labour shall confess,
The lively passions, and the just distress.
O! could our author's pencil justly pain,
Such as she was in life, the beautiful saint;
Boldly your strict attention might we claim,
And bid you mark and copy out the dame.
Now and'ring glance one wanton thought confess'd,
No guilty wish inflam'd her spotless breast:
The only love that warm'd her blooming youth,
Was husband, England, liberty, and truth.
For these she fell; while, with too weak a hand,
She strove to save a blind ungrateful land.
But thus the secret laws of fate ordain,
William's great hand was doom'd to break that chain,

And end the hopes of Rome's tyrannic reign.
For ever as the circling years return,
Ye grateful Britons! crown the hero's urn;
To his just care you ev'ry blessing owe,
Which or his own, or following reigns bestow:
Though his hard fate a father's name denied,
To you a father, he that loss supplied.

Then

Then while you view the royal line's increase,
And count the pledges of your future peace,
From this great flock while still new glories come,
Conquest abroad, and liberty at home;
While you behold the beautiful and brave,
Bright princesses to grace you, kings to save,
Enjoy the gift, but bless the hand that gave. }

§ 32. *Epilogue to the Cruel Gift. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfield; 1717.* ROWE.

WELL—'twas a narrow 'scape my lover made—
That cup and message—I was forc'd afraid!

Was that a present for a new-made widow,
All in her dismal dumps, like doleful Dido?
When one peep'd in—and hop'd for something
good,

There was—O gad! a nasty heart and blood*.
If the old man had shew'd himself a father,
His bowl should have inclos'd a cordial rather;
Something to cheer me up amidst my trance,
L'eau de Barbade—or comfortable *Nautix*†.
He thought he paid it off with being smart,
And, to be witty, cried, he'd fend the heart.
I could have told his gravity, moreover,
Were I our sex's secrets to discover,
'Tis what we never look for in a lover. }

Let but the bridegroom prudently provide
All other matters fitting for a bride,
So he make good the jewels and the jointure,
To mis the heart does seldom disappoint her.
Faith, for the fashion hearts of late are made in,
They are the vilest baubles we can trade in.
Where are the tough brave Britons to be found,
With hearts of oak, so much of old renown'd?
How many worthy gentlemen of late
Swore to be true to mother-church and state;
When their false hearts were secretly maintaining
Yon trim king Pepin, at Avignon reigning?
Shame on the canting crew of soul-insurers,
That Tyburn-tribe of speech-making nonjurors;
Who, in new-fangled terms old truths explaining,
Teach honest Englishmen damn'd double-meaning.

O, would you lost integrity restore,
And boast that faith your plain forefathers bore;
What surer pattern can you hope to find,
Than that dear pledge‡ your monarch left behind?
See how his looks his honest heart explain,
And speak the blessings of his future reign!
In his each feature truth and candour trace,
And read plain dealing written in his face.

§ 33. *Epilogue to the Pseudolus of Plautus. Acted by the Scholars of Bury School, November 6, 1734.*

I HAVE been peeping for these many days
I th' tail of all the Greek and Latin plays,
And, after strictest search, to none can find
An epilogue, like disheclour, pinn'd behind.

* This tragedy was founded upon the story of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, out of Boccace's novels; wherein the heart of the lover is sent by the father to his daughter, as a present.

† i. e. Citron-water and good brandy.

Those ancient bards knew when the play was done,
Nor, like Sir Martin Mar-all, still play'd on;
They imitated nature in their plan,
Nor made a monkey when they meant a man.
From modern fancy then this custom rose,
Like whimsical toupees among the beaux:
Monstrous excrescences! both which disgrace
(By being fix'd in an improper place)
Heaven's great production, man; man's great
production, plays. }

Yet must we, though as foolish we decry
This mode, be fools in fashion, and comply;
For rights, we know, howe'er absurdly gain'd
At first, with obstinacy are maintain'd:
Since then this privilege you will not lose,
Let's hear what sort of epilogue you'll choose.
Are you for satire? No; why there you're right;
The wisest can't foresee where that may light.
Are ye for politics? There we cry No,
Where that may light—you easily may know.
Another topic then, pray, ladies, hear;
Suppose a panegyric on the fair.
So, I perceive, I've touch'd the ticklish place,
And clearly read consent in ev'ry face.
O fie! consent so soon, that can't be right;
I hate such coming ladies—so good night.

§ 34. *Epilogue to the Lying Valet; 1740.* GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree,
And yet, look round the world, and you
shall see

That many more, my betters, *lye* as fast as me.
Against this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing,
You'll find but few without this useful failing. }
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The *lye* goes round, and the ball's never still.
My lyes were harmless, told to shew my parts,
And not like those, when tongues belye their hearts.
In all professions you will find this flaw;
And in the gravest too, in physic and in law.
The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the
cause!"

But when my lord decrees for t' other side,
Your costs of suit convince you—that he lyes.
A doctor comes, with formal wig and face,
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows your
case;

"Your fever's slight, not dangerous, I assure you;
"Keep warm, and *repetaur baustus*, Sir, will cure
"you."

Around the bed, next day, his friends are crying;
The patient dies, the doctor's paid for lying.
The poet, willing to secure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taste, and wit:
The cause comes on, and while the judges try,
Each groan and cat-call gives the bard the lye.

‡ The Prince of Wales, then present.

Now

Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do :
They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.
" Lord ! " says the prude (her face behind her fan)
" How can our sex have any joy in man ?
" As for my part, the best could ne'er deceive me ;
" And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve
" me !
" Their fight is odious, but their touch, O gad !
" The thought of that's enough to drive one
" mad."

Thus rails at man the squamish Lady Dainty,
Yet weds at fifty-five a rake of twenty.
In short, a beau's intrigues, a lover's sighs,
The courtier's promise, the rich widow's cries,
And patriot's zeal, are seldom more than lies. }
Sometimes you'll see a man belye his nation,
Nor to his country shew the least relation.
For instance, now——

A cleanly Dutchman, or a Frenchman grave, }
A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,
An Englishman, a coward or a slave, }
Mine, though a fibbing, was an honest art ;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part :
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For, though my tongue was false, my heart was
true.

§ 35. *Epilogue to Ignoramus, acted at Westminster School in December 1747. Spoken by Ignoramus and Musæus.*

Ign. PEACE, book worm ! bless me, what a clerk
have I !

A strange place sure——this university !
What's learning, virtue, modesty, or sense ?
Fine words to hear—but will they turn the pence ?
These stiff pedantic notions—far outweighs
That one short, comprehensive thing—a face.
Go, match it if you can with all your rules
Of Greek or Roman, old or modern schools :
The total this of Ignoramus' skill,
To carve his fortune—place him where you will.
For not in law alone could I appear ;
My parts would shine alike in any sphere.
You've heard my song in Rosabella's praise :
And would I try the loftier ode to raise,
You'd see me soon—a rival for the bays. }

Or, I could turn a journalist, and write
With little wit, but large recruits of spite ;
Abuse and blacken—just as party sways—
And lash my betters—these are thriving ways.

My mind to graver physic would I bend,
Think you I'd study Greek, like Mead or Freind ?
No—with some *strum* I'd ensure my fees,
Without the help of learning or degrees :
On drop or pill securely I'd rely,
And shake my head at the whole faculty.
Or would I take to orders——

Mus. Orders ! how ?

Ign. One not too scrupulous a way might know :
'Twere but the forging of a hand—or io.
In orders too my purposes I'd serve ;
And if I could not rise, I would not starve.
With lungs and face I'd make my butchers stare,
Or publish—that I'd marry at May-fair.

These, these are maxims, that will stand the test :
But universities——are all a jest.

Mus. I grant, a prodigy we sometimes view,
Whom neither of our seats of learning knew.
Yet sure none shine more eminently great,
In law or physic, in the church or state,
Than those who early drank the love of fame
At Cam's fair bank, or Isis' silver stream.
Look round—here's proof enough this point to
clear.

Ign. Bless me !—what !—not one Ignoramus
here ?

I stand convicted——what can I say more ?
See—my face fails, which never fail'd before.
How great foe'er I seem in Dulman's eye,
Yet Ignorance must blush—when Learning's by.

§ 36. *Epilogue to Agamemnon. THOMSON.*

OUR Bard, to modern epilogue a foe,
Thinks such mean mirth but deadens gen'rous
Dispers in idle air the moral sigh, [woe ;
And wipes the tender tear from pity's eye :
No more with social warmth the bosom burns ;
But all th' unfeeling, selfish man returns.

Thus he began :—And you approv'd the strain ;
Till the next couplet sunk to light and vain.
You check'd him there—to you, to reason just,
He owns he triumph'd in your kind disgust.
Charm'd by your frown, by your displeasure grac'd,
He hails the rising virtue of your taste.
Wide will its influence spread, as soon as known ;
Truth, to be lov'd, need only to be shewn.
Confirm it, once, the fashion to be good
(Since fashion leads the fool, and awes the rude),
No petulance shall wound the public ear ;
No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear :
No painful blush the modest check shall stain ;
The worthy breast shall heave with no disdain.
Chastis'd to decency, the British stage
Shall oft invite the fair, invite the sage :
Both shall attend well-pleas'd, well-pleas'd depart ;
Or, if they doom the verse, absolve the heart.

§ 37. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Garrick at the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, in the Year 1747. JOHNSON.*

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous
foes

First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain :
His pow'ful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule ;
His studious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach assay'd the heart :
Cold approbation gave the ling'ring bays ;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor with'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame;
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days:
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long;
Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd:
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd, whilst passion slept;
Yet still did virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit:
Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can preface,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Dufseys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps, where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new forerunners may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by fortune plac'd,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste:
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubble of the day.
Ah! Jet not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence,
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising age,
And Truth diffuse her radiance from the Stage.

§ 38. *Epilogue to Shakspeare's First Part of King Henry IV. Spoken by Mr. J. Y. in the Character of Falstaff, 1748. Acted by young Gentlemen at Mr. Newcome's School at Hackney.*

HOADLEY.

[Push'd in upon the stage by Prince Henry.]

A PLAGUE upon all cowards, still, I say—
Old Jack must bear the heat of all the day,
And be the master-fool, beyond the play—
Amidst hot-blooded Hotspur's rebel strife,
By miracle of wit I sav'd my life;
And now stand foolishly expos'd again
To th' hissing bullets of the critic's brain.
Go to, old lad, 'tis time that thou wert wiser—
Thou art not fram'd for an epiloguizer.

There's Hal, now, or his nimble shadow, Poins,
Straight in the back, and lissome in the loins,
Who wears his boot smooth as his mistress's skin,
And shining as the glass she dresses in;
Can bow and cringe, fawn, flatter, cog, and lye—
Which honest Jack could never do—not I.
Hal's heir-apparent face might stand it buff,
And make (ha! ha! ha!) a saucy epilogue enough;
But I am old, and stiff—nay, bathful grown,
For Shakspeare's humour is not now my own.
I feel myself a counterfeiting ass;
And if for sterling wit I give you brass,
It is his royal image makes it pass.
Fancy now works; and here I stand and stew
In mine own greasy fears, which set to view
Eleven buckram critics in each man of you.
Wights, who with no out-facings will be shammi'd,
Nor into risibility be hamm'd,
Will, tho' they shake their sides, think nature treason;
And see one damn'd—ere laugh without a reason.
Then how shall one, not of the virtuous, speed,
Who merely has a wicked wit to plead—
Wit without measure, humour without rule,
Unfetter'd laugh, and lawless ridicule?
Faith! try him by his peers, a jury chosen—
The kingdom will, I think, scarce raise the dozen.
So—be but kind, and countenance the cheat.
I'll in, and say to Hal—I've done the feat.

§ 39. *Prologue to Irene, 1749. JOHNSON.*

YE glittering train! whom lace and velvet bless,
Suspend the soft sollicitudes of dress;
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,
Ye sons of Avarice! a moment spare;
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Pow'r!
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring Bard, with spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral of mankind.
Learn here how Heaven supports the virtuous mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vig'rous, tho' resign'd.
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,
In pow'r dependent, in success deprest.
Learn here that peace from innocence must flow;
All else is empty sound, and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language join,
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artless plot forgive;
And spare him, beauties! tho' his lovers live.
Be this at least his praise, be this his pride:
To force applause no modern arts are tried.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls not thunders o'er the drowsy pit.
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd tho' widdings sneer, and rivals rail;
Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail,
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,
With merit needless, and without it vain.
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust;
Ye sops, be silent; and ye wits, be just.

§ 40. *Prologue to Comus, for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter; 1750. Spoken by Mr. Garrick.* JOHNSON.

YE patriot crowds who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,
Whose generous zeal, unbought by flart'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan times;
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage,
With close malevolence, or public rage;
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of universal praise;
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haste each candidate of fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring name;
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.
What tho' the thine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire,
Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;
Hers the mild merits of domestic life,
The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandfire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wife, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown desert—beyond the grave.

§ 41. *Occasional Prologue, spoken by Mr. Garrick, at the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre, September 5, 1750.*

AS heroes, states, and kingdoms, rise and fall;
So with the mighty to compare the small
Thro' int'rest, whim, or, if you please, thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state:
The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage;
A year's alliance is with us—an age!
And where's the wonder? all surprisemust cease,
When we reflect how int'rest, or caprice,
Makes real kings break articles of peace.

Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare:
"Cry, havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war."
To shake our souls, the papers of the day
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array;
A pow'r, might strike the boldest with dismay:
Yet, fearless still, we take the field with spirit,
Arm'd *cap à pic* in self-sufficient merit.
Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
From Hamlet's mother † to the cobler's † wife.
Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
Others, like Swifs, love fighting as their trade;
For, beat or beating, they must all be paid.

Sacred to Shakspeare was this spot design'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
But if an empty house, the actor's curse,
Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lost their force;
Unwilling, we must change the nobler scene,
And, in our turn, present you Harlequin:
Quit poets, and set carpenters to work,
Snew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk;
For tho' we actors, one and all, agree
Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
If want comes on, importance must retreat;
Our first, great, ruling passion, is—to eat.
To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
The conflict glorious! for we'll fight for you:
And, should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

§ 42. *Occasional Prologue, spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre by Mr. Barry; 1750.*

WHEN vice or folly over-runs a state,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers useful subjects cease to prize,
And damn for arts that caus'd themselves to rise;
When jealousies and fears possess the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own;
Can it be strange, that men for sight prepare,
And strive to raise a colony elsewhere?
This custom has prevail'd ev'ry age,
And has been sometimes practis'd on the stage:
For—*entre nous*—these managers of merit,
Who fearless arm, and take the field with spirit,
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mien,
And Herod § have out-Herod-ed—within.

[Pointing to the Green-Room.]

O, they can torture twenty thousand ways!
Make bouncing Bajazet || retreat from Bays ¶!
The ladies too, with ev'ry pow'r to charm,
Whose face and fire an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By selfish arts expell'd our ancient seat,
In search of candour, and in search of meat,
We from your favour hope for this retreat.

* In which papers was this paragraph: "We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden theatre for the ensuing season."—On the part of Drury-Lane theatre it was notified, "That two celebrated actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there, also Miss Bellamy, and a new actress, Signor Fauson, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a gentleman to sing, who had not been on any stage."

† Mrs. Pritchard.

‡ Mrs. Clive.

§ Mr. Quin.

|| Both Quin and Barry.

¶ Mr. Garrick.

* & Mrs. Cibber, &c.

If Shakspeare's passion, or if Jonson's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That task be ours; but if you damn their scenes,
And heroes must give way to harlequins,
We too can have recourse to mime and dance,
Nay, there, I think, we have the better chance:
And, should the town grow weary of the mute,
Why, we'll produce a child upon the flute*.
But, be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
Long they have feasted—permit us now to eat.

§ 43. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Clive, on the two occasional Prologues at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, 1750.*

[Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would oppose her.]

I'LL do't, by heaven I will!—Pray get you gone:
What! all these janglings, and I not make one!
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?
These creatures here would have me hold my tongue!

I'm so provok'd, I hope you will excuse me;
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.
While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,
With indignation hold the vengeful lash,
And at each other throw alternate squibs,
Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs;
I Catherine Clive come here to attack 'em all,
And aim alike at little and at tall.
But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,
A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

Once on a time two boys were throwing dirt,
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat pert:

Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Whom gravely heard their different parts repeated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad! ill-treated.

The master paus'd—to be unjust was loth,
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipt them both.
In the same master's place, lo! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First, for our own—'tis a pretty youth!
But out of fifty lyes I'll sift some truth:
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things miscarried!
Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike!
And then he gets—to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes.
And when he falls into his frantic fit,
He blusters so, it makes e'en me submit.
So much for him—the other youth comes next,
Who shews by what he says, poor soul! he's vex'd.
He tells you tales how cruelly this treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.
Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bays!

* A child, said to be but four years of age, had been introduced on the stage of Drury-Lane theatre, to play a tune on that instrument.

† Blowing his cat-call.

I, who am woman, would have stood the fray;
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!—
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was—enquire within.
No matter who—I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease:
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

§ 44. *Prologue to Gil Blas; 1751. Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Cat-call in his Hand.* MOORE.

ARE you all ready? here's your music, here †!
Author, sneak off;—we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow stopt me in a hellish fright—
Pray, Sir, said he, must I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! surely, friend—don't hope for our compliance;

Zounds, Sir—a second play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,

Here's the true recipe—for repetition.

Well, Sir, says he, e'en as you please; so then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.

But, hark ye, poet!—won't you though, says I,
'Pon honour?—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word,
Damn him, or, by my soul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but, mind ye
Tell him—you've left your charity behind ye.

A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!

Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,

Come to give sober judgments of new plays?

It argues some good-nature to be quiet—

Good-nature!—Aye—but then we lose a riot.

The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.

Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks,
No crabbed critics—foes to rising merit—
Write but with fire, and we'll applaud with spirit.
Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
So if you like it, save it; if not, damn it.

§ 45. *Prologue to Taste; 1752. Spoken in the Character of an Auctioneer.* GARRICK.

BEFORE this court I Peter Puff appear,
A Briton born, and bred an auctioneer!
Who, for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate case before ye—

'Tis said, this night, a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the
Before you buy, be sure to understand; [land,
O, think on us, what various ills will flow,
When great ones only purchase what they know!
Why laugh at *taste*? It is a harmless fashion,
And quite subduces each detrimental passion:
The fair-ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—china and japan.
The virtuoso too, and connoisseur,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
Just warm when single, and when married—cold;
Their blood, at sight of beauty, gently flows;
Their Venus must be old; and want a nose!
No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
'Tis said *virtù* to such a height is grown
All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
Be not deceiv'd; I here declare on oath,
I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
My best antiquities are made at home.
I've Romans, Greeks, Italians, near at hand,
True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium;
They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.
But hush—
Should it be known that English are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
• If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewell to arts—they are going, going, going!
The fatal hammer's in your hand, O town!
Then set us up—and knock the poet down.

§ 46. *Prologue to Cato. Altered in 1753 by the
Scholars of the free Grammar School at Derby,
for the Benefit of the Orphan of the late Usher.
Written by one of the Scholars, aged 16.*

NO Garrick here majestic treads the stage,
No Quin your whole attention to engage;
No practis'd actor here the scene employs;
But a raw parcel of unskilful boys.
Shall we disfigur'd in a school-boy see
Cato's great soul in base epitome?
Can critics bear such slavery as this?
Would not e'en Cato join the critic's hiss?
What shall we say, then? what excuses make?
Our credit and success lie both at stake.

As when some peasant, who, to treat his
lord,
Brings out his little stock, and decks his board,
With what his ill-stor'd cupboard will afford,
With awkward bows, and ill-plac'd rustic airs,
To make excuses for his feast prepares;
So we, with tremor mix'd with vast delight,
• View the bright audience which appears to-night,
And, conscious of its meanness, hardly dare
To bid you welcome to our homely fare.

But would the ladies in our cause appear,
One look would silence ev'ry critic here.
If you but smile, 'twill cheer our tim'rous hearts,
And give us courage to perform our parts.
To you, ye fair ones, then, we make address,
And beg protection for this night's success.
Look gently on our faults, and, where we fail,
Let pity to our tender youth prevail.
Our cause is in your hands; and Cato, who
Disdain'd great Cæsar's yoke, submits to you.

§ 47. *Prologue to the Fairies; 1755. Written
and spoken by Mr. Garrick.*

[Enter—interrupting the band of music.

A Moment stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While here, as usual, I my duty pay.

[To the audience.

Don't frown, my friends [to the band]; you
soon shall melt again;
But, if not there is felt each dying strain,
Poor I shall speak, and you will scarce, in vain.
To see me now, you think the strangest thing!
For, like friend Benedick, I cannot sing:
Yet, in this prologue, cry but you *conagio*!
I'll speak you both a jig, and an *adagio*!

A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,
Oft went disguis'd, to hear the people prate!
So, curious I sometimes steal forth, *incog*,
To hear what critics croak of me—King *Leg*.
Three nights ago, I heard a *rite à tête*,
Which fix'd at once our English opera's fate:
One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome;
The other born abroad, but here his home:
And first the *English foreigner* began,
Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:
“An English opera! 'tis not to be borne;
“I both my country and their music scorn.
“O, damn their Ally Croakers, and their
“Early-horn!

“Signior *se—bat sons—voss recitativo*:
“*Il tutto, è bestiale e cativo*.”

This said, I made my *exit* full of terrors:
And now ask pardon, for the following errors.

Excuse us, first, for foolishly supposing
Your countrymen could please you in composing;
An opera too!—play'd by an English band,
Wrote in a language which you understand—
I dare not say who wrote it—I could tell ye,
To soften matters—Signor Shakspearelli:
This awkward drama (I confess th' offence)
Is guilty too of poetry and sense:
And then the price we take—you'll all abuse it,
So low, so unlike op'ras—but excuse it,
We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall
chuse it.

Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest,
Which turns the whole performance to a jest,
Our fingers all are well, and all will do their best.
But why would this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an opera?—'Tis the strangest plan!

Struck with the wonders of his master's art,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
f f Whose

Whose heaven-born strains the coldest breast
inspire,
Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If thro' the clouds appear some glimm'ring rays,
They're sparks he caught from his great master's
blaze!

§ 48. *Prologue to Virginia; 1754. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of time,

'Tis penning bows, and making legs, in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door, with simp'ring grin,
When we should shew the company within.—
So thinks our bard, who, stiff in classic knowledge,
Preserves too much the buckram of the college.—

"Lord, Sir," said I, "an audience must be
"woo'd,"

"And, lady-like, with flattery pursued;
"They nauseate fellows that are blunt and
"rude.

"Authors should learn to dance, as well as
"write—" [sigh!]

"Dance at my time of life! Zounds, what a
"Grown-gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn
"by night.

"Your modern prologues, and such whims as
"these, [phocles.]

"The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to So—

"I read no Greek, Sir—when I was at school,

"Terence had prologues—Terence was no fool."

"He had; but why?" replied the bard, in rage:

Exotics, monsters, had possess'd the stage,

"But we have none, in this enlighten'd age!"

"Your Britons now, from gallery to pit.

"Can relish nought but sterling Attic wit.

"Here, take my play, I meant it for instruc-
"tion;

"If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,

"E'en let that nonsense be your own pro-
"duction."

Off went the poet—it is now expedient,

I speak as manager, and your obedient—

I, as your car'rer, would provide you dishes,

Dress'd to your palates, season'd to your wishes.

Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at
home,

We too can send for niceties from Rome;

To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor
money;

Discard sirloins, and get you maccheroni.

Whate'er new gusto for a time may reign,

Shakspeare and beef must have their turn again.

If novelties can please, to-night we've two—

The English both, yet spare 'em, as they're new.

To one, at least, your usual favours show;
A female asks it—can a man say No?
Should you indulge our novice, yet unseen,
And crown her, with your hands, a tragic queen;
Should you, with smiles, a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame;
With one wish more her whole ambition
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

§ 49. *Epilogue to the same; 1754. GARRICK.*

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink, [think.
Not courteously enquire, but tell you what you
From top to bottom I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And, first, with you above I shall begin—

[To the upper gallery.]

Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelvepence seat you there, so near the
ceiling,

The folks below can't boast a better feeling.

No high-brd prud'ry in your region lurks.

You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.

Says John to Tom (aye—there they sit together,
As honest Bistons as e'er trod on leather):

"'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very wild,

"That old Vergennes should have struck his child:

"I would have hang'd him for't had I been ruler;

"And duck'd that Apus too, by way of cooler."

Some maiden-dames, who hold the middle floor.

[To the middle gallery.]

And fly from naughty man, at forty-four,

With turn'd-up eyes applaud Virginia's 'scape,

And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape;

So very chaste, they live in constant fears,

And apprehension strengthens with their years.

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,

Yet love distressed damsels to befriend;

You think this tragic joke too far was carried,

And wish, to set all right, the maid had married:

You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)

Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May I approach unto the boxes, pray—

And there search out a judgment on the play?

In vain, alas! I should attempt to find it;

Fine ladies see a play, but never mind it.

'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by acted passion,

Or form opinions till they're fix'd by fashions.

Our author hopes this sickle goddess Mode,

With us will make, at least, nine days abode;

To present pleasure he contracts his view,

And leaves his future fame to time and you.

§ 50. *Prologue to Barbarossa; 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Country Boy.*

MEASTER! measter!

Is not my measter here among you, pray?
Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—

* Mrs. Graham, afterwards Mrs. Yates, then a new actress,

The

The actor-folks are making such a clatter!
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter:

He must be there among you—look about—
A weezen pale-fac'd mon—do find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to shame;
Call Mifter—hold—I must not tell his name.

La! what a crowd is here! what noise and pother!
Fine lads and lasses! one o' top o' r' other.

[Pointing to the rows of pit and gallery.

I could for ever here with wonder gaze;
I ne'er saw church to full, in all my days!
Your servant, Sirs—What do you laugh for, eh?
You donna take me sure for one o' the play?
You should not flout an honest country lad—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as strange as I, and stranger too;
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

[Laughing.

I donna like your London tricks, nor I;
And, since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why:
And, if you wull, since now I am before ye,
For want of pro-log, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the rich and great:
But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en;
I like it not—would I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
And got a place with one o' th' corporation;
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal;
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I could not make abode,
For, could you think't? he eat a great sea-toad!

It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me;
He call'd it *billy-patch*, and *cap-a-pee*:
Ea! how I star'd!—I thought—who knows
but I,

For want of monst'rs, may be made a pyc?
Rather than rarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame and country fare again.

I left toud-eater; then I serv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word.

While 'mong the great this geaming work the trade is,

[Ladies.

They mind no more poor servants—than their

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top-down, as one may say,
She chang'd the day to neer, the neet to day!
I was fo theam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays—
Fine folks shew all for nothing, now-a-days!

Now I'm the pect's mon—I find with wits
There's nothing farrain—nav, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a sinner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three is thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece;
But should you find that all our swans are geece,
Efeck, I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

§ 51. *Epilogue to the same; 1755. Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a fine Gentleman.* GARRICK.

[Enter—speaking without.

'PSHAW! damn your epilogue, and hold your tongue—

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong?
Had you ten epilogues, you should not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in linguum Gircum.
I'll do't, by all the gods! (you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me!

[To the audience.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff!
I come to tell you (let it not surprife you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-log speaking savage, that great looby,
To talk his nonsense!—give me leave to say,
'Twas low! damn'd low! but save the fellow's play:
Let the poor devil eat; allow him that,
And give a meal to measter, mon, and cat;
But why atack the fashions? senseless rogue!
We have no joys but what result from vogue:
The mode should all controul!—nay, ev'ry
passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion:
I hate as much he a turtle-feast,
But, till the present turtle-rage is ceas'd,
I'd ride an hundred miles to make myself a
beast.

I have no cars; yet operas I adore!
Always prepar'd to die—to sleep—no more!
The ladies too were carp'd at, and their drefs,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Be's!
They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free:
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more or less, 'tis all the same to me.
Poor gaming too was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast!
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think—
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit
on—

What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness:
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land;
Send o'er your Shak speares to the sons of France,
Let them grow grave—let us begin to dance!
Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
Reserve alone, to blefs these golden times,
A farce or two—and Woodward's panto-
mimes.

§ 52. *Occasional Prologue to the Mask of Britannia; 1755. Written and spoken by Mr. Garrick, in the Character of a Sailor, fuddled, and talking to himself.*

Enters, singing, "How pleasant a sailor's life passes!"

WELL! if thou art, my boy, a little mellow,
A sailor, half-seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow.
What

What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much sail?

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[To the pit.]

[He staggers forward, and then stops.]

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel—

Steady! my boy—the must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue?

Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand, I do!

A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:

There's nothing better, faith—save slip and fight—
I must away—I must— [ing.]

What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?

What! shall these *Paw-voos* make such a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?

Still! shall Old England be your Frenchman's
butt?—

Where'er he shuffles we should always cut.

I'll to 'em, faith---Avast---before I go—

Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?

[Pulls out a play-bill.]
From this same paper we shall understand

What work 's to-night—I read your printed hand.

First let's refresh a bit---for, faith, I need it---

I'll take one sugar-plum---[takes some tobacco]
and then I'll read it.

[He reads the play-bill of *Zara*,
which was acted that evening.]

"At the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane—

"Will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy, called
Scrab---

I'm glad 'tis *Scrab*---then our Sall may see

Her namesake's tragedy: and as for me,

I'll sleep as sound as if I were at sea.

"To which will be added—a new masque---

Zounds! why a masque? We sailors hate grimaces:

Above board all; we scorn to hide our faces.

But what is here, so very large and plain?

"Bri-tan-nia."—O, Britannia!—good again—

Huzza, boys!--By the Royal George, I swear,

Tom Coxen, and the crew, shall straight be there.

All free-born souls must take Bri-tan-nia's part,

And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!

[Going off, he stops.]

I wish you landmen, tho', would leave your tricks,

Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:

And, like us honest tars, drink, fight, and sing;

True to yourselves, your country, and your king!

§ 53. *Prologue to Comus. Performed for the Benefit of the General Hospital at Bath, 1756; and spoken by Miss Morrison, in the Character of a Lady of Fashion.* HEADLEY.

She enters with a number of tickets in her hand.

WELL, I've been beating up for volunteers,

But find that charity has got no ears.

I first attack'd a colonel of the guards—

Sir, charity—consider its rewards;

With healing hand the saddest sores it skins,

And covers—O!--a multitude of sins.

He swore the world was welcome to his thoughts:

'Twas damn'd hypocrisy to hide one's faults;

And with that sin his conscience ne'er was twitted;

The only one he never had committed.

Next to my knight I plead. He shook his head;

Complain'd the stocks were low, and trade was dead.

In these Bath charities a tax he'd found

More heavy than four shillings in the pound.

What with the play-house, hospital, and abbey,

A man was stripp'd—unless he'd look quite shabby.

Then such a train, and such expence, to wit;

My lady, all the brats, and cousin Kit—

He'd steal himself, perhaps, into the pit.

Old Lady Sliplop, at her morning cards,

Vows that all works of *genus* she regards;

Raffles for Chinese gods, card houses, shells,

Nor grudges to the music, or the bells,

But has a strange *antiquity* to nasty *opistels*.

I hope your lordship—then my lord replies—

No doubt, the governors are—very wise;

But, for the play, he wonder'd at their choice.

In Milton's days such stuff might be the taste,

But, faith! he thought it was damn'd dull and chaste.

Then swears he to the charity is hearty,

But can't, in honour, break his evening party.

When to the gouty alderman I sued,

The nasty fellow ('gad) was downright rude.

Is begging grown the fashion, with a pox!

The mayor should set such housewives in the stocks.

Give you a guinea! z---ds! replied the beast,

'Twould buy a ticket for a turtle-feast.

Think what a guinea a-head might set before ye—

Sir, mullet—turbot—and a grand John Dory.

I'll never give a groat, as I'm a sinner,

Unless they gather 't in a dish—at dinner.

I trust, by art and more polite address,

You fairer advocates meet more success;

And not a man compassion's cause withstood,

When beauty pleaded for such *gen'ral good*.

§ 54. *Prologue to the Winter's Tale, and Catherine and Petrucio; 1756. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.*

TO various things the stage has been compar'd,

As apt ideas strike each humorous bard:

This night, for want of better simile,

Let this our theatre a tavern be:

The poets vintners, and the waiters we.

So, as the cant and custom of the trade is,

You're welcome, gem'men; kindly welcome, ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread;

You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakspeare's Head;

From this same head, this fountain-head divine,

For different palates springs a different wine;

In which no tricks, to strengthen or to thin 'em—

Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—

Hence

Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champagne;
Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' every vein;
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd
brain!

Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,
And sweet love-potions for the fair and young:
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,

[To the upper gallery.]

There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.
For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,
There's Sir John Falstaff in a butt of sack;
And, if the stronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua vite.

But should you call for Falstaff, whereto find him,
He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind him.
Sunk in his elbow chair, no more he'll roam,
No more, with merry wags, to catch us come;
He's gone—to jest and laugh, and give his
sack at home.

As for the learned critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching, fall asleep;
Who, in the forms of passion, hum and haw!—
For such our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakspeare's
Head.

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champagne.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights—what's that—when
wine is pure?

“Come, fill a bumper, Jack.”—“I will, my
“Lord.”—

“Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immense!—
“upon my word!

“Sir William, what say you?”—“The best,
“believe me.”

“In this—eh, Jack?”—the devil can't deceive me.”
Thus the wise critic, too, mistakes his wine;
Cries out, with lifted hands—“Tis great! divine!
Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike
him;

This Shakspeare! Shakspeare!—O, there's no-
thing like him!

In this night's various and enchanted cup
Some little Perry's mix'd, for filling up.
The five long acts, from which our three are
taken,

Stretch'd out to sixteen years, lay by, forsaken;
Left then this precious liquor run to waste,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
To lose no drop of that immortal man!

§ 55. *Prologue to the Apprentice, 1756. Spoken by Mr. Murphy, Author of the Piece, dressed in black.* GARRICK.

BEHOLD a wonder for theatrie story!

The culprit of this night appears before ye:
Before his judges dares their boards to tread,
“With all his imperfections on his head!”

Prologues precede the piece, in mournful verse,
As undertakers walk before the hearth;
Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd
mind,

And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
Trick'd out in black, thus actors try their art,
To melt that rock of rocks—the critic's heart.
No acted fears my vanity betray!

I am, indeed—what others only I 'm y.

Thus far myself. The farce comes next in view;
Tho' many are its faults, at least, 'tis new.
No smuggled, pilfer'd scenes from France we
stew,

'Tis English—English, Sirs—from top to toe.
Tho' coarse my colours, and my hand unskill'd,
From real life my little cloth is fill'd.

My hero is a youth, by fate design'd [mind]
For culling simples—but whose stage-struck
Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.

A place there is, where such young Quixotes
meet;

'Tis call'd the spouting club---a glorious treat!
Where 'prentic'd kings alarm the gaping street.

There Brutus starts and stares by midnight taper,
Who all the day enacts---a woollen draper.

There Hamlet's ghost talks forth, with doubled
fist: [lift!]

Cries out, with hollow voice, “Lift, lift, O
And frightens Denmark's prince---a young
tobacconist.

The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Rises---a haberdasher to the fight!

Not young attorneys have this rage withstood,
But change their pens for truncheons, ink for
blood; [try's good.]

And (strange reverse!)---die for their coun-
Through all the town this folly you may trace;

Myself am witness---'tis a common case.
I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong
ye---

Look round---you'll find some spouting youths
among ye.

To check these heresies, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason---and their shop;

To raise an harmless laugh, was all my aim;
And, if I shun contempt---I seek not fame.

Indulge this striving, let me but begin,
Nor nip me---in the buddings of my sin:

Some hopes I cherish, in your smiles I read 'em;
Whate'er my faults, your candour can exceed
'em.

§ 56. *Epilogue to the same; 1756. Spoken by Mrs. Clive.* SMART.

[Enters, reading the play-bill.]

A Very pretty bill---as I'm alive!

The part of---nobody---by Mrs. Clive!

A paltry, scribbling fool---to leave me out!

He'll say, perhaps---he thought I could not spout.
Malice and envy to the last degree!

And why?---I wrote a farce as well as he.

The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakspeare, comprehends sixteen years.

And fairly ventur'd it, without the aid
Of prologue dress'd in black, and face in
masquerade; }
O pit, have pity---see how I'm dismay'd!
Poor soul! this canting stuff will never do,
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his hangman too.
But granting that, from these same obsequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black arise;
Should your applause to joy convert his fear,
As Pallas turns to feast Lardella's bier;
Yet 'twould have been a better scheme, by half,
T' have thrown his weeds aside, and leant with
me to laugh.

I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A spouting junco of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well-dress'd, full-voic'd, and nobly built for show,
Who, when in rage she scolds at Sue and Sarah,
Damn'd, damn'd dissembler! thinks she's more
than Zara.

She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
And sings---O ponder well---and Chevychace, }
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place.
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of camlet,
Presumes on something---touching the Lord
Hamlet.

A cousin too she has, with squinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like London cries;
Who, for the stage too short by half a story,
Acts Lady Townly---thus---in all her glory.
And, while she's traversing her scanty room,
Cries---"Lord, my Lord, what can I do at
"home?"

In short, there's girls enough for all the fel-
lows, } [lous,
The ranting, whining, starting, and the jea-
The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othel-
los.

O little do these silly people know
What dreadful trials actors undergo.
Myself, who most in harmony delight,
Am scolding here from morning until night.
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal milliners, ye apion'd kings;
Young men, beware, and shun our slippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays;
And you, ye girls, let not our tinsel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your madd'ning brain;
Be timely wile; for, O! be sure of this!--
A shop, with virtue, is the height of bliss.

§ 37. *Epilogue to the Reprisal; 1757. Spoken
by Miss Macklin.*

AYE---now I can with pleasure look around,
Safe as I am, thank Heaven, on English
ground.

In a dark dungeon to be stow'd away,
Midst roaring, thund'ring, danger, and dismay;
Expos'd to fire and water, sword and bullet--
Might damp the heart of any virgin pullet.
I dread to think what might have come to pass,
Had not the British lion quell'd the Gallic ass.
By Champignon a wretched victim led
To cloister'd cell, or more detested bed,

My days in pray'r and fasting I had spent;
As nun, or wife, alike a penitent.
His gallantry, so confident and eager,
Had prov'd a mess of delicate soup-meagre.
To bootless lodgings I had fall'n a martyr;
But, Heaven be prais'd, the Frenchman caught a
Tartar.

Yet soft---our author's fate you must decree;
Shall he come safe to port, or sink at sea? ---
Your sentence, sweet or bitter, soft or sore,
Floats his frail bark, or runs it bump ashore.---
Ye wits above, restrain your awful thunder;
In his first cruize 'twere pity he should founder.

[To the gallery.

Safe from your shot, he fears no other foe,
No gulf but that which horrid yawns below.

[To the pit.

The bravest chiefs, ev'n Hannibal and Cato,
Have here been tam'd with---pippin and potatoe.
Our bard embarks in a more Christian cause,
He craves not mercy, but he claims applause.
His pen against the hostile French is drawn,
Who damns him is no Antigallican.
Indulg'd with far'ring gales and smiling skies,
Hereafter he may board a richer prize.
But if this welkin angry clouds deform,

[Looking round the house.

And hollow groans portend th' approaching
storm: } [To the gallery.

Should the descending show'rs of hail redouble,
And these rough billows hiss, and boil and
bubble, } [To the pit.
He'll launch no more on such fell seas of
trouble.

§ 38. *Prologue to the Author; 1757. FOOTB.*

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,

With fresh materials furnish out the stage!

Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store;

Fresh characters spring up as heretofore.

Nature with novelty does still abound;

On every side fresh follies may be found.

But then the taste of every guest to hit,

To please at once the gallery, box, and pit,

Requires, at least, no common share of wit.

Those who adorn the orb of higher life,

Demand the lively rake or modish wife;

Whilst they who in a lower circle move,

Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.

If light low mirth employs the comic scene,

Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen,

The polish'd critic damns the wretched stuff,

And cries---"I will please the gall'ries well
enough."

Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?

Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile.

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,

And quench his thirst for universal fame,

The Grecian fabulist in moral lay

Has thus address'd the writers of his day.

Once on a time, a son and fire, we're told,

The stripling tender, and the father old,

Purchas'd a jack-ass at a country fair,

To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But.

But as the sluggish animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would
break :

Up gets the boy, the father leads the ass,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass.
Forth from the throng the grey-beards huddle out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.

" This the respect to rev'rend age you shew,
And this the duty you to parents owe ?
He beats the hoof, and you are set astride ;

" Sirrah ! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth resign'd his place.
Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.

" Sure never was brute beast so void of nature !
Have you no pity for the pretty creature ?
To your own baby can you be unkind ?
Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child be-
hind."

Old Dapple next the clowns' compassion claim'd :
" 'Tis wonderment them boobies ben't a sham'd !
Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast !
They might as well have carried him, at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the ass—then, what a noise !
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent fire, these words provoke :
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call ;
Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all."

§ 59. *Prologue to the Trip to Paris. Spoken by
Mr. Shuter at one of his Benefits.* FOOTB.

IN former times there liv'd one Aristotle,
Who, as the song says, lov'd, like me, his bottle.
To Alexander Magnus he was tutor—
(A'n't you surpris'd to hear the learned Shuter ?)
But let that rest—a new tale I'll advance ;
A tale ?—no, truth ! mun—I'm just come from
France.

From Paris I came ; why I went there, no matter ;
I'm glad that once more I'm on this side the water :
'Twas to win a large wager that hurried me over ;
But I wish'd to be off when I came down to Dover.
To swallow sea-water the doctors will tell ye,
But the sight of such water at once fill'd my belly ;
They who chuse it for physic may drink of the sea,
But only to think on't is physic for me.

When I first went on board, Lord ! I heard such
a racket,

Such babbling and squabbling, 'fore and aft, thro'
the packet ;

The passengers bawling, the sailors yo-ho-ing,
The ship along dashing, the winds aloft blowing ;
Some sick, and some swearing, some singing, some
shrieking,
Sails hoisting, blocks rattling, the yards and booms
creaking ;

Stop the ship !—but the tars, never minding our
cases,

Took their chaws, hitch'd their trowsers, and
grinn'd in our faces.

We made Calais soon, and were soon set on shore,
And I trod on French ground, where I ne'er trod
before.

The scene was quite chang'd ; 'twas no more yo,
yo-ho,

With damme Jack, yes, boy—or damme Tom, no !
'Twas quite t'other thing, mun, 'twas all com-
plaisance ;

With cringes and scrapes we were welcom'd to
France :

*Ab, Monsieur Angley—they cried—be on ven nu,
Tres humble servant, Sir, we glad to see you.*

I ne'er met such figures before in my rambles,
They flock'd round my carcase like flies in the
shambles :

To be crowded amongst them at first I was loth,
For fear they should seize me, and fouse me for
broth.

At last, tho', they call'd me my *Lor Angleterre*,
(Lord, had you then seen but my strut and my
stare !)

Wee, wee, I cried, *wee* then—and put on a sword ;
So at once Neddy Shuter turn'd into a lord.

I expected at France all the world and his wife,
But I never was baulk'd so before in my life :
I should see wonders there, I was told by *Monseer* ;
So I did, I saw things there were wonderful queer ;
Queer streets and queer houses, with people much
queerer,

Each one was a talker, but no one a hearer.

I soon had enough of their *pallorvosfic* ;
It's a fine phrase to some folks, but nonsense to me.
All folks there are dress'd in a toyshop like show
A hodge-podging habit, 'twixt fidler and beau ;
Such hats, and such heads too, such coats and such
skirts—

They sold me some ruffles—but I found the shirts.

Then, as to their dinners, their soups, and their
stewings,

One ounce of meat serves for ten gallons of brew-
ings ;

For a slice of roast beef how my mind was agog !
But for beef they produc'd me a fricasee'd frog :

Out of window I tosf'd it, it wa'n't fit to eat,
Then down stairs I jump'd, and ran into the street.

'Twas not their palaver could make me determine
To stay where I found it was taste to eat vermin.

Frogs in France may be fine, and their Grand Mo-
narque clever

I'm for beef, and King George, and Old England
for ever !

§ 60. *Epilogue to the Minor ; 1760.*

NEAR the mad mansions of Moorfields I'll
bawl ;

Friends, fathers, mothers, sisters, sons, and all,
Shut up your shops, and listen to my call.

With labour, toil, all second means dispense,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.

Prick up your ears ; a story now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel,

I knew the mother and her daughter well :
ff 4

Poor, it is true, they were, but never wanted;
For whatso'er they ask'd was always granted.
One fatal day the matron's truth was tried,
She wanted meat and drink, and faintly cried.

Child. Mother, you cry!—

Mother. O child! I've got no bread.

Child. What matters that? Why, Providence
an't dead!

With reason good this child the truth might say;
For there came in at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better surge a table ne'er was put on.
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with those poor souls;
But we ne'er had a rasher for the coals.
And d'ye deserve it? How d'ye spend your days:
In pastimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go see Foote! O, Foote's a precious limb!
Old Nick will soon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremost rows in side-boxes you shove;
Think you to meet with side-boxes above,
Where giggling girls and powder'd fops may sit?
No, you will all be cram'd into the pit,
And crowd the house for Satan's benefit—
O! what you thrive!—Well, do so no more—
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And—if I please—I'll give it to the poor.

§ 61. *Prologue to Polly Honeycombe; 1760.*

GARRICK.

HITHER, in days of yore, from Spain or France,
Came a dread sorceress, her name Romance.
O'er Britain's isle her wayward spells the cast,
And Common Sense in magic chain bound fast.
In mad sublime did each fond lover woo,
And in heroics ran each billet-doux:
High deeds of chivalry their sole delight,
Each fair a maid distress'd, each swain a knight.
Then might Statira Oroondates see
At tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pie.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.

This fiend to quell, his sword Cervantes drew,
A rusty Spanish blade, Toledo true:
Her talismans and magic wand he broke;
Knights, genii, castles, vanish'd into smoke.

But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger sister of Romance appears:
Less solemn is her air, her drift the same,
And Novel her enchanting, charming name.
Romance might strike our grave forefathers' pomp,
But Novel for our buck, and lively romp!
Cassandra's folios now no longer read,
See two neat pocket volumes in their stead!
And then, so sentimental is the style,
So chaste, yet so bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, passion, rape, and rapture,
The total sum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.

'Tis not alone the small-talk and the smart,
'Tis Novel must beguile the female heart.

Miss reads—she melts—she sighs—love steals upon
her—

And then—alas, poor girl!—good night, poor
Honour!

'Thus of our Polly lightly spoke,
'Now for our author—but without a joke.

'Tho' wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd be-
fore,

'Have laid this bantling at a certain door,
'Where, lying store of faults, they'd fain heap
more,

'I now declare it, as a serious truth,

'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,

'Caught and deluded by our harlot plays—

'Then crush not in the shell this infant Bayes!

'Exert your favour to a young beginner;

'Nor use the stripling like a batter'd funner.'

§ 62. *Prologue to All in the Wrong; 1761. Writ-
ten and spoken by Mr. FOOTE.*

TO-NIGHT, be it known to box, gall'ries, and
pit,

Will be open'd th' original warehouse of wit;
The new manufacture, Foote and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce—by the makers.
We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
To Shakspeare and Southerne, to Orway and Rowe;
Tho' our judgment may err, yet our justice is shewn;
For we promise to mangle no works but our own;
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make
you cry;

For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-
loving souls,
Has lock'd up his lightning, his daggers, and
bowls;

Resolv'd that in buskins no heroes should stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse—in short, we're undone,
Unless you're contented with frolic and fun.

If, tir'd of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be one female inclin'd to fit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party shou'dn't chuse to catch cold at Vauxhall:
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the wine should be thick,
The cheescakes be sour, or Miss Wilkinson sick;
If the fume of the pipe should prove pow'rful in
June,

Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury:
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure ye,
Domestic and foreign, indeed all kinds of wares,
English cloths, Irish linens, and French *pet-en-
lairs*.

If, for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupt be made;
If, from dealing too large, we plunge deeply in debt,
And a *whereas* comes out in the *Muses' Gazette*,
We'll on you, our assigns, for certificates call;
Tho' insolvents, we're honest, and give up our all.

* These lines were added by Mr. Garrick, on its being reported that he was the author of the piece; and however humorous and poetical, contains as strict matter of fact as the dullest prose.

§ 63. *Epilogue to the Liar, 1761; between Miss Grantham and Old Wilding.*

M. Gr. **H**OLD, Sir!
Our plot concluded, and strict justice done,

Let me be heard as counsel for your son.
Acquit I can't, I mean to mitigate;
Proscribe all living, what would be the fate
Of this, and every other earthly state?
Consider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll shut up ev'ry coffee-house in town;
The tribe of politicians will want food,
Even now half famish'd—for the public good;
All Grub-street murderers of men and sense,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publish their disgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a sentence! Must the good and great

Patriots be wrong'd, that booksellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word,

Turn to that hall where Justice wields her sword:
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proscription, all the sons of law:
For 'tis the fix'd determin'd rule of courts,
(Vyner will tell you—nay, even Coke's reports)
All pleaders may, when difficulties rise,
To gain one truth expend an hundred lies.

O. Wild. To curb this practice I am somewhat loath;

A lawyer has no credit but on oath.

M. Gr. Then to the foster sex some favour shew:
Leave us possession of our modest No!

O. Wild. O freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,

So that two Noes be held affirmative:

Provided ever, that your pish and fie,

On all occasions, should be deem'd a lye.

M. Gr. Hard terms!

On this rejoinder then I rest my cause:

Should all pay homage to truth's sacred laws,

Let us examine what would be the case;

Why, many a great man would be out of place.

O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character restore.

M. Gr. But take a character from many more.

O. Wild. Strong are your reasons, yet, ere I submit,

I mean to take the voices of the pit.

Is it your pleasures that we make a rule,

That ev'ry liar be proclaim'd a fool,

Fit subjects for our author's ridicule?

§ 64. *Prologue to the Earl of Essex; 1761.*

MURPHY.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the just,

Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,

The tragic muse attends the mournful herse,

And pays her tribute of immortal verse.

Inspir'd by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,

In honour's cause, where mighty chiefs are slain;

And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.

Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,
And bursts the carmarts of the awful tomb,

To cast him up again—to bid him live,
And to the scene his form and presence give.

Thus once-fam'd Essex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we re-trace, to-night,
A tale to which you've listen'd with delight.

How oft, of yore, to learned Athens' eyes

Did new Electras and new Phædras rise!

In France how many Theban monarchs groan

For Laius' blood, and incest not their own!

When there new Iphigenias raise the sigh,

Fresh drops of pity gush from ev'ry eye.

On the same theme tho' rival wits appear,

The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.

If there soft pity pour her pteuous store,

For fabled kings, and empires now no more;

Much more should you from freedom's glorious plan,

Who still inherit all the rights of man;

Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow

For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe;

Much more a British story should impart

The warmest feelings to each British heart.

§ 65. *Prologue to the School for Lovers, 1762.*
Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain—the maxim's true,

We all confess it, and not over new.

The veriest clown, who stumps along the streets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,

Sometwelve-months hence, bedaub'd with livery lace,

Shall thrust his saucy flambeau in your face.

Not to our bard—tho' twice your kind applause

Has, on this fickle spot, espous'd his cause;

He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt;

Has twice been favour'd, and is modest yet.

Your giant wits, like those of old, may climb

Olympus high, and step o'er space and time;

May stride, with seven-leagu'd boots, from thore to shore,

And nobly, by transgressing, charm ye more.

Alas! our author dares not laugh at schools—

Plain sense co. fines his humbler muse to rules:

He shifts no scene—But here I stop him short—

“Not change your scenes?” said I—“I'm sorry for't:

“My constant friends above, around, below,

“Have English tastes, and love both change and show:

“Without such aid even Shakspeare would be flat,

“Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.

“What eager transport starts from ev'ry eye,

“When pulleys rattle, and our genii fly!

“When tin cascades, like falling waters, gleam,

“Or through the canvas bursts the real stream!

“While thrifty Islington laments, in vain,

“Half her New-river roll'd to Drury-lane.

“Lord,

"Lord, Sir!" said I, "for gallery, boxes, pit,
 "I'll back my Harlequin against your wit."
 Yet still the author, anxious for his play,
 Shook his wife head—"What will the critics
 "say?"

"As usual, Sir—abuse you all they can!"
 "And what the ladies?"—"He's a charming man!"
 "A charming piece!—one scarce knows what it
 "means;
 "But that's no matter—when there's such sweet
 scenes!"

Still he persists—and let him—*entre nous*—
 I know your tastes, and will indulge 'em too.
 Change you shall have; so set your hearts at ease:
 Write as he will, we'll act it—as you please.

§ 66. *Prologue upon Prologues, to the Deuce is in
 Him. Spoken by Mr. King. GARRICK.*

*And, egad, it will do for any other play as well
 as this. Bayes.*

AN old trite proverb let me quote—
 As is your cloth, so cut your coat.
 To suit our author, and his farce,
 Short let me be, for wit is scarce;
 Nor would I shew it, had I any;
 The reasons why are strong and many.
 Should I have wit, the piece have none,
 A flash in pan with empty gun,
 The piece is sure to be undone.
 A tavern with a gaudy sign,
 Whose bush is better than the wine,
 May cheat you once—Will that device,
 Beat as imported, cheat you twice?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations:
 Poets, be dull in dedications!
 Dullness in these to wit prefer—
 But there, indeed, you seldom err.
 In prologues, prefaces, be flat!
 A silver button spoils your hat.
 A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
 Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
 A case in point to this before ye;
 Allow me, pray, to tell a story.

To turn the penny, once, a wit
 Upon a curious fancy hit:
 Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
 Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roasted.
 The hungry read, and in they trip,
 With eager eye, and smacking lip—
 "Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray—" }
 Enter potatoes, dress'd each way.
 All star'd and rase, the house forsook,
 And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
 My landlord found, poor Patrick Kelly?
 There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason,
 We in a prologue's out of season.
 Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
 Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching.
 And here my simile's so fit,
 For prologues are but ghosts of wit;

Which mean to shew their art and skill,
 And scratch you to their author's will.
 In short, for reasons great and small,
 'Tis better to have none at all.
 Prologues and ghosts!—a paltry trade—
 So let 'em both at once be laid!
 Say but the word—give your commands,
 We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
 Confine these culprits! [*holding up his hands*] bind
 'em tight:
 Nor girls can scratch, nor fools can write.

§ 67. *Epilogue to Elvira; 1763. GARRICK.*

LADIES and gentlemen—'tis so ill-bred—
 We have no epilogue, because I'm dead;
 For he, our hard, with phrenzy-rolling eye,
 Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you cry.
 At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
 Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull:
 In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm;
 A little lively nonsense taken warm,
 On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
 'Twill even make a heavy meal sit easy.
The town hates epilogues—it is not true,
 I answer'd that for you—and you—and you—
 [*To Pit, Boxes, and First Gall.*
They call for epilogues and hornpipes too.
 [*To the Upper Gall.*

Madam, the critics say—to you they're civil,
 Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil.
 Out of this house, sir, and to you alone,
 They'll smile, cry Bravo! charming!—Here they
 groan:

A single critic will not frown, look big,
 Harmless and pliant as a single twig;
 But crowded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
 For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
 Critics to bards, like beauties to each other.
 When *tête à tête* their enmity they smother:
 "Kiss me, my dear—how do you?—charming
 "creature!
 "What shape! what bloom! what spirit in each
 "feature!
 "You flatter me—'pon honour, no.—You do—
 "My friend—my—Dear sincerely yours—
 "adieu!"

But when at routs, the dear friends change their
 tone;

I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.
 Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
 To give all tragedy without one joke?
 They gravely tell us, Tragedy's design'd
 To purge the passions, purify the mind:
 To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,
 With physic always give a sugar-plum.
 I love these sugar-plums in prose or rhymes:
 No one is merrier than myself sometimes;
 Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,
 Am melted down almost to skin and bone:
 This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath;
 Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,
 Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate;
 Two children were thrown in, to make up weight.

With

With all these suff'rings, is it not provoking,
To be denied at last a little joking?
If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake
break 'em;
Roar out for epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

§ 68. *Mr. Foote's Address to the Public, after a Prosecution against him for a Libel; 1764.*

FOOTE.

HUSH! let me search before I speak aloud—
Is no informer skulking in the crowd?
With art laconic noting all that's said,
Malice at heart, indictments in his head;
Prepar'd to levy all the legal war,
And rouse the clamorous legions of the bar?
Is there none such?—Not one?—then, *entre*

nous,
I will a tale unfold, tho' strange, yet true;
The application must be made by you.

At Athens once, fair queen of arms and arts,
There dwelt a citizen of moderate parts;
Precise his manner, and demure his looks,
His mind unletter'd, tho' he dealt in books;
Amorous, tho' old; tho' dull, lov'd repartee;
And penn'd a paragraph most daintily:
He aim'd at purity in all he said,
And never once omitted *eth*, or *ed*;
In *bath*, and *doth*, was rarely known to fail,
Himself the hero of each little tale.
With wits and lords this man was much de-
lighted,

And once (it has been said) was near being
knighted.

One Aristophanes a wicked wit,
Who never heeded grace in what he writ)
Had mark'd the manners of this Grecian sage,
And, thinking him a subject for the stage,
Had from the lumber cull'd, with curious care,
His voice, his looks, his gesture, gait, and air,
His affectation, consequence, and mien,
And boldly launch'd him on the comic scene.
Loud peals of plaudits through the circle ran,
All felt the satire, for all knew the man.

Then Peter—*Pethos* was his classic name,
Fearing the loss of dignity and fame,
To a grave lawyer in a hurry flies,
Opens his purse, and begs his best advice.
The fee secur'd, the lawyer strokes his hand,
"The case you put I fully understand;
"The thing is plain from *Coccos*' reports,
For rules of poetry a'n't rules of courts:
A libel this—I'll make the mummer know
"it."

A Grecian constable took up the poet,
Restrained the sallies of his laughing muse,
Call'd harmless humour scandalous abuse:
The bard appeal'd from this severe decree,
Th' indulgent public set the pris'ner free:
Greece was to him what Dublin is to me.

§ 69. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Love, on the opening the new Theatre on Richmond-Green; 1765.*

GARRICK.

THE ship now launch'd, with necessaries stor'd,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well-built, and a rich freight
on board,

All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And, by commission, made a royal sloop;
May Heaven from tempests, rocks, and privateers,
Preserve the Richmond!—Give her, boys, three
cheers! [*Three buzzas behind.*]

Queen Mab, our Shakspeare lays, and I believe him,
In sleep puns each vain mortal, to deceive him:
As in her hazel-nut she lightly trips,
By turns, o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose, and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment
seizes,

We hear, see, smell, taste, touch—whate'er she
pleases.

Look round this house, and various proofs you'll see,
Strong glaring proofs that Mab has been with me.
She caught me napping, knew where I was vain,
And tickled ev'ry fibre of my brain:
Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)
Methought I saw her driving tow'rd's my table;
She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and shelves,
And at my standish stopp'd her tiny elves.

"What are you scribbling there?—Quick, let me
see—"

"Poh! leave this nonsense, and along with me!"

I, grinning, bow'd—"Bright star of Lilliput!

"Shall I not crowd you in your hazel-nut?"

She smil'd; and, shewing me a large-siz'd hamper,

"Get into this, my friend, and then we'll scamper."

I for this frolic wanting quick digestion,

Sent to my tongue, post-haste, another question;

But, crack! she went, before that I could ask it;

She in her stage—I, Falstaff, in the basket:

She wav'd her wand, then burst in fits of laughter,

To see me rolling, bounding, tumbling after:

And I laugh'd too—Could you of laughing fail,

To see a minnow towing of a whale?

At last we rested on a hill hard by,

With a sweet vale, to feast the glutton eye—

"I'll shew you more," she said, "to charm and
"move us;"

And to the gardens, quick as thought, she drove us:

Then, pointing to the shade—"There, there they
are,

"Of this most happy isle the happiest pair!"

O, may those virtuous raptures never cease,

Nor public cares disturb their private peace!

She sigh'd—and like the lightning was she seen,

To drive her chariot o'er this fair rite green;

Straight to this spot—where she infus'd such things,

Might turn the heads of twenty playhouse kings.

But fear dispersing all my golden dream,

And I just entering on this fairy-scheme;

With wild surprise, I cast my eyes about,

Delusion ends—and now I wake to doubt:

O, may the dream be realis'd by you!

Your smiles or frowns can make this false or true.

§ 70. *Prologue to Much ado about Nothing, acted by Command of their Majesties, 1765. Written and spoken by Mr. GARRICK, being his first Appearance after his Return from Italy.*

WITH doubt, joy, apprehension, almost dumb,
To face this awful court, once more I come:

Lest Benedick should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.
I'm told (what flattery to my heart!) that you
Have wish'd to see me; nay, have prais'd it too:
Alas! 'twill prove another *Much ado*.

I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No lessons got, no exercises made,
On bloody Monday takes his fearful stand,
And often eyes the birchen-sceper'd hand.
'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critics' rod:
A very nine-pin I, my stage life through;
Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
In four-and-twenty years the spirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?

To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard, in passing through the street:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
Thus cock'd his glass, and thro' it shor my pride:
" 'Tis he, by Jove! grown quite a clumsy fellow;
" He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello!"
" O yes, for comic scenes, Sir John—no further:
" He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and
" murder!"

Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.

The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
Fights o'er, in prattle, all his former wars;
Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach
To march—present—to fire—and mount the
breach.

Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll grieve
For wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve:
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his
chest:

" 'Tis for my king; and, zounds! I'll do my best."

§ 71. *Prologue to the Clandestine Marriage; 1766.*
GARRICK.

POETS and painters, who from nature draw
Their best and richest stores, have made this
law;

That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
And steal with decency from one another.
To-night, your marchless Hogarth gives the
thought,

Which from the canvas to the stage is brought;
And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the same their characters and scenes;
Both labour for one end, by different means;
Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,
Their one great object, marriage à la mode;

Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more substantial gold!
And honour'd trade from int'rest turns aside,
To hazard happiness for titled pride.

The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye;
While England lives, his fame can never die:
But he, who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save;
The art and artist share one common grave.

O let me drop one tributary tear
On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier:
You to their worth mult testimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live;
Still as the scenes of life will thift away,
The strong impressions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own.
The greatest glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd, by you.

§ 72. *Prologue to the Taylors; 1767.*

GARRICK.

THIS night we add some heroes to our store,
Who never were as heroes seen before;
No blust'ring Romans, Trojans, Greeks, shall
rage;

No knights, arm'd *cap à pic*, shall crowd our
stage;

Nor shall our Henries, Edwards, take the field,
Opposing sword to sword, and shield to shield:
With other instruments our troop appears;
Needles to thimbles shall, and shears to shears;
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram arm'd,
Cold-blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,
And slip-shod slide to war.—No lions' glare,
No eye-balls flashing fire shall make you stare;
Each outside shall belye the stuff within:
A Roman spirit in each Taylor's skin—
A taylor-legg'd Pompey, Cassius, shall you see,
And the ninth part of Brutus strut in me!
What though no swords we draw, no daggers
shake,

Yet can our warriors a quietus make
With a bare bodkin.—Now be dumb, ye railers,
And never, but in honour, call out *taylors*!

But these are heroes tragic, you will cry;
O, very tragic! and I'll tell you why—
Should female artists with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join;
Should all, too proud to work, their trades give
o'er,

Not to be sooth'd again by six-pence more;
What horrors would ensue!—First you, ye beaux
At once lose all existence with your clothes!
And you, ye fair, where would be your defence?
This is no golden age of innocence!
Such drunken bacchanals the Graces meet,
And no police to guard the naked street:

* Mr. Quin and Mrs. Cibber both died a little before,

Beauty is weak, and passion bold and strong—
O then—but modestly restrains my tongue.
May this night's bard a skilful taylor be,
And like a well-made coat his tragedy.
Tho' close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full.

§ 73. *Epilogue to the English Merchant; 1767.*

GARRICK.

*Enter Lady Alton [Mrs. Abington] in a passion;
Spatter [Mr. King] following.*

L. Alton. I'll hear no more, thou wretch!
Spatter. Attend to reason!

L. Alton. A woman of my rank, 'tis petty
treason!

Hear reason, blockhead! reason! what is that?
Bid me wear pattens and a high-crown'd hat!
Won't you begone? What, won't you? What's
your view?

Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful nine in
you—

L. Alton. I renounce such things;
Not Phœbus now, but vengeance, sweeps the
strings:

My mind is discord all!—I scorn, detest
All human kind—you more than all the rest.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, Ma'am—but
weigh the matter.

L. Alton. I won't hear reason! and I hate you,
Spatter!

Myself, and ev'ry thing.

Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.

L. Alton. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?

Spatter. Yes, Ma'am—with my pen.

L. Alton. Let loose, my Spatter, till to death
you've stung 'em,

That green-eyed monster, jealousy, among 'em.

Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is,
Men, women, children, parsons, lords, and ladies.
There will be danger.

L. Alton. And there shall be pay—

Take my purse, Spatter! [*Gives it him.*]

Spatter. In an honest way.
[*Smiles, and takes it.*]

L. Alton. Should my lord beat you—

Spatter. Let 'hem laugh that win:
For all my bruises here's gold-beaters skin!

[*Chinking the purse.*]

L. Alton. Nay, should he kill you!

Spatter. Ma'am?

L. Alton. My kindness meant
To pay your merit with a monument!

Spatter. Your kindness, lady, takes away my
breath:

We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side death.

L. Alton. Attack Amelia, both in verse and prose,
Your wit can make a nettle of a rose.

Spatter. A stinging-nettle for his lordship's
breast:

And to my stars and dashes leave the rest.

I'll make them miserable, never fear;

Pout in a month, and part in half a year.

I know my genius, and can trust my plan;

I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be
severe and bold!

Spatter. No quails of conscience with a purse
of gold.

Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crab-sticks fall,
Yours are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and all.
[*Exit Spatter.*]

Lady Alton alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—

O, 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!

His precious mischief makes the storm subside!

My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride!

Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;

And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion—

Love, pity, tenderness, are only made

For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade.

Some cis about their feelings make a fuss,

And some are better bred—who live with us.

How low Lord Falbridge is!—He takes a wife,

To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!

Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,

No pleasure like a *virtuous tête à tête!*

Do our lords justice, for I would not wrong 'em,

There are not many such poor souls among 'em.

Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,

And I'll forget the vulgar life they'll lead.

With love and ease grown fat, they face all weather,

And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm together.

Now view their stock, now in their nursery prattle,

For ever with their children or their cattle.

Like the dull mill-horse in one round they keep;

They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep;

"Their custom always in the afternoon—"

He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full moon!

Wak'd with her coffee, Madam first begins,

She rubs her eyes, his lordship rubs his thins;

She sips and smirks—"Next week's our wed-

ding-day,

"Married seven years'—and ev'ry hour more

"gay!" [*Yawns.*]

"True, Emmy," cries my lord, "the blessing

"lies,

"Our hearts in ev'ry thing so sympathize!"

[*Yawns.*]

The day thus spent, my lord for music calls;

He thrums the base, to which my lady squalls;

The children join, which so delight these nin-

nies,

The brats seem all Guaduccis, Lovatinis.

—What means this qualm?—Why, sure, while

I'm despising,

That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!

O no!—Contempt is struggling to burst out—

I'll give it vent at Lady Scalp'em's *rod.*

[*Exit hastily.*]

§ 74. *Epilogue to Zenobia*; 1768. Spoken by Mrs. Abington. GARRICK.

[*She peeps through the curtain.*]

HOW do you all, good folks?—In tears, for certain;

I'll only take a peep behind the curtain:
You're all so full of tragedy and sadness,
For me to come among you, would be madness!
This is no time for giggling—when you've leisure,

Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[*She enters upon her clapping.*]

This is so good! to call me out so soon—
The Comic Muse by me entreats a boon;
She call'd for Pritchard, her first maid of honour,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she, I'm sure you'll all be sorry for 't,
Relinquish her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.
The Comic Muse whose ev'ry simile is grace,
And her stage sister, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel—each has writ a case;
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of their difference a true state.
Melpomene complains, when she appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raise your souls, and with your raptures wing 'em,

Nay, wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wing 'em—

Some flippant huffey, like myself, comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
"Hey! Presto! pass!"—all topsy-turvy see,
For "ho, ho, ho!" is chang'd to "he, he, he!"
We own'd the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue;
'Tis theirs who call and bawl for—Epilogue!
O, shame upon you!—for the time to come,
Know better, and go miserable home.

What says our comic goddess?—With reproaches,
She vows her sister tragedy encroaches!

And, spite of all her virtue and ambition,
Is known to have an amorous disposition!

For in False Delicacy—wondrous sly,
Join'd with a certain Irishman—O fie!
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.
Her sister's smiles with tears she tried to smother,
Rais'd such a tragic-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cried with t' other.

What can be done?—sad work behind the scenes!
There comic females scold with tragic queens;
Each party different ways the foe assails,
These flake the daggers, those prepare their nails.
'Tis you alone must calm these dire mishaps,
Or we shall still continue pulling caps.

What is your will?—I read it in your faces,
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiss, and friends, and burn their cases.

§ 75. *Epilogue spoken by Mrs. Pritchard, on her quitting the Stage*; 1768. GARRICK.

THE curtain dropt—my mimic life is past,
That scene of sleep and terror was my last.

Could I in such a scene my exit make,
When ev'ry real feeling is awake?
Which beating here, superior to all art,
Bursts in full tides from a most grateful heart.
' I now appear myself, distress'd, dismay'd,
More than in all the characters I've play'd;
In acted passion, tears may seem to flow,
"But I have that within that passeth show."

Before I go, and this lov'd spot forsake,
What gratitude can give, my wishes, take:
Upon your hearts may no affliction prey,
Which cannot by the stage be chas'd away;
And may the stage, to please each virtuous mind,
Grow ev'ry day more moral, more refin'd,
Refin'd from grossness, not by foreign skill:
Weed out the poison, but be English still!

To all my brethren whom I leave behind,
Still may your bounty, as to me, be kind;
To me for many years your favours flow'd,
Humbly receiv'd—on small desert bestow'd;
For which I feel—what cannot be express'd—
Words are too weak—my tears must speak the rest.

§ 76. *Prologue to the Good-natured Man*; 1768.

JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain;
Our anxious bard without complaint may share
This bustling season's epidemic care;
Like Cæsar's pilot dignified by fate,
Toft in one common storm with all the great;
Distress alike the statesman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes just the same;
Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgeses hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.

"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote;"
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of all-perfading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

The last scene of *Lady Macbeth*.

§ 77. *Prologue to False Delicacy; 1768. Spoken by Mr. King.* GARRICK.

I'M vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd—that's worse—

To deal with stubborn scribblers—there's the curse.
Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why, good people,

You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!
For our fine piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a sermon—only preach'd in acts.

You'll scarce believe me, till the proof appears;
But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:
Do, ladies, look upon me—nay, no simpering;

I think you this face was ever made for wimp'ring?
Can I a cambric handkerchief display,
Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?

Why this is comical, perhaps you'll say.
Resolving this strange awkward hard to pump,
I ask'd him what he meant?—He, somewhat

plump,
New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting—
“I must keep up the dignity of writing!”—

“You may, but if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,
“You'll not keep up that dignity of belly.”
Still he preach'd on—“Bards of a former age

“Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage;
“Spread out their wit, with fascinating art,
“And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart:

“But, happy change! in these more moral days,
“You cannot sport with virtue, even in plays;
“On virtue's side his pen the poet draws,

“And boldly asks a hearing for his cause.”
Thus did he prance and swell.—The man may prate,
And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,

That you'll protect his Muse because she's good:
A virgin, and so chaste!—O lud! O lud!
No Muse the critic beadle's lash escapes;

Though virtuous, if a dowdy and a trapes:
If his come forth a decent likely lass,
You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass:

Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences,
In three hours time you'll bring him to his senses;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get

him;
In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat
him.

Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They sacred hold a madman and a stranger.

§ 78. *Scrub's Trip to the Jubilee; 1769. Spoken by Mr. Weston.*

FROM Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentle-folks,

From the rarest of shows, and most wonderful
jokes,

Your humble acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare,
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Litchfield great fair;
Such crowds of fine ladies, serenading and singing,

Such firing of loud patereroes, and ringing—
To tell it in London, must seem all a fable;
And yet I will tell it—as well as I'm able.

First, something, in lingo of schools call'd an ode;
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One said—you may take it for truth, I assure ye,
'Twas made by the little great man of old Drury,
By my brother *Martin* (for whose sake, d'ye hear?)
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shakspere;
But, honestly speaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good fun, than drums, trumpets, and
fighting.

The procession, 'twas said, would have been a fine
train,

But could not move forward—O la!—for the rain!
Such tragical, comical folks, and so fine—

What pity it was that the sun did not shine!
Since ladies, and baronets, aldermen, 'squires,
All went to this Jubilee full of desires,

In crowds, as they go for to see a new play;
And when it was done—why, they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main part of the show,

Was long-tail'd fine comers, by fan'd *Angela*.
Some turtle I got, which they call *pasbapac*;
But honest roast beef's the best turtle for me.

I hate all ragouts; and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plum-pudding to aught I e'er bit on.
I drank too (and now I a poet may be)

From a charming fine cup of the mulberry tree.
To bed I must go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no less than a guinea,

For rolling—not sleeping—in linen so damp,
As struck my great toe, ever since, with the cramp.
Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great smart-

ing,
Yet griev'd not when I and the splinters were
parting,

'Twas worth ten times more to hear sweet brother
Martin.

He spoke, till poor Scrub was just fit, with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry,
Which makes me now tell you, without any brag,

He's a second to none but the Warwickshire wag.
The Jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my story, and sue for your grace:

You never refus'd it—yet never before,
With granting such kindness, bound gratitude
more.

I live but to own, with a diligent spirit,
Your favours have ever outrun my slight merit.

§ 79. *Prologue to Doctor Laet in his Chair; 1769. Spoken by Mr. Foote.* GARRICK.

YOUR servant, kind masters, from bottom to top,
Be assur'd, while I breathe, or can stand—I
mean, hop;

Be you pleas'd to smile, or be pleas'd to grumble,
Be where'er you please, I'm still your most humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,

To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies, don't frown; I meant woman too:
What's common to man, must be common to
you.

* This alludes to Mr. Weston's design of playing Richard.

You

You all have a right your sweet muscles to curl,
From the old smirking prude to the tit't'ring young
girl;

And ever with pleasure my brains I could spin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin.
In this present summer, as well as the past,
To your favour again we present Dr. Last,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on foot to his chariot is mounted.
Amongst the old Britons when war was begun,
Charioteers would slay ten, while the foot could
slay one.

So when doctors on wheels with dispatches are sent,
Mortality bills rise a thousand per cent.
But think not to physic that quackery's confin'd;
All the world is a stage, and the quacks are man-
kind:

There's trade, law, and state quacks; nay, would
we but search,

We should find---Heaven bless us!--some quacks
in the church!

The stiff-band and stiff-bob of the Methodist race,
Give the balsam of life and the tincture of grace;
And their poor wretched patients think much good
is done 'em,

Tho' blisters and caustics are ever upon 'em.
As for laws and the state, if quackery's a curse,
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will
make worse,

We should point out the quack from the regular
brother;

They are wiser than I who can tell one from t'other!
Can the stage, with its bills, puffs, and patients,
stand trial?

Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre-Royal?
Some dramatical drugs, that are puff'd on the town,
Cause many wry faces, and scarce will go down.
Nay, an audience sometimes will in quack'ry de-
light,

And sweat down an author some pounds in one
night.

To return to our quack---should he, help'd by the
weather,

Raise laughter, and kind perspiration, together;
Should his nostrums of hip and of vapours but
cure ye,

His chariot he well can deserve, I assure ye:
'Tis easy to set up a chariot in town,
And easier still is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me, both as doctor and lover,
That you'll not stop his wheels, or his chariot tip
over.

Fix him well, I beseech you; the worst on't would be,
Should you overturn him, you may over set me.

§ 80. *Epilogue to the Duellist; 1773. Spoken by
Miss Barfanti.*

SO, men of valour! you dislike our play:
Nothing against it do the ladies say.
To own they're pleas'd the critics ever loth,
Mutter, "A Duellist, with scarce an oath!
" 'Tis like his hat that was without a feather;
" Duels and Dammes always go together."

Old sinners, loving the licentious joke,
May think there wants too, here and there, a stroke;
Round oaths and double meanings strew'd between,
With them the virtues of the comic scene.

And yet the town in gen'ral is so nice,
It holds these virtues as a kind of vice:
From the teeth outwards chaste, their hands be-
fore 'em,

Like reps, even demi-reps, are all decorum.
Tho' gross their thoughts, so delicate their hearing,
They think the very stage should fine for swearing.
Our author therefore scrupled to employ

Your vulgar Damme, Sir! and Damme, boy!
Nay, when by chance a naughty joke came put in,
He wrapt it up, you know, in lawyers Latin.

So much refin'd the scene since former days,
When Congreve, Vanburgh, Wycherly, wrote
plays,

"The stage so loosely did Astrea tread,

"She fairly put all characters to bed."

Tho' now no bard would venture to deposit

A macaroni in a lady's closet;

Lest the frail fair-one he be thought to ruin,

"While moon and stars alone" ice what they're
doing.

In the old plays, gallants take no denial,
But put the struggling actresses to the trial.

Bless me! I shudder even now to think,

How near myself may come to danger's brink!

In modern plays more safe the female station,

Secure as our sad solemn situation!

No rakish forward spark dares now be rude,

The Comic Muse herself grown quite a prude!

No wonder, then, if in so pure an age

No Congreves write for as demure a stage!

§ 81. *Prologue to the School for Rakes; 1774
Spoken by Mr. King. GARRICK.*

THE scribbling gentry, ever frank and free,
To sweep the stage with prologues, fix on me.

A female representative I come,

And with a prologue, which I call a broom,

To sweep the critic cobwebs from the room.

Critics, like spiders, into corners creep,

And at new plays their bloody revels keep.

With some small venom close in ambush lie,

Ready to seize the poor dramatic fly:

The weak and heedless soon become their prey,

But the strong blue-bottle will force its way,

Clean well its wings, and hum another day.

Unknown to nature's laws, we've here one evil;

For flies, turn'd spiders, play the very devil!

Fearing some danger, I will lay before ye

A short, true, recent, tragic-comic story.

As late I saunter'd in the Park for air,

As free from thought as any coxcomb there,

Two sparks came up; one whisper'd in my ear,

He was a critic; then ask'd me, with a sneer---

Thus standing, staring--with a swaggering swing

"You've writ a farce?"---"Yes, Sir, a foolish

"thing."

"Damn'd foolish---You'd better mind your

"acting, King."

'Tis ten to one---I speak it for your sake,
That this same farce will prove---your Wit's
last stake."

"I scribble for amusement, boast no pow'rs."

"Right, for your own amusement---not for ours."

Thus he went on; and with his pleasant talking,
Lost the appetite I got with walking.

He laugh'd---I bow'd---but, ere I could retreat,
His hisping friend did thus the dose repeat:

"Pray, Sir---this School for Rakes---the wo-
man's play--- [tuid-y,

"When do you give it us?"---"Next Sa-

"I hope you'll both be kind to her, at least."

"A scribbling woman is a dreadful beast!---

"Then they're so ugly, all these female wits---

"I'll damn her play---to throw her into fits."

"Had I my will, those flattern fluttish dames---

"They all should see the bottom of the Thames."

If you are here, good Sirs, to breed a riot,
[Looking about the house.

Don't shew your spite; for if you are not quiet,
'Tis ten to one---I speak it for your sake,

This School for Rakes will prove your Wits
last stake:

As you [To the pit] save me from their tyrannic
will,

You will not let them use a woman ill.

Protect her and her brat---the truly brave

Women and children will for ever save.

§ 82. *Prologue to the Jubilee; 1769. Spoken
by Mr. King, in the Character of a Waiter.*

GARRICK.

FROM London, your honours, to Stratford I'm
come: [Tom;

I'm a waiter, your honours; you know bustling

Who, proud of your orders, and bowing before ye,

'Till supper is ready, I'll tell you a story.

'Twixt Hounslow and Colnbrooke, two houses
of fame, [by name:

Well known on that road, the Two Magpyes

The one of long standing, the other a new one;

This boasts it's the old one, and that it's the true
one.

Sure we, the old Magpye, as well as the younger,

May boast that our liquor is clearer and stronger.

Of bragging and puffing you make but a jest;

You taste of us both, and will stick to the best.

A race we have had for your pastime and laughter;

Young Mag started first, with old Mag hopping
after.

'Tis said the old house hath possess'd a receipt

To make a choice mixture of sour, strong, and
sweet;

A Jubilee punch, which, right skilfully made,

Insur'd the old Magpye a good running trade:

But think you we mean to monopolize?---No, no,

We are like brother Ashley, pro publico bono.

Each Magpye, your honours, will peck at his
brother, [otier.

And their natures were always to crib from each

Young landlords and old ones are taught by their

calling

To laugh at engrossing---but practise forestalling:

Our landlords are game-cocks, and fair play but
grant 'em,

I'll warrant you pastime from each little bantam.

Let's return to the punch---I hope, from my soul,

That now the old Magpye may tell you a bowl:

We have all sorts and sizes, a quick trade to drive;

As one shilling, two shilling, three shilling, five;

In this town of Stratford we'll have each in-
gredient,

Beside a kind welcome from me, your obedient,

I'll now squeeze my fruit, put sugar and rum in,

And be back in a moment [Bell rings] A com-
ing, a coming, a coming!

§ 83. *Prologue to the Christmas Tale; 1774.
GARRICK.*

*Music plays, and enter several persons with dif-
ferent kinds of dishes.*

Enter Mr. Palmer in the character of Christmas.

GO on---prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that Mith, with all her crew, at-
tends.

To the Audience.

Behold a personage, well known to fame,

Once lov'd and honour'd---Christmas is my

My officers of state my taste display; [name!

Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way;

Holly and ivy round me honours spread,

And my retinue shew---I'm not ill-fed;

Mince'd pies, by way of belt, my breast divide,

And a large carving-knife adorns my side;

'Tis no fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn:

This turban for my head---is collar'd brawn.

Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are
cherry; [merry;

Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always

With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,

Just, gibe, prank, gambol, mummer, and ale,

I English hearts rejoice'd in days of yore;

For new strange modes, imposed by the score,

You will not sure turn Christmas out of door!

Suppose yourselves well seated by a fire,

(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you
desire)

Old Father Christmas, now in all his glory,

Begs with kind hearts you'll listen to his story;

Clear well your thoughts from politics and spleen,

I fear my tale out, see all that's to be seen.

Take care, my children, that you well behave---

You, Sir, in blue red cape, not quite so grave:

That critic there in black---so stern and thin,

Before you frown, pray let the tale begin---

You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you;

W! v, Madam, at this time to cross appear you?

Excuse me, pray---I did not see your husband
near you.

Don't think, fair ladies, I expect that you

Should hear my tale---you've something else to do:

Nor will our beaux old English fare encourage;

No foreign taste could e'er digest plum-porridge.

I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners;

My food is meant for honest hearty grinners.

R R

For

For you, your spirits with good stomachs bring;
O, make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring:
Open your mouths, pray, swallow everything!
Critics, beware how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change--be merry, but not wise.

§ 84. *Prologue to the Maid of the Oaks; 1774.*
Spoken by Mr. King, in the Character of Fame.
GARRICK.

UNLIKE to ancient Fame, all eyes, tongues,
ears,
See modern Fame; arm'd cap-a-pie, appears,
In ledgers, chronicles, gazettes, and gazetteers!
My soaring wings are fine elation speeches,
And puffs of candidates supply my breeches.
My cap is satire, criticism, wit—
Is there a head that wants it in the pit?

[*Offering it.*]

No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn.
Pipe, song, and pastoral, for five months past,
Puff'd well by me, have been the gen'ral taste.
Now Marybone shines forth to gaping crowds;
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds;
St. George's Fields, with taste and fashion struck,
Display Arcadia at the Dog and Duck:
And Drury Misset here, "in tawdry pride,
"Are there Pastors by the fountain side."
To frosty bow'rs they reel through midnight
damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Dryads breaking
lamps.

Both far and near did this new whimsy run;
One night it frisk'd, forthwith, at Islington.
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our manager must have his *fête champêtre*.
How is the weather?—Pretty clear and bright.

[*Looking about.*]

A storm's the devil on *champêtre* night!
Left it should fall to spoil the author's scenes,
I'll catch this gleam, to tell you what he means:
He means a show as brilliant as Cox's,
Laugh for the pit, and may be at the boxes;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding day.
Whose is the piece?—'Tis all surmise, suggestion—

Is't his, or hers, or yours, Sir? That's the question.
The parent, bashful, whimsical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door;
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapp'd in fancied
cloaks,

And on the breast was written—*Maid o' th' Oaks.*

The actors crowded round—the girls caref's'd
it:
Lord! the sweet pretty babe—they prais'd and
The master peep'd, smil'd, took it in, and
drest it.

Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curse
Of being smother'd by a parish nurse;

As you're kind, rear it--if you're curious,
praise it:
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

§ 85. *Occasional Prologue, upon Mr. Lacy's first Appearance in the Character of Alexander.*

GARRICK.

IN Macedon when Alexander reign'd,
And victory after victory was gain'd;
The Greek Gazettes (for they had papers there)
Publish'd a thousand fibs—as they do here.
From them one Curtius wrote of Philip's son,
How he did things--which never could be done!
Unlike his copy, who will soon appear,
His mighty soul ne'er knew the finalist fear;
Tho' laurel-crown'd, our pale young monarch
comes

Trembling amidst his triumphs, shouts, and drums;
Would give up all his vict'ries, false or true,
To gain one greater conquest--that of you.

"Lord!" cries a buxom widow, loud and strong,
"He's quite a boy! To play that part is wrong."
"Madam, he's six feet high, and cannot be
"too young."

"He looks so modest, hardly speaks a word:
"Can he with proper spirit draw his sword?
"A faceto smooth, where neither rage nor pride is
"Fits not the hero."—*Fronti nulla fides*!--
In English thus: Trust not to looks, they'll
cheat us:

Bounc'd not Sir Swagger lately, as he'd beat us,
And was not he, with all his frowns and airs,
By one, who seem'd all meekness, huck'd down
Miss B---, all delicacy, nerve, and fear, [stairs!
Elop'd last week with a horse grenadier!
And our adventurer, though so mild and civil,
If you once rouse him, plays the very devil!
"Indeed!" cries Madam, "Sir, I'm much your
debtor;

"I should be glad to know the young man better."

Twice our young hero, who for glory tows,
In fields less dangerous tried his unknown pow'rs;
Like a young swimmer, whom his star command,
In shallow streams first ventur'd from the land;
Till, bolder grown, the rougher wave he stems,
Plunges from giddy heights into the Thames.
E'en now he starts to hear the torrent roar,
While his pale fates stand frighted on the shore!
Soon will he leap the precipice--Your nod
Sinks him, or lifts him to a demi-god.

§ 86. *Prologue spoken by Mr. Yates, on opening a new Theatre, built for him by the Inhabitants of Birmingham.*

FOOTE.

FROM fiddling, frotting, Monsieur and Signor,
And all the dangers of the Italian shore;
From squeaking monarchs, and chromatic queens,
And Metastasio's mix'd and mangled scenes,
Where Fashion, and not feeling, bears the sway,
Whilst Sense and Nature coyly keep away,
I come.--All hail the consecrated earth,
Whose bounteous bosom gave our Shakspeare birth!

Shakspeare was born in Warwickshire.

Gave

Gave that great master of the scenic art
To feed the fancy, and correct the heart;
To check th' unruly passions' wild career,
And draw from Pity's eye the tender tear;
Of Folly's sons t' explore the ample train,
The for, the sop, the vicious, and the vain;
Hypocrits to drag from her disguise,
And Affectation hunt through all her lyes:
Such was your bard. Whothen can deem the stage,
The worthless favourite of an idle age?
Or judge that pleasure, with instruction join'd,
Can soil the manners, or corrupt the mind?
Far other thoughts your generous breast inspire,
Touch'd with a spark of true Promethean fire:
Sure that the Arts with Commerce came to earth,
That the same parents gave those siders birth,
Cold creeping Prejudice you dar'd despise,
And bade this Temple to the Muses rise.
O that my tongue could utter all I feel!
Or that my powers were equal to my zeal!
Plac'd by your favour, not by right divine,
Th' unworthy high-priest of the sacred nine,
No tainted incense should pollute their shrine,
Nor ought be offer'd to the public view,
But what was worthy them---and worthy you.

§ 87. *Prologue to Bon Ton*; 1775. COLMAN.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears sovereign sway,
And words and periwigs have both their day,
Each have their purlicues too, are modish each,
In stated distichs, wigs as well as speech.
The Tyburn scratch, thick club, and Temple tie;
The parson's feather-top, flizz'd broad and high!
The coachman's caulflow'r, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's or St. James's styles
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is Bon Ton?---"O, damme!" cries a buck,
Half drunk---"ask me, my dear, and you're in
luck:

"Bon Ton's to swear, break windows, beat the
"watch,

"Pick up a watch, drink healths, and roar a
"Keep it up! keep it up! damme, take your
"swing!"

"Bon Ton is life, my boy; Bon Ton's the
"Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields,"
Says Madam Fusslock, warm from Spitalfields.

"Bon Ton's the space 'twixt Saturday and
"Monday,

"And riding in a one-horse chair o' Sunday!

"'Tis drinking tea, on summer afternoons,

"At Bagnigge Wells, with china and gilt spoons!

"'Tis laying by our stuffs, red cloaks, and
"pattens,

"To dance *covillions* all in silks and sattins!"

"Vulgar!"---cries Miss---"Observe, in higher
"life,

"The feather'd spintfer, and thrice-feather'd
"The club's Bon Ton. Bon Ton's a constant
"trade

"Of rout, *fessino*, ball, and masquerade! [new;

"'Tis plays and puppet-shows---'tis something

"'Tis losing thousands every night at *lu*!

"Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reason;
"Tis stiff French stays; and fruit when out of
"season!

"A rose, when half-a-guinea is the price;

"A set of bays scarce bigger than six mice;

"To visit friends---you never wish to see;

"Marriage 'twixt those who never can agree.

"Old dowagers, diefs'd, painted, patch'd, and
"curl'd---"

"This is Bon Ton, and this we call *the world*!"

"True," says my Lord, "and thou, my only son,

"Whate'er your faults, ne'er sin against Bon
"Ton!"

"Who toils for learning at a public school,

"And digs for Greek and Latin, is a fool.

"French, French, my boy, 's the thing! *jefez*!
"prate, chatter!"

"Trim be the mode, whipt-syllabub the matter!

"Walk like a Frenchman; for, on English pegs,

"Moves native awkwardness with two left legs.

"Of courtly friendship form a treacherous
"league,

"Seduce myn's daughters, with their wives
"intrigue;

"In slightly semicircles round your nails,

"Keep your teeth clean---and grin, if small-
"talk fails:

"Put never laugh, whatever jest prevails;

"Nothing but nonsense e'er gave laughter birth,

"That vulgar way the vulgar shew'd its mirth.

"Laughter's a rude convulsion, sent to a jolly,

"Dart's the cockles, and disorders the matches.

"Hens may be black, but all should wear clean
"faces;

"The graces, boy! The graces, graces, graces!"
Such is Bon Ton' and walk this city
through,

In building, scribbling, fighting, and *whits*,

And various other shapes, 'twill rise to view.

To-night our Bayes, with bold but careless
"riots,

Hits off a sketch or two, like Darly's prints.

Could connoisseurs allow his rough draughts
"strike 'em,

'Twill be Bon Ton to see 'em, and to like 'em.

§ 88. *Prologue to the Road*; 1775. SHERIDAN.

Enter Sergeant at Law, and Attorney following,
and giving a Paper.

Serj. WHAT's here?---a vile cramp hand! I
cannot see

Without my spectacles. Att. He means his fee.

Nay, Mr. Sergeant, good Sir, try again.

[Gives money.
Serj. The scrawl improves---[more] O come,
'tis pretty plain.

Hey! how's this?---Dibble!---sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet---and a fee!

Att. Yea, Sir!---tho' you, without reward, I
know,

Would gladly plead the muses cause.---Serj. So, so!

Att. And if the fee offends, your wrath should
fall

On me.---Serj. Dear Dibble, no offence at all.
Att.

Att. Some sons of Phœbus in the Courts we meet---

Serj. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!

Att. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent prig

Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.

Serj. Full-bottom'd heroes thus on signs unfurl
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl!

Yet tell your client that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

Att. Do you then, Sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye---

Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,
And wouled bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case.

[*Exit.*]

Serj. For practice then suppose---this brief
will shew it---

Me, Serjeant Woodward---counsel for the poet.
Us'd to the ground---I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread Court, from whence there's no
appeal;

No *tricking* here to blunt the edge of law,
Or, damn'd in *equity*---escape by *flow*:
But judgment given---your sentence must remain;
No *writ of error* lies---to *Draw-lane*!

Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not *costs of suit*.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;
I think I never fac'd a milder jury! [postation,
Sad else our plight!---where frowns are transf-
A hiss the gallows---and a groan damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waves all *right of challenge* here.
No newsmen from *our session* is dismiss'd,
Nor 't is nor erie *we* scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's case,
His crime at worst---a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will stand or fall.

§ 89. *Epilogue to the same; 1775. SHERIDAN.*

LADIES, for you---I heard our poet say,
He'd try to coax some *moral* from his play:
'One moral's plain,' cried I, 'without more fusts;
'Man's social happiness all rests on us:
'Thro' all the drama, whether damn'd or not,
'Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
'From ev'ry rank obedience is our due:
'D'y'e doubt?---the world's great stage shall
'prove it true.'

The cit, well skill'd to shun domestic strife,
Will sup abroad; but first---he'll ask his wife.
John Trot, his friend, for once will do the same;
But then---he'll just *step home to kill his dame*.

The *farly squire* at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day---Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night, the vanquish'd victor says,
Ah, Kate! you women have such *coaring ways*!

Th *jolly toper* slides each tardy blade,
Till reeling Bacchus calls on love for aid:
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling brim!

Nay, I have heard that statesmen, great and wise,
Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors watch her various face,
She smiles preferment---or the frowns dis-

grace,
Courties a pension here---there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is view'd the *mistress*, or is heard the *twiss*.
The poorest peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil,
Early from radiant love's impartial light
Steals one small spark to cheer his world of night;
Dear spark! that oft, thro' winter's chilling woe,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!

The wand'ring *tar*---who not for years has
pretis'd

The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck, far from her arms remov'd,
Still hums the duty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boarswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list' her cries,
The lover trembles---and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear!

But ye more cautious---ye nice-judging few,
Who give to beauty only beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love---ye view with deep regret
Our conquests marr'd, and triumphs incomple,te,
Till polish'd wit more lasting charms disclose,
And judgment fix the darts which beauty throws.
In female breasts did sense and merit rule,
The lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense---the scholars of our eyes,
Our beaux from gallantry would soon be wile;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love!

§ 90. *Epilogue to Edward and Eleonora; 1775. SHERIDAN.*

YE wedded critics*, who have mark'd our tale,
How say you? does our plot in nature fail?
May we not boast that many a modern wife
Would lose her own to save a husband's life!
Would gladly die---O monstrous and ill-bred!
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!
But you, my gall'ry friends†---come, what say
you?

Your wives are with you---shake their noddles
Above there---hey, lads‡! You'll not treat us
so---

You side with us?---They grin, and grumble, No!
Yet hold---tho' these plain folks traduce their
doxies,

Sure we have Eleonoras in the boxes!
Inhuman beaux!---why that ill-natur'd sneer!
What, then, you think there's no such ideot
here?

There are, no doubt, tho' rare to find I know,
Who could lose husbands, yet survive the blow;

Two years a wife---view Lesbia, sobbing, crying;
Her chair is waiting---but my lord is dying;
Preparing for the worst, she tells her maid
To countermand her points, and new brocade;
"For, O! if I should lose the *best of men*,
Heaven knows when I shall see the *Club* again.
"So, I s'ppet, should he die while I am out,
"You'll send for me at Lady Basko's rout;
"The doctor said he might hold out till three,
"But I ha'n't spirits for the *coterie*!"
Now change the scene---place madam, in the
fever,

My lord for comfort at the *Servoir Fiere*;
His valet enters---shakes his meagre head---
"Chapeau, what news?"---"Ah! Sir, me lady
"dead!"
"The duce!---'tis sudden, faith---but four days
"sick!--!"
"Well, seven's the main---(poor Kate!--)"---ele-
"ven's a nick."

But hence reflections on a senseless train,
Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain;
'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-
night;

Shew beauteous martyrs, who would each prefer,
To die for *him*, who long has liv'd for *her*;
Domestic heroines, who with fondest care
Outsmile a husband's griefs, or claim a share;
Search where the rankling evils most abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poison'd wound.

Nay such bright virtues in a royal mind
Were not alone to *Edward's* days confin'd;
Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an *Eleonora* of our own.

§ 91. *Prologue to Braganza.* MURPHY.

WHILE, in these days of sentiment and grace,
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And limit with novels, full of maxims crude,
She that was frolic once, now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her fires.

The comic sister, in hysteric fit,
You'd swear has lost all memory of wit;
Folly for her may now exult on high,
Feather'd by ridicule, no arrows fly;
But, if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry. }
She that could jig, and nick-name all heaven's
creatures,

With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another---
So very pious, and to full of woe,
You well may bid her, "To a nunnery go."

Not to Melponene; to nature true,
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confess'd,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.

Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled,
Whether they come---again they breathe, they live;
And virtue's meed thro' ev'ry age receive.

Hither the murder comes, with ghastly mien,
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgment here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.

Such is her art; weaken'd perhaps at length,
And while she aims at beauty, losing strength.
O! when, resum'g a' her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?

This night a bard (our hopes may rise too
high---)

'Tis yours to judge, 'tis yours the cause to try---
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouse a genuine flame.
His no French play---tame, polish'd, dull by rule;
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakspeare's
school.

Inspir'd by him, he shews in glaring light
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tabature of honour, guilt, and woe.
If on his canvas nature's colours shine,
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just design.

§ 92. *Epilogue by Mr. Garrick, on quitting the Stage, June 1776.* GARRICK.

A VETERAN see! whose last act on the stage
Entreats you smiles for sickness and for age;
Their cause I plead---plead it in heart and mind;
A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind;
Might we but hope your zeal would not be less,
When I am gone, to patronize distress,
That hope obtain'd the with'd-for end secures,
To soothe their cares who oft have lighten'd
yours.

Shall the great heroes of celestial line,
Who drank full bowls of Greek and Roman
wine,

Cæsar and Brutus, Agamemnon, Hector,
Nay, Jove himself, who here has quaff'd his
nectar!

Shall they who govern fortune, cringe and court
her,

Thirst in their age, and call in vain for porter?
Like Belshazzar, tax the pitying street
With *dante obolum* to all they meet?

Shan't I, who oft have drench'd my hands in
gore;

Stabb'd many, poison'd some, beheaded more;
Who numbers slew in battle on this plain---

Shan't I, the slayer, try to feed the slain?

Brother to all, with equal love I view

The men who slew me, and the men I slew:

I must, I will this happy project seize,
That those, too old to die, may live with ease.
Suppose the babes I smother'd in the Tow'r,
By chance, or sickness, lost their acting pow'r,
Shall they, once princes, worse than all be serv'd---
In childhood murder'd, and, when murder'd,
starv'd?

Matrons half ravish'd for your recreation,
In age, should never want some consolation.
Can I, young Hamlet once, to nature lost,
Behold, O horrible! my father's ghost,
With grisly beard, pale cheek, stalk up and down,
And he, the Royal Dane, want half a crown?
Forbid it, ladies; gentlemen, forbid it:
Give joy to age, and let 'em say--- You did it.
To you, ye gods! I make my last appeal;
You have a right to judge, as well as feel;
Will your high wisdoms to our scheme incline,
That kings, queens, heroes, gods, and ghosts may
dine?

Olympus shakes!--that omen all secures;
May ev'ry joy you give be tenfold yours!

§ 93. *Prologue to the Capuclin; 1776. Spoken by Mr. Foote.* COLMAN.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in ev'ry scene
Discover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child, 'tis true,
But ev'ry babe his christ'ning owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air,
"Glancing from Watling-street to Grosvenor-
"square,

"He bodies forth a light ideal train,
"And turns to shape the phantoms of his brain:
"Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
"And gives to airy nothing place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town:
The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the same spot his whole dead stock in trade,
Originals and copies---ready made.
To the new painter all the country came;
Lord, lady, doctor, lawyer, squire, and dame,
The humble curate, and the curate's wife,
All ask a likeness---taken from the life.
Behold the canvas on the easel stand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and brushes fill'd his
hand:

But, ah! the painter's skill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his ancient store
Furnish'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, dame, or hero, of the days of yore.
The Cæsars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the mayor and corporation:
To represent the rector and the dean.
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene.
The ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.

Thus done, and circled in a splendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and spread his fame;
The countrymen of taste admire and stare:

"My lady's leer! Sir John's majestic air!

"Miss Dimple's languish too!--extremely
"like!

"And in the style and manner of Vandyke!

"O, this new limner's pictures always strike!

"Old, young; fat, lean; dark, fair; or big or
"little,

"The very man, or woman, to a tittle!"

Foote and this limner in some points agree,
And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by me.

When, by the royal licence and protection,
I shew my small academy's collection,

The connoisseur takes out his glats to pry

Into each picture with a curious eye;

Turns topsy-turvy my whole composition,

And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.

But still the copy's so exact, you say;

Alas! the same thing happens ev'ry day!

How many a modish well-dress'd top you meet,

Exactly suits his shape in Monmouth-street;

In Yorkshire warehouses and Cranbourn-alley,

'Tis wonderful how shoes and feet will tally!

As honest Crispin understands his trade,

On the true human scale his lasts are made,

The measure of each sex and age to hit,

And ev'ry shoe, as if bespoke, will fit.

My warehouse thus, for nature's walks, supplies

Shoes for all ranks, and lasts of ev'ry size.

Sit still, and try them, Sirs; I long to please you---
How well they fit! I hope you find them easy:

If the shoe pinches, swear you cannot bear it:

But if well made---I wish you health to wear it!

§ 94. *Prologue to the Contract; 1776. Written and intended to have been spoken by Mr. Foote.*

THE Contract is it call'd?---I cannot say

I much admire the title of his play:

Contracts, they tell me, have been traught with
evil,

Since Faustus sign'd his contract with---the Devil.

Yet, spite of Satan, all men wish to make 'em,

Tho' nineteen out of twenty love to break 'em.

Butchers and meal-men, brewers, agents, fac-
tors,

Pimps, poets, place-men, managers and actors,
Bawds, bankrupts, bookfellers, are all contrac-
tors;

All lye, and swear, and cheat, t'increase their
store,

Then die, and go---where Faustus went before.

While thus o'er all we see th' infection spread,

No wonder it should taint the marriage-bed:

Each wife forgets, each husband breaks his vow;

For what are contracts, what is wedlock, now?

Garrick, who long was married---to the town,

At length, a fashionable husband grown,

Forfakes his spouse, bafe man* for, truth to tell,
She lov'd her own dear Davy wondrous well;
Though now he flights her, breaks from her by
force,

And nought will ferve him but a full divorce.
But, be the fault in women or in men,
Thanks to our Laws! they all may---wed again:
Her faithlefs lov'r is gone, the lady's free
To chufe another, and may fmile---on me;
To the fame Lover may refign her charms,
And, tho' a cripple, take me to her arms.
I'll promife to be conftant, kind, polite,
And pay my duty---ev'ry other night:
My dear lov'd I'll never will abandon,
But ftand by her, whilft I've one leg to ftand on!
I'll make a folemn contract, play or pay,
And hope we fhall not part this many a day.

Our brother fcribbler too, I greatly fear,
Has made a foolifh kind of contract here;
He promifes, and ten to one you're bit,
To furnifh fable, fentiment, and wit:
I've feen his piece; the man appeal'd to me,
And I, as Chanc'lor, iffued my decree;
'T has paß'd the feals, they're going to rehearfe

it---

But you're the Houfe of Peers, and may reverfe it.

§ 95. *Prologue to the Splen, or Iflington Spa.*
Spoken by Mr. King; 1776.

GARRICK.

THOUGH prologues now as blackberries are
plenty,

And, like them, inaukifh too---nineteen in twenty;
Yet you will have them when their date is o'er,
And prologue! prologue! ftill your honours roar;
Till fome fuch difmal phiz as mine comes on---
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none;
The prologue, author, fpeaker---all are dead
and gone.

Thefe reafons have fome weight, and ftop the rout;
You clap---I fmile---and thus go cringing out:
While living, call me; for your pleasure ufe me:
Should I tip off---I hope you'll then excufe me.
So much for Prologues---and now enter Farce:
Shall I a fcene I lately heard, rehearfe?

The place, the Park; the dramatick perfonæ,
Two female wits, with each a macaroni:
"Pr'ythee, Lord Flimfey, what's this thing at
"Drury---

"This Splen?"---"'Tis low, damn'd low,
"Ma'am, I'll afure you."

"C'est vrai, my Lor?---We now feel no fuch evil,
"Never are haunted with a vapourifh devil.

"In pleasure's round we whirl it from the brain:
"You rattle it away with, Seven's the main!

"In upper life we have no fplen or gall;
"And as for other life---it is no life at all."

What can I fay in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that lower life may make you laugh.
May not a trader, who fhall bufinefs drop,
Quitting at once his old-accuftom'd fhop,

In fancy through a courfe of pleasures run,
Retiring to his feat at Iflington:
And, of falfe dreams of happinefs brim-full,
Be at his villa miferably dull?
Would not he Iflington's fine air forego,
Could he again be chok'd in Butcher-row?
In fhewing cloth renew his former pleasure,
Surpat'd by none---but that of clipping meafure,
The matter of this fhop, too, feeks repofe,
Sells off his ftock in trade, his verfè and profè,
His daggers, bufkins, thunder, lightning, and
old clothes.

Will he in rural fhades find eafe and quiet?
O no! he'll figh for Drury, and fcek peace in riot.
Nature of you prevail'd thro' him in kind;
To low and maddie life he's now confin'd:
'Twas there the choicelt dramatifls have fought
her,

'Twas there Molière, there Jonfon, Shakspeare
caught her.

Then let our gleaming bard with fafety come,
To pick up ftraws dropt from their harveft home.

§ 96. *Prologue introduced in the Prologue of New
Brooms. Spoken by Mr. King, at the opening
of Drury Lane Theatre, 1776. GARRICK.*

SCRIBBLERS are fportfmen; and, as fportfmen
are,

Some hit, fome mifs, fome poach, and fome beat
fair;

This wounds a ftaggling bird; that often tries
But never kills, he fhoots and thrufts both eyes;
Like our tran'd-bands, the mark he never hits;
He feems to fee the murder he commits:
Some will whole cov'rs take, nineteen in twenty;
And then you finack your lips---for game is plenty;
In fhort, by you their merits muft be tried;
And woe to them who are not qualified!

Another fmile we mean to breach---
A new one too!---the ftage is a ftage-coach---
A ftage-coach! why?---I'll tell you, if you afk
it---

† Here fome take places, and fome mount the
bafket †.

Our cattle too, that draw the ftage along,
Are of all forts and fizes---weak and ftrong;
Brown, grey, black, bay, brafk, tame, blind,
lame, far, lean, old, and young!

If, as we're jogging on, we fometimes ftop,
Some fceold withidin, and fome afleep will drop,
While failors and their doxies fing and roar
o' top.

The coachman manager will fometimes pleafeyc---
But fhould he ftuff the coach too full, and fqueeze
ye,

You then begin to fwear---"Zounds! fhut the door;
"We're cram'd already---here's no room for
"more---

"You're fo damn'd fat! A little farther, Sir---
"Your elbow's in my ftomach---I can't ftir!"

* Alluding to Mr. Garrick's retiring from the Stage.

† Boxes.

‡ Gallery.

Hoit ! hoit ! the coachman then drives on space,
 And, smack ! with other stages runs a race.
 Thro' thick and thin we dash, now up, now down,
 Now raise a dust, now rattling thro' the town ;
 Now first, now last, now jolted, crack ! we fall---
 Laugh'd, pelted, hooted at, and damn'd by all.
 Your late old coachman, tho' oft splash'd by dirt,
 And out in many a storm, retires unhurt ;
 Enjoys your kind reward for all his pains,
 And now to other hands resigns the reins.
 But the new partners of the old machine,
 Hoping you'll find it snug, and tight, and clean,
 Vow that with much civility they'll treat you,
 Will drive you well, and pleasantly will feat you.
 The road is not all turnpike---and, what worse is,
 They can't insure your watches, or your purses ;
 But they'll insure you, that their best endea-
 your
 Shall not be wanting to obtain your favour :
 Which gain'd---Gee up ! the old stage will run
 for ever !

§ 97. *Epilogue to the Runaway* ; 1776.

GARRICK.

POST haste from Italy arrives my lover !
 Shall I to you, good friends, my fears dis-
 cover ?
 Should foreign modes his virtues mar and mangle,
 And *cara sposa* prove---Sir Dingle Dangle ;
 No sooner join'd, than separate we go ;
 Abroad---we never shall each other know,
 At home---I mope above---he'll pick his teeth
 below.
 In sweet domestic chat we ne'er shall mingle,
 And, wedded tho' I am, shall still live single.
 Flowerer modish, I detest this plan ;
 For me no maukith creature, weak and wan :
 He must be English---and an English *man*.
 To nature and his country false and blind,
 Should Belville dare to twist his form and mind,
 I will discard him---and, to Britain true,
 A Briton chuse---and may be one of you---
 Nay, don't be frighten'd ; I am but in jest :
 Freeman, in love or war, should ne'er be press'd.
 If you would know my utmost expectation,
 'Tis one unspoil'd by travell'd education ;
 With knowledge, taste, much kindness, and some
 whim,
 Good sense to govern me---and let me govern him.
 Great love of me must keep his heart from roving ;
 Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving.
 If in these times I should be blest'd by fate
 With such a phoenix, such a matchless mate,
 I will, by kindness, and some small discerning,
 Take care that Hymen's torch continues burn-
 ing.
 At weddings, now-a-days, the torch, thrown
 down,
 Just makes a smoke, then stinks throughout the
 town !
 No married Puritan, I'll follow pleasure,
 And even the fashion---but in mod'rate measure ;

I will of opera ecstasies partake,
 Tho' I take snuff to keep myself awake :
 No rampant plumes shall o'er my temples play,
 Foretelling that my brains will fly away ;
 Nor from my head shall strange vagaries spring,
 To shew the sill can teem with ev'ry thing ;
 No fruits, roots, greens, shall fill the ample space,
 A kitchen-garden to adorn my face !
 No rocks shall there be seen, no windmill, foun-
 tain ;
 Nor curls, like guns set round to guard the
 mountain !
 O learn, ye fair, if this same madness spreads,
 Not to hold up, but to keep down, your heads !
 Be not misled by strange fantastic Art,
 But in your dress let Nature take some part ;
 Her skill alone a lasting pow'r insures,
 And best can ornament such charms as yours.

§ 98. *Epilogue to Semiramis* ; 1776.

SHERIDAN.

DISHEVELL'D still, like Asia's bleeding
 queen,
 Shall I with jests decide the tragic scene ?
 No, beauteous mourners!--from whole down-
 cast eyes
 The Muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice !
 Whose gentle bosoms, *Pity's altars*---bear
 The crystal incense of each falling tear !---
 There lives the poet's praise !---no critic art
 Can match the comment of a feeling heart !
 When gen'ral plaudits speak the fable o'er
 Which mute attention had approv'd before,
 Tho' ruder spirits love th' accustomed jest
 Which chafes sorrow from the vulgar breast,
 Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain---
 The sigh is pleasure ! and the jest is pain !
 Scarcely have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
 Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ !
 Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
 The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve ;
 Tho' ev'ry coarser stem of forest birth
 Throws with the morning-beam its dews to earth,
 Ne'er does the gentle *rose* revive so soon---
 But, bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
 O could the muse one simple moral teach,
 From scenes like these, which all who heard might
 reach !
 Thou child of sympathy---whoe'er thou art,
 Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part---
 Go search where keener woes demand relief,
 Go---while thy heart yet beats with fancied grief :
 Thy lip still conscious of the recent sigh,
 The graceful tear still ling'ring in thy eye---
 Go---and on zeal misery bestow
 The blest effusion of fictitious woe !---
 So shall our Muse, supreme of all the Nine,
 Deserve indeed the title of---*divine* !
 Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
 And *Pity* greet her with a sister's love !

§ 99. *Prologue, spoken by Mr. Palmer, on the opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-Market; May 15, 1777.* COLMAN.

PRIDE, by a thousand arts, vain honours claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain seem great,
And ev'ry playhouse grows a mighty state.
To fancied heights howe'er mock-monarchs soar,
A manager's a trader---nothing more---
You (whom they court) their customers---and
then,
We play'rs---poor devils!---are their journey-
men.

While two great warehouses, for winter use,
Eight months huge bales of merchandize produce,
Out with the swallow comes our summer Bayes,
To shew his taffeta and lutestring plays;
A choice assortment of slight goods prepares,
The smallest haberdasher of small wares.

In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector---
A mighty schemer---like our new director---
Once form'd a plan---and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!---
To draw the sun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilst less vent'rous managers retire,
Our Salamander thinks to live in fire.

A playhouse quidnunc---and no quidnunc's
wifer---
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiser,
Cries, "Hey! what's here? In th' Hay-market
" a play,

" To sweat the public in the midst of May?
" Give me fresh air!"---then goes, and pouts
alone

In country-lodgings---by the two-mile stone:
There sits, and chews the cud of his disgust,
Brol'd in the sun, and blinded by the dust.
" Deace," says Mrs. Inkle, " let us go
" To th' Hay-market to-night, and see the show."
" Psha, woman!" cries old Inkle, " you're a fool:
" We'll walk to Hornsey, and enjoy the cool."
So said, to finish the domestic strife,
Forth waddle the fat spouse, and fatter wife:
And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries---" Delightful walking!---charming wea-
" ther!"

Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd sits their turtle feasts begin,
And plunge, full knuckle-deep, thro' thick and
thin:
Throw down fish, flesh, fowl, pastry, custard,
jelly,
And make a salmagundy of their belly.
" More China-pepper! punch, another rummer!
" So cool and pleasant---eating in the summer!"
To ancient geographers 'twas not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, though toiling underneath the line,
Must make our hay now while the weather's fine.
Your good old *hay-maker*, long here employ'd,
The sunshine of your smiles who still enjoy'd;
The fields which long he mow'd will not for-
sake,
Nor quite forego the scythe, the fork, and rake;

But take the field, even in the hottest day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

§ 100. *Prologue to the Spanish Barber; 1777.* COLMAN.

ONCE more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul Prig!
The same spruce air, you see, same coat, same
wig!

A mercer snar and dapper all allow,
As ever at shop-door shot off a bow.
This summer---for I love a little prance---
This summer, gentlefolks, I've been to France,
To mark the fashions---and to learn to dance. }
I, and dear Mrs. Prig, the first of Graces!
At Calais, in the diligence took places;
Travell'd through Boulogne, Amiens, and Chan-
tilly,

All in a line---as straight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dresses made me stare---
Their fav'rite colour is the French Queen's hair:
They're all so fine, so shabby, and so gay,
They look like chimney-sweepers on May-day:
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there;
A Joseph's coat appears the common wear.

Of some I brought home patterns; one, to-
night,
We mean to shew---'tis true, it is but slight:
But then, for summer wear, you know, that's
right.

A little weaver, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it shewn---
But pray observe, my friends, 'tis not his own. }
I brought it over---nay, if it miscarries,
He'll cry, " 'Tis none of mine---it came from
" Paris."

But would you like it, he'll soon let you know,
'Twas spun and manufactur'd in Soho.
'T had a great run abroad, which always yields
Work for our Grub-street, and our Spital-fields.
France charms our ladies, naked bards, and beaux,
Who smuggle thence their learning and their
clothes;

Buckles like gridirons, and wigs on springs;
Ties built like towers, and rumps like ostrich
wings.

If this piece please, each summer I'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the straits of Dover.

§ 101. *Prologue to the School for Scandal; 1777.* GARRICK.

ASCHOOL for Scandal!---Tell me, I beseech
you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you?
No need of lessons now---the knowing think---
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal, should the va-
pours

Dress our fair-ones, let them read the papers;
Their pow'ful mixtures such disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit*.
" Lord "

"Lord!" cries my Lady Wormwood (who loves
tattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her prattle)
Just risen at noon, all night at cards when threshing,
"Strong tea and scandal—blest me, how refreshing!"
"Give me the papers, Lisps---how bold and
free!" [Lips.]
"Last night Lord L. [Lips] was caught with
"Lady D.
"For aching heads, what charming *sal vola-*
"tile!" [Lips.]
"If Mrs. B. will still continue flirting,
"We hope she'll draw, or we'll undraw, the cur-
tain---
"Fine satire, poz! in public all abuse it!
"But, by ourselves, [Lips] our praise we can't
"refuse it.
"Now, Lisps, read you---there, at that dash and
"star."---
"Yes, Ma'am---A certain Lord had best be-
"ware,
"Who lives not twenty miles from Grosvenor
"square;
"For should he Lady W. find willing---
"Wormwood is bitter."---"O! that's me---the
"villain!
"Throw it behind the fire, and never more
"Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart.
Is our young bard so young, to think that he
Can stop the full-spring tide of calumny?
Knows he the world so little, and its trade---
Alas! the devil's sooner rais'd than laid.
So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off---still the tongue is wag-
ging.
Proud, of your smiles, once lavishly bestow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To shew his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And seeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell gripe the frightened fair to save---
Tho' he should fall, th' attempt must please the
brave.
For your applause, all perils he would through,
He'll fight---that's write---a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood---that's ink---is spilt
for you.

§ 102. *Epilogue to the same; 1777. Spoken by Mrs. Abington, in the Character of Lady Teazel.*

COLMAN.

I WHO was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all oneway,
Bend all my cares, my studies, and my vows,
To one old rusty wearer-cock---my spouse:
So wills our virtuous bard!---the pye-ball'd Bayes
Of crying epilogues and laughing plays.

Old bachelors, who marry finart young wives
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each bring his dear to town---all faults' upon
her---

London will prove the very source of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it serves,
When principles relax, to brace the nerves.
Such is my case---and yet I must deplore
That the gay dream of dissipation's o'er;
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemn'd to such a dismal doom?
Save money---when I just knew how to waste it!
Leave London---just as I began to taste it!
Must I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone rustic hail for ever bounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and squalling brats sur-
rounded?

With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the 'squire)
And at back-gammon mortify my soul,
That pants for lu, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main!---dear found!--that must ex-
pire,

Lost at hot-cockles round a Christmas fire!
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
"Farewel the tranquil mind, farewell content!
"Farewel the *prumed* head---the cushion'd *tête*,
"That takes the cushion from his proper seat!
"The spirit-stirring drum!---card-drums I
"mean---

"Spadille, odd trick, pam, basto, king, and queen!
"And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
"The welcome visitor's approach denote---
"Farewel!--all *quality* of high renown,
"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious
"town,
"Farewel!--your revels I partake no more,
"And Lady Teazel's occupation's o'er."
All this I told our Bard---he smil'd, and said
'twas clear

I ought to play deep tragedy next year:
Meanwhile he drew wise morals from his play,
And in these solemn periods stalk'd away:
"Blest were the fair, like you her faults who
"stop,
"And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropt!
"No more in vice or error to engage,
"Or play the fool at large on life's great stage!"

§ 103. *Prologue to A Word to the Wife, performed for the Benefit of Mr. Kelly's Family; 1777.*

JOHNSON.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,
Or right or wrong, once hooted from the
stage.

* Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, it was damaged, from the violence of party.

From

From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For English vengeance wars not with the dead.
A generous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.

To wit reviving from its author's dust,
Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just :
For no renew'd hostilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.
Let one great payment every claim appease,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to please ;
To please by scenes unconscious of offence,
By harmless merriment, or useful sense.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,
Approve it only---'tis too late to praise.
If want of skill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiss---the poet cannot hear!
By all, like him, must praise and blame be found
At best a fleeting glam, or empty sound.
Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,
When liberal pity dignified delight ;
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

§ 104. *Prologue to Sir Thomas Overbury*; 1777.
SHERIDAN.

TOO long the Muse, attach'd to regal show,
Denies the scene to tales of humbler woe ;
Suchs wren on, while yet they charm'd the ear,
To steal the plaudit of a silent tear ;
When Otway gave domestic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar sorrows touch'd the heart.

A scepter'd traitor, bath'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling state,
Are themes (tho' nobly worth the classic song)
Which feebly claim your sighs, nor eld in them long ;
Too great for piety, they inspire respect,
Their deeds astonish, rather than affect ;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reason tells us we can never prove.

Other the scene, where sadly stands confess'd
The private pang that rends the sufferer's breast.
When sorrow sits upon a parent's brow,
When fortune mocks the youthful lover's vow,
All feel the tale---for who so mean but knows
What fathers' sorrows are, what lovers' woes ?

On kindred ground our Bard his fabric built,
And plac'd a mirror there for private guilt ;
Where, fatal union ! will appear combin'd
An angel's form, and an abandon'd mind ;
Honour attempting passion to reprove,
And friendship struggling with unhallow'd love !

Yet view not, critics, with severe regard
The orphan offspring of an orphan bard,
Doom'd, whilst he wrote, unpitied to sustain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign !
Ill-fated Savage ! at whose birth was giv'n
No parent but the Muse, no friend but Heaven !
Whose youth no brother knew, with social care
To soothe his sufferings, or demand to share ;

No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his smile at all that fate could do ;
While, at his death, no friend's nor mother's tear
Fell on the track of his deserted bier !

So pleads the tale that gives to future times
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes ;
There shall his fame (if own'd to-night) sur-
vive !

Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live !

§ 105. *Prologue to Bonduca* ; 1778. GARRICK.

TO modern Britons let the old appear
This night to rouse 'em for this anxious
year :

To raise that spirit, which of yore, when rais'd,
Made even Romans tremble while they prais'd :
To rouse that spirit, which thro' every age
Has wak'd the lyre, and warm'd th' historian's
page ;

That dauntless spirit, which on Cressy's plain
Rush'd from the heart thro' ev'ry British vein :
Neiv'd ev'ry arm the numerous host to dare,
Whilst Edward's valour shone the guiding star,
Whose beams dispers'd the darkness of despair. }
Whate'er the craft or number of his foes,
Ever from danger Britain's glory rose ;
To the mind's eye let the sixth Harry rise,
And in that vision boasting France despise ;
'Then turn to later deeds your fires have wrought,
When Anna rul'd, and mighty Marlborough
fought.

Shall Chatham die and be forget t?---O no !
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow ;
His matchless ardour fir'd each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons droop'd and
pin'd ;

Whilst each State Atlas sunk beneath the load,
His heart, unshock, with patriot virtue glow'd ;
Like Hercules, he freed 'em from the weight,
And on his shoulders fix'd the tottering state ;
His strength the monsters of the land defied,
'To raise his country's glory was his pride, ' }
And for her service, as he liv'd, he died.
O for his powers, those feelings, to impart,
Which rous'd to action every drooping heart !
Now, while the angry trumpet sounds alarms,
And all the nation cries, " To arms, to arms !"
Then would his native strength each Briton
know,

And scorn the threats of an invading foe :
Hatching and feeding every civil broil,
France looks with envy on our happy soil ;
When mischief's on the wing the cries for war,
Insults distress, and braves her conqueror.
But Shakespeare sung---and well this land he
knew,

O hear his voice ! that nought shall make us
rue,

" If England to itself do rest but true."

* Life of Richard Savage, by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

† Lord Chatham died 22 May, 1778.

§ 106. *Prologue to the Princess of Parma; 1778.*

CUMBERLAND.

ERE dark November, with his dripping wings,
Shuts out the cheerful face of men and things;
You all can tell how soon the dreary scene
Affects your wives and daughters with the spleen.
Madam begins---“ My dear, these odious rains
“ Will bring on all my old rheumatic pains;
“ In fifty places it came in last night---
“ This vile old crazy mansion’s such a fright!
“ What’s to be done?”---“ In very truth, my love,
“ I think ’twere better for us to remove.”
This said, if as it chance that gentle spouse
Bears but a second int’reſt in the houſe,
The bill is paſt---no ſooner ſaid than done---
Up ſprings the hen-bird, and the covey’s gone:
Then ſay for London! there the game begins;
Bouquets, and diamond ſtars, and golden pins,
A thouſand freakiſh wants, a thouſand ſighs,
A thouſand pourings, and ten thouſand lyes;
Trim, and new-rigg’d, and launch’d for pleaſure’s
gale,

Out madam comes, her goſlings at her tail;
Away they ſcamper to preſent their faces
At Johnson’s citadel, for ſide-box places.
He to their joint and ſupplicating moan
Preſents a face of braſs, a heart of ſtone;
Or, monarch-like, while their addreſs is ſtating,
Sends them a “*veſto*” by his lord in waiting.
Returning thence, the diſappointed fleet
Anchors in Taſttock’s fantaſtic ſtreet;
There under Folly’s colours gaily rides,
Where Humour points, or veering paſſion guides.
In vain the ſteward racks, and tenants rave,
Money ſhe wants, and money he will have.
Meanwhile, terſtic hangs the unpaid bill,
Long as from Portman-square to Ludgate-hill:
The ſquire, exhausted, in deſponding plight,
Creeps to his chambers to avoid the ſight,
Or at the Mount with ſome old ſwarler chimes,
In damning wives, and railing at the times.
Such is the ſcene!---If then we fetch you down
Amuſements which endure the ſmoky town,
And through the peaſants poor but uſeful hands,
We circulate the produce of your lands;
In this voluptuous diſſipated age,
Sure there’s ſome merit in our rural ſtage*.
Happy the call, nor wholly vain the play,
Which weds you to your acres but a day.

§ 107. *Epilogue to Percy; 1778.* GARRICK.

MUS I, will ſpeak---I hope my dreſs and air
Announce the man of ſaſhion, not the play’r:
Tho’ gentlemen are now forbid the ſcenes,
Yet I have ruſh’d through heroes, kings, and
queens;
Reſolv’d, in pity to this poliſh’d age,
To drive theſe ballad heroes from the ſtage---
“ To drive the deer with hound and horn,
“ Earl Percy took his way;
“ The child may rue that is unborn
“ The hunting of that day.”

A pretty baſis, truly, for a maudlin play!
What ſhall a ſcribbling, ſentleſs woman, dare
To offer to your taſtes ſuch taſteleſs fare?
Is Douglas or is Percy, tir’d with paſſion,
Ready, for love or glory, death to daſh on,
Fit company for modern ſtill-life men of
faſhion?

Such madneſs will our hearts but ſlightly grieve;
We’ve no ſuch frantic nobles now-a-days.
Could we believe old ſtories, thoſe ſtrange ſu-
lows

Married for love, could of their wives be jealous---
Nay, conſtant to ’em too---and, what is worſe,
The vulgar ſouls thought cuckoldom a curſe!
Moſt wedded pairs had then one purſe, one
mind,

One bed too---ſo prepoſterouſly join’d!
From ſuch barbarity (thank Heaven!) we’re
reſin’d.

Old ſongs their happineſs at home record,
From home they ſep’rate carriages abhor’d---
One horſe ſerv’d both---my lady rode behind
my lord.

’Twas death alone could ſnap their bonds aſunder:
Now, tack’d ſo ſlightly, not to ſnap’s the wonder.
Nay, death itſelf could not their hearts divide,
They mix’d their love with monumental pride;
For, cut in ſtone, they ſtill lay ſide by ſide.

But why theſe Gothic anceſtors produce?
Why ſcour their ruſty armours? What’s the uſe?
’Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To ſee us beaux bend under coats of mail:
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruife,
Good Heaven! how much court-plaiſter we
ſhould uſe!

We wear no armour now---but on our ſhoes.
Let not with barbariſm true taſte be blended;
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended;
Let the dead reſt---we living can’t be mended.

§ 108. *Epilogue to Fatal Falſehood; 1779.*

SHERIDAN.

UNHIND me, gentlemen, by Heaven, I ſay,
I’ll make a ghoul of him who bars my way.
[*Behind the ſcenes.*]

Forth let me come---a poet-aſter true,
As lean as envy, and as baneful too;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive theſe female ſcribblers from the ſtage;
For ſenſe or hiſtory, we’ve none but theſe,
The law of liberty and wit they ſeize;
In tragic---comic---paſtoral---they dare to
pleaſe.

Each puny bard muſt ſurely burſt with ſpite,
To find that women with ſuch fame can write:
But O, your partial favour is the cauſe,
Who feed their follies with ſuch full applauſe;
Yet ſtill our tribe ſhall ſeek to blaſt their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender’s aim;
Where the dull duties of domeſtic life
Wage with the Muſe’s toils eternal ſtrife.

* This prologue was ſpoken at the private theatre of Mr. Hanbury, of Kelmarſh, in Northamptonſhire.

What motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conspire to vex!
In studious dishabille behold her sit,
A letter'd gossip, and a housewife wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her gods, her cook, her millner, and muse;
Round her strew'd room a slippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of notable and wife;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
Oppress the toilet, and obscure the glass;
Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
And there, a mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
Here new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,

There, dormant patterns lie for future gauze:
A moral essay now is all her care;
A satire next, and then a bill of fare:
A scene she now projects, and now a dish;
Here's Act the first---and here---Remove with fish.
Now while this eye in a fine phrenzy rolls,
That, soberly casts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
And tears, and thread, and bowls, and thimbles mix.

Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic song,
For years esteem'd all household studies wrong;
When, dire mishap! tho' neither shame nor sin,
Sappho herself, and not her Muse, lies in.
The virgin Nine in terror fly the howl'r,
And matron Juno claims despotic pow'r:
Soon Gothic hags the classic pile o'erturn,
A cauldle-cup supplants the sacred urn;
Nor books nor implements escape their rage,
They spike the ink-stand, and they rend the page:
Poems and plays, one barbarous fate partake;
Goid and Plautus suffer at the stake; [cake.]
And Aristotle's only sav'd---to wrap plum-

Yet shall a woman tempt the tragic scene?
And dare---but hold---I must repress my spleen;
I see your hearts are pledg'd to her applause,
While Shakspeare's spirit seems to aid her cause;
Well pleas'd to aid---since o'er his sacred bier
A female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the gentlest laurel that is worthipp'd
there.

§ 109. *Prologue to the Fathers; 1779. GARRICK.*

WHEN from the world departs a son of fame,
His deeds or works enbalm his precious name;

Yet, not content, the public call for art,
To rescue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the painter's and the sculptor's hand,
To spread his mimic form throughout the land;
A form, perhaps, which living was neglected,
And, when it could not feel respect, respected.
This night, no bust or picture claims your praise,
Our claim's superior---we his spirit raise;
From Time's dark store-house bring a long-lost play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.

But who the author? Need I name the wit,
Whom Nature prompted as his genius writ?
Truth smil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought story,

Where characters live, act, and stand before ye.
Suppose these characters, various as they are,
The knave, the fool, the worthy, wife, and fair,
For and against the author pleading at your bar.
First pleads Tom Jones---grateful his heart and warm---

"Brave, gen'rous Britons! shield this play from
"harm;
"My best friend wrote it; should it not succeed,
"Tho' with my Sophy blest---my heart will
"bleed."

Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
"Courage, my maker!" Partridge cries, "don't
"fear:
"Should Envy's serpents hiss, or Malice frown,
"Tho' I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em
"down."

Next, sweet Sophia comes---she cannot speak---
Her wishes for the play o'erspread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her sentiments you read,
And more than eloquence her blushes plead.
Now Blissful bows---with smiles his false heart gild-
ing--

"He was my foe---I beg you'll damn this Field-
"ing!"

"Right!" Thwackum roars, "no mercy, Sirs,
"I pray;

"Scourge the dead author, thro' his orphan play."
"What words!" cries Parson Adams; "lie,
"lie! disown 'em!

"Good Lord!--*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*:
"If such are Christian teachers, who'll revere 'em?
"If thus they preach, the devil alone should hear
"em."

Now Slipshod enters---"Tho' this scriv'ning va-
"grant

"Slated my virtue, which was ever flagrant,
"Yet, like black Thell, I'd bear scorn and whips,
"Slip into poverty to th' very hips,

"T'ends this play---may it decrease in favour,
"And be its fame immol'dix'd for ever!"

"Squire Western, reeling with October hallow,
"Tally-o, boys!---Yoicks!---Critics, hunt the
"fellow!

"Damn 'em! these wits are varmint not worth
"breeding:

"What good ere came of writing and of reading?"
Next comes, brim full of spite and politics,

His sister Western---and thus deeply speaks:
"Wits are arm'd pow'rs; like France attack the
"foe;

"Negociate till they sleep---then strike the blow."
Allworthy last pleads to your noblest passions:

"Ye gen'rous leaders of the tastes and fashions,
"Departed Genius left his orphan play

"To your kind care---what the dead wills, obey.
"O then respect the father's fond bequest,

"And make his widow smile, his spirit rest!"

§ 110. *Prologue to the Miniature-Picture, 1780.*

SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant
May

Withholds the beauties of the vernal day;
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love;
The season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And winter revels with protracted pow'r:
Then blame not, critics, if thus late we bring
A winter's drama; but reproach---the spring.
What prudent cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whisky, and enjoy the dust?
Hous'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New-road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-
gate.

Anxious---and fearful too---his steed to shew,
The hack'd Bucephalus of Rotten-row:
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly fly,
Woo the stray glance of ladies passing by;
While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains,
The vulgar verdure of her walk remains,
Where white-rob'd misses amble two by two,
Nodding to booted beaux---"How do, how do!"
With gen'rous questions, that no answer wait,
"How vastly full!" A'n't you come vastly late?
"Isn't it quite charming? When do you leave
"town?"

"A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray, can we sit you
"down?"

These suburb pleasures of a London May,
Imperfect yet, we hail the cold delay;
But if this plea's denied, in our excuse
Another still remains you can't refuse;
It is a lady writes---and hark---a noble Muse
But see a critic starting from his bench---
"A noble author?" Yes, Sir, but the play's not
French;

Yet if it were, no blame on us could fall;
For we, you know, must follow fashion's call:
And true it is, things lately were in train
To woo the Gallic Muse at Drury-lane;
Not to import a troop of foreign elves,
But treat you with French actors---in ourselves:
A friend we had, who vow'd he'd make us speak
Pure flippant French---by contract---in a week;
Told us 'twas time to study what was good,
Polish, and leave off being understood:
That crowded audiences we thus might bring
To Monsieur Parsons, and Chevalier King:
Or should the vulgars grumble now and then,
The prompter might translate---for country gen-
tlemen.

Straight all subscrib'd---kings, gods, mutes, sing-
ers, actors;

A Flanders figure-dancer our contractor.
But here I grieve to own, tho' t be to you,
He acted---e'en as most contractors do,
Sold what he never dealt in; and, th' amount
Being first discharg'd, submitted his account;

And what th' event? Their industry was such,
Dodd spoke good Flemish, Bannister bad Dutch;
Then the rogue told us, with insulting ease,
So it was foreign it was sure to please:
Beaux, wits applaud, as fashion should command,
And misses laugh---to seem to understand---
So from each clime our soil may something gain:
Manhood from Rome, and sprightliness from
Spain;

Some Russian Roscius next delight the age,
And a Dutch Heinel skate along the stage.
Exotic fopperies, hail! whose flatter'ing smile
Supplants the sterner virtues of our isle!
Thus while with Chinese firs and Indian pines
Our nurseries swarm, the British oak declines:
Yet vain our Muses fear---no foreign laws
We dread, while native beauty pleads our cause;
While you to judge, whose smiles are honours
higher

Than verie should gain, but where those eyes in-
spire.

But if the men presume your pow'r to awe,
Retort their churlish senatorial law:

This is your house---and move---the gentle-
men withdraw:

Then they may vote, with envy never ceasing,
Your influence has increas'd and is increasing:
But there, I trust, the resolution's finish'd;
Sure none will say---it ought to be diminish'd.

§ 111. *Epilogue to the same; 1780.*

JEKYLL.

THE men, like tyrants of the Turkish kind,
Have long our sex's energy confin'd;
In full-dress black, and bows, and solemn stalk,
Have long monopoliz'd the Prologue's walk;
But still the flippant Epilogue was ours,
It ask'd, for gay support, the female pow'rs;
It ask'd a flirting air, coquet and fire,
And so, to murder it, they fix on me.

Much they mistake my talents---I was born
To tell, in sobs and sighs, some tale forlorn;
To wet my handkerchief with Juliet's woes,
Or turn to Shore's despair my tragic nose.

Yes, gentlemen, in education's spite,
You still shall find that we can read and write;
Like you, can swell a debt or a debate,
Can quit the card-table to steer the frigate,
And bid our Belle Assemblée's rhetoric flow,
To drown your dull declaimers at Soho!
Methinks e'en now I hear my sex's tongues,
The shrill, smart melody of female lungs!
The storm of question, the division calm,
With "Hear her! hear her! Mrs. Speaker,
"Ma'am!"

"O order! order!" Kates and Susans rise,
And Marg'ret moves, and Tabitha replies.

Look to the camp---Coxheath and Warley
Common

Supplied, at least, for ev'ry tent a woman;
The cartridge-paper wrapt the billet-doux,
The rear and piquet form'd the rendezvous;
The drum's stern rattle shook the nuptial bed,
The knapsack pillow'd *Lady Sturgeon's* head;

Love was the watch-word, till the morning life
Rous'd the tame Major and his warlike wife.

Look to the stage---to-night's example draws
A female Dramatist to grace the cause---
So fade the triumphs of presumptuous man !
And would you, ladies, but complete my plan,
Here should ye sign some patriot petition
To mend our constitutional condition.
The men invade our rights, the mimic elves
Lisp and nick-name God's creatures like ourselves.
Rouge more than we do, simmer, flounce, and fret,
And they *coquet, good gods, how they coquet!*
They too are coy; and, monstrous to relate,
Theirs is the coyness in a *tête-à-tête*.
Yes, ladies, yes, *I could a tale unfold,*
Would harrow up your---cushions---were it told;
Part your *combined curls, and freeze---pomatum,*
At griefs and grievances, as I could state 'em.
But *sub eternal blazon must not speak;*
Besides, the House adjourns some day next week.
This fair *committee* shall detail the rest;
And then let monitors, if they dare, *protest*.

§ 112. *Prologue to Fatal Curiosity*; 1782.

COLMAN.

LONG since, beneath this humble roof, this
play,
Wrought by true English genius, saw the day.
Forth from this humble roof it scarce has stray'd;
In prouder theatres 'twas never play'd.
There you have gup'd and doz'd o'er many a
piece,
Patch'd up from France, or stol'n from Rome
or Greece,
Or made of shreds from Shakspeare's golden
 fleece.

There scholars, simple nature cast aside,
Have trick'd their heroes out in classic pride;
No scenes where genuine passion runs to waste,
But all hedg'd in by shrubs of modern taste !
Each tragedy laid out like garden grounds,
One circling gravel marks its narrow bounds.
Lillo's plantations were of *forest* growth---
Shakspeare's the same---great nature's hand in
both !

Give me a tale the passions to controul,
" Whose slightest word may harrow up the soul !"
A magic potion, of charm'd drugs commixt,
Where pleasure, courts, and honour comes betwixt !

Such are the scenes that we this night renew,
Scenes that your fathers were well-pleas'd to view.
Once we half-paus'd---and while cold fears pre-
vail,

Strive with faint strokes to soften down the tale;
But soon, attir'd in all its native woes,
The shade of *Lillo* to our fancy rose :
Check thy weak hand, it said, or seem'd to say---
Nor of its manly vigour rob my play !
From British annals I the story drew,
And British hearts shall *feel*, and *bear* it too.
Pity shall move their souls, in spite of rules;
And terror takes no lesson from the schools.
Speak to their *hopes*, to their *feelings* trust,
You'll find their sentence *generous* and *just*.

§ 113. *Prologue to the Birth-Day*, Aug. 12.
1783.

COLMAN.

WHEN fate on some tremendous act seems
bent,
And nature labours with the dread event,
Portents and prodigies convulse the earth;
That heaves and struggles with the fatal birth.
In happier hours are lavish *blessings* given,
And pour'd in floods to mark the hand of Hea-
ven.

In a long series of bright glories dress'd,
Britons must hail *this day* supremely blest.
First on this day, in liberty's great cause,
A Brunswick came to guard our rights and laws:
On this great day, our glorious annals tell,
By British arms the pride of Cuba fell ;
For then, the Moro's gallant chief o'erthrown,
Th' Havannah saw his fate, and felt her own :
The self-lame day, the same auspicious morn,
Our elder hope, our *Prince*, our George was born.
Upon his natal ! our what triumph wait !
What captive treasures crowd the palace-gate !
What double joys the Royal Parent claim,
Of homefelt happiness and public fame !

Long, very long, great George, protect the
land,

Thy race, like arrows in a giant's hand !
For still, tho' blights may nip some infant rose,
And kill the budding beauty ere it blows,
Indulgent Heaven prolongs th' illustrious line,
Branching like th' olive, clost'ring like the vine.
Long, very long, thy course of glory run,
A bright example to thy Royal Son !
Forming that Son to grace, like thee, the throne,
And make his Father's virtues all his own !

§ 114. *Prologue to the Election of the Managers*;
1784.

COLMAN.

" CURST be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy man my
" foe ;

" Gives virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
" Or from the soft-eyed virgin steals a tear."
Thus sung sweet Pope, the vigorous child of
Satire ;

Our Bayes less genius boasts, not less good-na-
ture.

No poison'd shaft he darts with partial aim,
Folly and vice are fair and general game :
No tale he echoes, on no scandal dwells,
Nor plants on one fool's head the cap and bells ;
He paints the living manners of the time,
But lays at no man's door reproach or crime.

Yet some with critic note, and eye too kern;
Scent double meanings out, and blast each scene;
While squint suspicion holds her treacherous
lamp,
Fear moulds base coin, and malice gives the
stamp.

Falschood's vile gloss converts the very Bible
To *scandalum magnatum*, and a libel.

Thus

Thus once when sick Sir Gripus, as we're told,
In grievous usury grown rich and old,
Bought a good book that, on a christian plan,
Inculcates The Whole Duty of a Man.
To every sin a sinner's name he tack'd,
And thro' the parish all the vices track'd:
And thus, the comment and the text enlarging,
Crowds all his friends and neighbours in the margin.

Pride, was my lord; and drunkenness, the 'quire;
My lady, vanity and loose desire;
Hardness of heart, no misery regarding,
Was overseer---luxury, churchwarden.
All, all he damn'd; and carrying the farce on,
Made fraud the lawyer---gluttony, the parson.

'Tis said, when winds the troubled deep deform,

Pour copious streams of oil, 'twill lay the storm:
Thus here, let mirth and frank good-humour's balm

Make censure mild, scorn kind, and anger calm!
Some wholesome bitters if the bard produces,
'Tis only wormwood to correct the juices.

In this day's contest, where, in colours new,
Three play-house candidates are brought to view,
Our little Bayes encounters some disgrace:
Should you reject him too, I mourn his case---
He can be chosen for no other place.

§ 115. *Prologue to Two to One; 1784.*

COLMAN.

TO-night, as heralds tell, a virgin muse,
An untrain'd youth, a new advent'rer, sues;
Green in his one-and-twenty, scarce of age,
Takes his first flight, half fledg'd, upon the stage.

Within this little round the parent bin'd
Hath warbled oft; oft patiently you heard;
And as he strove to raise his eager throat,
Your kind applause made music of his note.
But now, with beating heart and anxious eye,
He sees his vent'rous youngling strive to fly:
Like Dædalus, a father's fears he brings,
A father's hopes, and vain would plume his wings.

How vain, alas, his hopes! his fears how vain!

'Tis you must hear, and hearing judge the strain.

Your equal justice sinks or lifts his name;
Your frown's a sentence, your applause is fame.
If humour warms his scenes with genial fire;
'They'll ev'n redeem the errors of his fire;
Nor shall his lead---dead! to the bottom drop,
By youth's enliv'ning cork buoy'd up at top.
If characters are mark'd with ease and truth,
Pleas'd with his spirit, you'll forgive his youth.
Should fire and son be both with dulceness curst,
"And Duncie the second follow Duncie the first."

The shallow stripling's vain attempt you'll mock,
And damn him for a *Chip of the old Block*.

§ 116. *Prologue occasioned by the Death of Mr Henderfon; 1785.* MURPHY.

THE fiction try this night her magic strain,
And blend mysteriously delight with pain;
Ere yet she wake her train of hopes and fears
For Jaffier's wrongs and Belvidera's tears;
Will you permit a true, a recent grief,
To vent its charge, and seek that kind relief?

How shall we feel the tale of feign'd distress,
While on the heart our own afflictions press!
When our own friend, when Henderfon expires,
And from the tomb one parting pang requires!
In yonder Abbey shall he rest his head,
And on this spot no virtuous drop be shed?

You will indulge our grief---those crowded rows

Shew you have hearts that feel domestic woes;
Hearts that with gen'rous emulation burn,
To raise the widow, drooping o'er his urn;
And to his child, when reason's op'ning ray
Shall tell her *widom* the lost, this truth convey;
Her father's worth made each good man his friend;

Honour'd through life, regretted in his end!
And for his relatives to help his store,
An audience gave, when he could give no more.
Him we all mourn; his friends still heave the sigh,

And still the tear stands trembling in the eye.
His was each mild, each amiable art,
The gentlest manners and the feeling heart;
Fair simple truth; benevolence to all;
A gen'rous warmth, that glow'd at friendship's call;

A judgment sure, while learning toll'd behind;
His mirth was wit; his humour, sense refin'd;
A soul above all guile, all meaner views;
The friend of science, friend of ev'ry muse!
Oft have I known him in my vernal year---
This no feign'd grief---no artificial tear!
Oft in this breast he wak'd the Muses' flame;
Fond to advise, and point my way to fame.
Who most shall praise him, all are still at strife;
Expiring virtue leaves a void in life.

A void our scene has felt:---with Shakspeare's page

Who now, like him, shall animate the stage?
Hamlet, Macbeth, and Benedick, and Lear,
Richard, and Wolsey, pleas'd each learned ear.
If feigning well be our consummate art,
How great *his* praise, who in *Iago's* part
Could utter thoughts so foreign to his heart?
Falstaff, who shook this house with mirthful roar,
Is now no counterfeit---he'll rise no more!
'Twas Henderfon's the drama to pervade,
Each passion touch, and give each nicer shade.
When o'er these boards the Roman Father pass'd---
But I forbear---that effort was his last.

The Muse there saw his zeal, tho' rack'd with pain,

While the slow fever ambush'd in each vein.
She sought the bed where pale and wan he lay,
And vainly tried to chase disease away;

Watch'd

Watch'd ev'ry look, and number'd ev'ry sigh,
And gently, as he liv'd, she saw him die.
With with her griefs, she join'd the mournful
throng,
With fullen sound as the hearse mov'd along:
Thro' the dim vaulted aisles she led the way,
And gave to genius past his kindred clay;
Heard the last requiem o'er his relics cold,
And with her tears bedew'd the hallow'd mould.
In faithful verse, there, near the lonely cell,
The fair recording epitaph may tell,
That he who now lies mould'ring into dust,
Was good, was upright, generous, and just;
By talents form'd to grace the poet's lays;
By virtue form'd to dignify his days.

§ 117. *Epilogue intended to be spoken by Mr. Shuter, in the Character of a Schoolmaster, with a Rod in his Hand.*

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane,
When poets write, and passions preach in vain,
When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
Behold a schoolmaster---Ticklebreach by name,
Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;
To lash those foibles now so common grown,
And once more place fair Virtue on her throne.
'This magic rod, tho' nought but simple wood,
With wonders strange to mention is endued.
If to that part of man we all deride
'Tis rightly handled, and with skill applied,
'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
The doctor save the patient he would kill;
The statesman too, that Atlas of the state,
Who toils, and sweats, and bends beneath the
weight

Of places, pensions, sinecures, and fees,
At the first stroke will find immediate ease:
With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
And at the helm take honour for his guide;
Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe.
'The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
The feats he did when on proud Galia's coasts,
How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew,
"Twenty more---kill 'em; twenty more---kill
"them too!"

When in the field his looks his fears betray,
And his own shadow makes him run away;
But if the force of this same twig he feels,
His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.

Next, to the male-coquet I mean to speak,
Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are weak;
Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns
The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains;
Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, "Sir

"Peter,
"There's a fine girl; Gad's curse! a charming
"creature!"

"Whateyes, whatlips! and then her shape and gait!
"She must be mine, 'cgad, at any rate."

This wand, if once it touch the cockcomb's tail,
I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail;
He'll own its charms, surpass his fals and drops,
For into men, it chaunges fools and fops;
Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more;
All which, I'm sure, they never did before.
In good queen Bess's happy golden reign,
The British fair their virtue did maintain;
But, shame to tell, how dreadful the reflection!
The sex is now so bad to want correction---
But hold, methinks from yonder box I hear
My Lady Dainty thus express her fear:
"Lard! sure the filthy fellow does not mean
"To turn us up; he won't be so obscene:
"I'll go this instant, and ask Mr. Rich,
"How he dares suffer this rude Ticklebreach---"
Ladies, be calm, this needless rage suspend,
And take good counsel as from friend to friend:
If you would shun acquaintance with the birch,
Shun cards on sabbath-day, and go to church;
'This vicious appetite no longer feed,
The virtuous all, be British dames indeed.

And now, my pupils, what you've learnt this
night

Go teach to others, and you'll then do right;
Be you to them the same indulgent tutor,
And come next year to see your friend Ned Shuter.

§ 118. *Prologue to Mabomet.*

To point what lengths credulity has run,
What counsels shaken, and what states un-
done;
What hellish fury wings th' enthusiast's rage,
And makes the troubled earth one tragic stage;
What blasphemies imposture dares advance,
And build what terrors on weak ignorance;
How fraud alone rage to religion binds,
And makes a pandæmonium of our minds;
Our Gallie bard, sir'd with these glorious views,
First to this crusade led the tragic muse;
Her pow'r through France his charming numbers
bore,

But France was deaf---for all her priests were sore.

On English ground she makes a firmer stand,
And hopes to suffer by no hostile hand.
No clergy here usurp the free-born mind,
Ordain'd to teach, and not enslave mankind;
Religion here bids Perfection cease,
Without, all order, and within, all peace;
Truth guards her happy pale with watchful care,
And frauds, tho' pious, find no entrance there.

Religion, to be sacred, must be free;
Men will suspect---where bigots keep the key.
Hooded and train'd like hawks th' enthusiasts fly,
And the priest's victims in their pouncers die.
Like whelps born blind, by mother-church they're
bred,

Nor wake to fight, to know themselves misled:
Murder's the game---and to the sport unprest,
Proud of the sin, and in the duty blest,
The layman's but the blood-hound of the priest.
Whoe'er thou art, that dar'st such themes advance,
To priest-ridden Spain repair, or slavish France;

For Judas' hire there do the devil's task,
And trick up slavery in religion's mask.
England, still free, no surer means requires
To sink their seditious souls, and damp their martial
fires.

Britons, these numbers to yourselves you owe;
Voltaire hath strength to shoot in Shakspeare's
bow:

Fame led him at his Hippocrene to drink,
And taught to write with nature, as to think:
With English freedom, English wit he knew,
And from the inexhausted stream profusely drew.
Cherish the noble bard yourselves have made,
Nor let the frauds of France steal all our trade.
Now of each prize the winner has the wearing,
E'en fend our English stage a-privatereering:
With your commission, we'll our fails unfold,
And from their loads of dross import some gold.

§ 119. *Prologue to the Jealous Wife.*

LLOYD.

THE Jealous Wife! a comedy! poor man!
A charming subject! but a wretched plan.
His skittish wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat trespass upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealousies, and spleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic scene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis passion, pathos, character, sublime!
What round big words had swell'd the pompous
scene,

A king the husband, and the wife a queen!
Then might distraction rend her graceful hair,
See sightless forms, and scream, and gape, and stare.
Draw canst Death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the prison'd bowl.
What eyes had stream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hub!* and *Ob!*

But peace! The gentle prologue custom sends,
Like drum and serjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He reads the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the gen'ral eye.
Books too he read, nor blush'd to use their
store---

He does but what his betters did before.
Shakspeare has done it, and the Grecian stage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his scenes an honest skill is shown,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a master's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward in dramatic view;
To your decision he submits his cause,
Secure of candour, anxious for applause.

But if, all rude, his artless scenes deface
The simple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others land,
He spoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
He justifies on him---as on fools before---
And give to blockheads past one blockhead more.

Prologue to Runnamede.

BEFORE the records of renown were kept,
Or theatres for dying heroes wept,
The race of fame by rival chiefs was run,
The world by former Alexanders won:
Ages of glory in long order roll'd,
New empires rising on the wreck of old:
Wonders were wrought by nature in her prime,
Nor was the ancient world a wilderness of time.
Yet lost to fame is virtue's orient reign;
The patriot liv'd, the hero died in vain.
Dark night descended o'er the human day,
And wiped the glory of the world away:
Whirl'd round the gulf, the acts of time were tost,
Then in the vast abyss for ever lost.

Virtue from fame disjoin'd began to plain
Her votaries few and unfrequented fane.
Her voice ascended to almighty Jove;
He sent the Muses from the throne above.

The bard arose; and full of heavenly fire,
With hand immortal touch'd th' immortal lyre;
Heroic deeds in strains heroic sung,
All earth resounded, all heaven's arches rung:
The world applaud what they approv'd before,
Virtue and fame took separate paths no more.

Hence to the bard, interpreter of heaven,
The chronicle of fame by Jove is given;
His eye the volume of the past explores,
His hand unfolds the everlasting doors;
In Minos' majesty he lifts the head,
Judge of the world, and sov'reign of the dead;
On nations and on kings in sentence sits,
Dooms to perdition, or to heaven admits;
Dethrones the tyrant tho' in triumph hurl'd,
Calls up the hero from th' eternal world,
Surrounds his head with wreaths that ever bloom,
And vows the verse that triumphs o'er the tomb.

While here the Muses warbled from the shrine,
Oft have you listen'd to the voice divine.
A nameless youth beheld with noble rage,
One subject, still a stranger to the stage;
A name that's music to the British ear!
A name that's worshipp'd in the British sphere,
Fair Liberty! the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.

Britons! a scene of glory draws to-night!
The fathers of the land arise to fight;
The legislators and the chiefs of old,
The roll of patriots and the barons bold,
Who greatly girded with the sword and shield,
At storied Runnamede's immortal field,
Did the grand charter of your freedom draw,
And found the base of liberty on law.

Our author, trembling for his virgin muse,
Hopes in the fav'rite theme a fond excuse.
If while the tale the theatre commands,
Your hearts applaud him, he'll acquit your hands;
Proud on his country's cause to build his name,
And add the patriot's to the poet's fame.

§ 121. *Prologue to the Heiress.* FITZPATRICK,

§ Sprightly sun-beams gild the face of day,
When low'ring tempests calmly glide away,

So, when the poet's dark horizon clears,
 Array'd in smiles the Epilogue appears.
 She of that house the lively emblem still,
 Whose brilliant speakers start what themes they
 will;

Still varying topics for her sportive rhymes,
 From all the follies of these fruitful times;
 Uncheck'd by forms, with suppliant hand may cull,
 Prologues, like peers, by privilege are dull.
 In solemn strain address th' assembled pit,
 The legal judges of dramatic wit,
 Confining still, with dignified decorum,
 Their observations—to the play before 'em.

Now when each bachelor a helpmate lacks,
 (That sweet exemption from a double tax)
 When laws are fram'd with a benignant plan
 Of lighten'ing burdens on the married man,
 And Hymen adds one solid comfort more,
 To all those comforts he conferr'd before;
 To smooth the rough laborious road to fame,
 Our bard has chosen—an alluring name.
 As wealth in wedlock oft is known to hide
 The imperfections of a homely bride,
 This tempting title, he perhaps expects,
 May lighten beauties—and conceal defects:
 Thus Sixty's wrinkles, view'd through Fortune's
 glass,

The rosy dimples of Sixteen surpass:
 The modern suitor grasps his fair one's hand,
 O'erlooks her person, and adores—her land;
 Looks on her honours with an ogling eye,
 O'er her rich acres heaves an am'rous sigh,
 His heart-felt pangs through groves of—timber
 vents,

And runs distracted for—her three per cents.

Will thus the poet's mimic Heiress find
 The bridegroom critic to her failings blind,
 Who claims, alas! his nicer taste to hit,
 The lady's portion paid in sterling wit;
 On your decrees, to fix her future fate,
 Depends our Heiress for her whole estate:
 Rich in your smiles, she charms th' admiring town;
 A very bankrupt, should y' a chance to frown:
 O may a verdict given in your applause
 Pronounce the prosperous issue of her cause,
 Confirm the name an anxious parent gave her,
 And prove her *Heiress* of—the public favour!

§ 122. *Prologue to the Ambitious Step-Mother*
 ROWE.

IF dying lovers yet deserve a tear,
 If a sad story of a maid's despair
 Yet move compassion in the pitying fair;
 This day the poet does his arts employ,
 The soft access of your souls to try.
 Nor let the stoic boast his mind unmov'd;
 The brute philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
 The joy of loving and of being lov'd;
 Who scorns the human nature to confess,
 And, striving to be more than man, is less.
 Nor let the men the weeping fair accuse,
 Those kind protectors of the tragic muse,

Whose tears did moving Otway's labours crown,
 And made the poor Montimia's grief their own:
 Those tears their art, not weakness, has con-
 fess'd,

Their grief approv'd the niceness of their taste,
 And they wept most, because they judg'd the
 best.

O could this age's writers hope to find
 An audience to compassion thus inclin'd,
 The stage would need no force, nor song, nor dance,
 Nor capering Montizur brought from active France;

Clinch, and his organ-pipe, his dogs and bear,
 To native Barnet might again repair,
 Or breathe with captain Otter Bunkide air:
 Majestic tragedy should once again
 In purple pomp adorn the swelling scene.

Her teach should ransack all the ancient store,
 The fortunes of their loves and arms explore,
 Such as might grieve you, but should please you
 more.

What Shakespeare durst not, this bondage should do,
 And famous Greek and Latin beauties shew:

Shakespeare, whose genius to itself a law,
 Could men in ev'ry height or nature draw,
 And copied all but women that he law.

Those ancient heroines your concern should move,
 Their grief and rage much, but most their love;

For in the account of ev'ry age we find
 The best and fairest of that sex were kind,
 To pity always, and to love inclin'd.

Assert, ye fair ones, who in judgment sit,
 Your ancient empire over love and wit;

Reform your squire, and teach the men to obey:
 They'll leave their tumbling, if you lead the way.

Be but what those before to Otway were:
 O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

§ 123. *Epilogue to the same.* ROWE.

THE spleen and vapours, and this doleful play,
 Have mortified me to that height to-day,

That I am almost in the mortal mind
 To die indeed, and leave you all behind.

Know then, since I resolve in peace to part,
 I mean to leave to one alone my heart:

(Last favours will admit of no partage,
 I bar all sharing, but up on the stage)

To one who can wish one alone be blest,
 The peaceful monarch of a single breast:

To one—But, oh! how hard 'twill be to find
 That Phoenix in your tickle changing kind!

New loves, new interests, and religions new,
 Still your fantastic appetites pursue.

Your tickly fancies both what you possess,
 And ev'ry restless fool would change his place.

Some, weary of their peace and quiet grow,
 Want to be tossed up aloft, and shown;

Whilst from the envied height the wife get
 safely down.

We find your wav'ring temper to our cost,
 Since all our pains and care to please is lost.

MUSIC in vain supports with friendly aid
 Her sister Poetry's declining head:

Shew but a mimic ape, or French buffoon,
 You to the other house in shoals are gone,
 And leave us here to tune our crowds alone. }
 Must Shak'peare, Fletcher, and laborious Ben
 Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?
 Allow you are inconstant, yet 'tis strange,
 For sense is still the same, and ne'er can change.
 Yet even in that you vary as the rest,
 And ev'ry day new notions are profest.
 Nay, there's a * wit has found, as I am told,
 New ways to heaven, despairing of the old:
 He swears he'll spoil the clerk and sexton's trade,
 Bells shall no more be rung, nor graves be made:
 The hearse and fix no longer be in fashion,
 Since all the faithful may expect translation.
 What think you of the project? I'm for trying,
 I'll lay aside these foolish thoughts of dying;
 Preserve my youth and vigour for the stage,
 And be translated in a good old age.

§ 124. *Prologue to the Tender Husband, or the Accomplish'd Fools.* ADDISON.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
 When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,

The raw unpractis'd authors could with ease
 A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
 No single character had e'er been shown,
 But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
 Rich in originals, they set to view,
 In ev'ry piece, a coxcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
 Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
 Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shews
 Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;

Rough-country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
 Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear;
 And punks of diff'rent characters we meet,
 As frequent on the stage as in the pit:
 Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
 And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
 Long ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the town and beat about the Park:
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft dog him to the ring, and haunts of rout;
 As love of pleasure, or of place invites;
 And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
 Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage;
 That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
 And won't be blockheads in the common road.
 Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
 — Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
 Stocks with variety of fools his play;
 And, that there may be something gay and new,
 Two ladies errant has expos'd to view:

The first a damsel, travell'd in romance;
 The other more refin'd; she comes from France.
 Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger;
 And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

§ 125. *Epilogue to the same.* STEELE.

BRITONS, who constant war, with factious rage,
 For liberty against each other wage,
 From foreign insults save this English stage. }
 No more th' Italian squalling tribe admit,
 In tongues unknown; 'tis pop'ry in wit.
 The songs (themselves confess) from Rome they bring,
 And 'tis high-mass, for aught you know, they sing.
 Husbands, take care, the danger may come nigher,
 The women say their eunuch is a friar.

But is it not a serious ill to see
 Europe's great arbiters so mean can be;
 Passive, with an affected joy to sit,
 Suspend their native taste of manly wit;
 Neglect their comic humour, tragic rage,
 For known defects of nature and of age?
 Arise for shame, ye conqu'ring Britons, rise!
 Such unadorn'd effeminacy despise;
 Admire (if you will dote on foreign wit)
 Not what Italians sing, but Romans writ.
 So shall less works, such as to-night's slight play,
 At your command with justice die away;
 Till then forgive your writers, that can't bear }
 You should such very Traumontanes appear,
 The nations, which condemn you, to reverse.

Let Anna's soil be known for all its charms;
 As fam'd for lib'ral sciences as arms:
 Let those derision meet, who would advance
 Manners, or speech, from Italy or France.
 Let them learn you, who would your favour find,
 And English be the language of mankind.

§ 126. *Epilogue to the Gamester.* CENTLIVRE.

AS one condemn'd, and ready to become,
 For his offences past, a pendulum,
 Does, ere he dies, bespeak the learned throng,
 Then, like the swan, expires in a song;
 So I (though doubtful long which knot to choose,
 Whether the hangman's, or the marriage noose),
 Condemn'd, good people, as you see, for life,
 To play that tedious, juggling game, a wife,
 Have but one word of good advice to say,
 Before the doleful cart draws quite away.

You roaring boys, who know the midnight cares
 Of rattling tatts, ye sons of hopes and fears;
 Who labour hard to bring your ruin on,
 And diligently toil to be undone;
 You're fortune's sporting footballs at the best,
 Few are his joys, and small the gamester's rest;

Is then fortune only rules the dice,
And on the square you play; yet who, that's wife,
Would to the credit of a faithless main
Trust his good dad's hard-gotten hoarded gain?
But then such vultures round a table wait,
And hov'ring watch the bubble's sickly state;
The young fond gambler, covetous of more,
Like *Ætop's* dog, loses his certain store.
Then the sponge squeez'd by all grows dry---and
now

Completely wretched turns a sharper too;
These fools, for want of bubbles too, play fair,
And lose to one another on the square;
So whores the wealth from numerous culls they
glean,

Still spend on bullies, and grow poor again.

This itch for play has likewise fatal been,
And more than Cupid drawn the ladies in:
A thousand guineas for basset prevails,
A bait, when cash runs low, that seldom fails;
And when the fair one can't the debt defray
In sterling coin, does sterling beauty pay.

In vain we labour to divert your care,
Nor song nor dance can bribe your presence
here,

You fly this place like an infectious air;
To yonder happy quarter of the town
You crowd, and your own fav'rite stage disown;
We're like old mistresses, you love the vice,
And hate us only 'cause we once did please.
Nor can we find how else 'tis we deserve,
Like *Tantalus*, 'midst plenty thus to starve.

§ 127. *Prologue to Tamerlane and Sigismunda.*

THOMSON.

BOLD is the man, who in this nicer age
Presumes to tread the chaste, corrected stage.
Now, with gay tinsel arts we can no more
Conceal the want of nature's sterling ore:
Our spells are vanish'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over sea and land:
Before your light the fairy people fade;
The demons fly---the ghost itself is laid.
In vain of martial scenes the loud alarms;
The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms:
The playhouse posse clattering from afar;
The close wedg'd battle, and the din of war.
Now even the Senate seldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the scene.
Your taste rejects the glitt'ring false sublime,
To sigh in metaphor, and die in rhyme.
High rant is tumbled from his gallery throne:
Description, dreams---nay, similes are gone.

What shall we then? to please you how devise?
Whose judgment sits not in your ears and eyes.
Thrice happy! could we catch great Shakspeare's
art,

To trace the deep recesses of the heart;
His simple, plain sublime; to which is given
To strike the soul with darted flame from heaven:
Could we awake soft *Orway's* tender woe;
The pomp of verse, and golden lines of *Rowe*?

We to your hearts apply; let them attend:
Before their silent, candid bar we bend.
If warm'd they listen, 'tis our noblest praise:
If cold, they wither all the muse's bays.

§ 128. *Epilogue to the same.* THOMSON.

GRAMM'D to the throat with wholesome, moral
stuff;

Alas! poor audience! you have had enough.
Was ever hapless heroine of a play
In such a piteous plight as ours to-day?
Was ever woman so by love betray'd?
Match'd with two husbands, and yet---die a maid.
But, bless me!--hold---what sounds are these I
hear?---

I see the Tragic Muse herself appear.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers a romantic interior landscape, from which Sigismunda, in the character of the Tragic Muse, advances slowly to music, and speaks the following lines:*

Hence with your slipping epilogue, that tries
To wipe the virtuous tear from British eyes;
That dares my moral, tragic scene profane,
With strains---at best, uninspiring, light, and vain.
Hence from the pure, unfulfill'd beams, that play
In yon fair eyes, where virtue shines---Away!
Britons, to you, from chaste Castalian groves,
Where dwell the tender, oft unhappy loves;
Where shades of heroes roam, each mighty name,
And court my aid, to rise again to fame:
To you I come; to freedom's noblest seat;
And in Britannia fix my last retreat.

In Greece, and Rome, I watch'd the public
weal;

The purple tyrant trembled at my steel;
Nor did I less o'er private sorrows reign,
And mend the melting heart with softer pain.
On France and you then rose my brightning star
With social ray---The arts are ne'er at war.
O! as your fire and genius stronger blaze;
As yours are generous freedom's bolder lays;
Let not the Gallic taste leave yours behind,
In decent manners and in life refin'd;
Banish the motley mode, to tag low verse,
The laughing ballad to the mournful hearse.
When thro' live acts your hearts have learnt to
glow,

Touch'd with the sacred force of honest woe,
O keep the dear impression on your breast,
Nor idly lose it for a wretched jest!

§ 129. *Epilogue to Zara.* AARON HILL.

HERE, take a surfeit, sirs, of being jealous,
And shun the pains that plague those Turkish
fellows:
Where love and death join hands, their darts con-
founding,
Save us, good heaven! from this new way of
wounding!

Curt'd climate!--where, to cards, a lone-left woman

Has only one of her black guards to summon!
Sighs, and sits mop'd, with her tame beast to gaze at:

And that cold treat is all the game she plays at!
For---should she once some abler hand be trying,
Poignard's the word! and the first deal is---
dying!

'Slife! should the bloody whim get ground in Britain,
Where woman's freedom has such heights to sit on;

Daggers, provok'd, would bring on desolation,
And murder'd belles un-people half the nation!--

Fain would I hope this play to move compassion---

And live to hunt suspicion out of fashion.---
Four motives strongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this weakness, that our scene discovers:

First then---A woman will or won't---depend on't:

If she will do't, she will---and there's an end on't.
But, if she won't---since safe and sound your trust is,

Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.

Next---He who bids his dear do what she pleases,
Blunts wedlock's edge, and all its torture eases:
For---not to feel your suff'rings, is the same
As not to suffer---All the difference---name.

Thirdly---The jealous husband wrongs his honour;

No wife goes lame, without some hurt upon her:
And the malicious world will still be gussing,
Who oft dines out dislikes her own cook's dressing.

Fourthly, and lastly---to conclude my lecture,
If you would fix th' inconstant wife---respect her.
She who perceives her virtues over-rated,
Will fear to have th' account more justly stated:
And, borrow'ing from her pride, the good wife's seeming,

Grow really such---to merit your esteeming.

§ 130. *Prologue to the Bankrupt.* FOOTE.

FOR wit's keen satire, and this laughing stage,
What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt Age?

We not confin'd to commerce is the curse,
The head is near as empty as the purse;
Equally sunk, our credit and our wit,
Nor is the sage more solvent than the cit;
All these---but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,
Were it not prudent first to look at home?

You, gentle Sirs, have given me credit long,
And took my word for many an idle song;

But if, exhausted, I give notes to-day---
For wit and humour, which I cannot pay,
Must turn bankrupt too, and hop away.

Unless, indeed, I modify apply
Or leave to sell my works by lottery.

The few will favour, where's no cash to free'em,
I hope, that way to part with my museum:

My old friend Smirk, indeed, may lend his aid,
And sell by auction all my stock in trade;
His placid features, and imploring eye,
May tempt perhaps the tardy town to buy;
His winning manner, and his soft address,
To other sales of mine have given success;
But after all, my ever honour'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends;
I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries here,
And little thought a culprit to appear
Before this house; but if resolv'd you go
To find me guilty, or to make me so,
To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,
Vain were my plea, and useless my defence.
But still, I will not steal, I will not beg,
Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg;
But to my cot contentedly retire,
And stew my cabbage by my only fire.
Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet unknown,
E'en as your justice be your candour shown,
And when you touch my honour, don't forget
your own.

§ 131. *Epilogue to the Toy-Shop.* R. DODSLEY.

WELL, heaven be prais'd! this dull, grave sermon's done

(For faith our author might have call'd it one).
I wonder who the devil he thought to please!
Is this a time of day for things like these!
Good sense and honest satire now offend;
We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend;
And so divinely rapt in songs and tunes,
The next wise age will all be---siddlers sons.
And did he think plain truth would favour find?
Ah, 'tis a sign he little knows mankind!
To please, he ought to have a song or dance,
The tune from Italy, the caper France:
These, these might charm---But hope to do't
with sense,

Alas! alas! how vain is the pretence!
But, tho' we told him---'faith, 'twill never do---
Pho! never fear, he cried, tho' grave, 'tis new:
The whim perhaps may please, if not the wit,
And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.
If neither this nor that will intercede,
Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead.

"Ye gen'rous few! to you our author fues,
"His first essay with candour to excuse;
"T has faults, he owns, but if they are but small,
"He hopes your kind applause will hide them all."

§ 132. *Prologue to Mr. Andrews's Comedy of Better Late than Never.* DUKE OF LEEDS.

CUSTOM commands a prologue to each play,
But custom hath not told us what to say:
No form prescrib'd, 'tis difficult to find
How to conciliate the public mind.
The bashful bard---the modest muse's fears,
So long have jingled in your patient ears,
That now perhaps you'll scarce vouchsafe to stay
To hear both their apology---and play.

No!

No! Better sure on him at once to call,
 With "Su, it frighten'd thus, why write at all?"
 We're not reduc'd yet to a trembling pen!
 Zounds! bards will crowd us soon, like---gentle-
 men,
 Something like this, I heard a friend once say,
 Who wish'd (poor soul!) to be a new-lunch'd
 ploy
 Box'd snug at first, completely to his mind,
 With only one grave auction behind,
 For 'th third et had struggled to it end,
 In reel'd three critics, each the rival's friend---
 On prose determin'd - wit confirm'd by wine
 Each And! and If! was chaff'd---cor.ect---damn'd
 fine
 To taste so much'd my friend of course gave it,
 But squelch'd, thump'd, kick'd---still listen'd to
 the play,
 Till by repeated plaudits grown so sore,
 Nor flesh nor blood could bear one comment more
 Such brief reu friends they surely cannot need,
 Who wish by merit only to succeed
 To-night we offer to the public view
 A character, you'll own perhaps is new
 From Doctor's Commons we the model draw,
 A promising class of civil law,
 And civil sure that law which can provide
 Or (should I need be) relate you from a bride
 Three blest the mansion, where, in spite of ill,
 Alive or dead you still can have your will.
 Much could I offer in our author's eulge,
 Nay, prove his just great object---your applause,
 But, lest dull friendship should his genius
 wrong,
 I'll stop---before the prologue grows too long,
 And *Better late than never* hold my tongue.

§ 133 *Epilogue to the same.* ANDREWS

THE drama done, and all its int'rest over,
 Content the husband, and secure the lover,
 Our timid bard, who dares the critic ire,
 And thinks my little tongue can never tire,
 Would have me re-assume the wig and gown,
 To plead his goose-quill cause before the town
 "Lord! Sir," says I, "some better counsel bring,
 "For females in a wig are not the thing
 "Your bearded Barrister, if smartly made, is
 "A surer advocate among the ladies."
 "Madam," he cried, "or perriwig'd, or bare,
 "So you but talk, I never need despair
 Suppose, ye fair, as I'm so smooth a prater,
 I take a line more consonant to nature,
 Give up the vain attempt your hearts to warm,
 And 'gainst the men with female weapon arm
 Oft have the wits, unmindful whom they vex,
 Expos'd the foibles of the softer sex,
 Laugh'd at their dress, their well-shap'd cork, their
 feeters,
 Their steady bloom, unchanging in all weathers,
 Swore locks were grey, that seem'd a comely brown,
 And, tho' all paid for, deem'd them not their own.

Why not retort? avenge th' insulted fair,
 And shew these men, what wondrous things they
 are.

Now don't be frigid! - poor eccentric elves!
 I only shew what most you sh---yourselfes.
 How I tremble at a woman's shame-boude!
 Tho' I look hence, like you--I'm all outside:
 Yet e'er my efforts your attention call
 To that dear portrait which should hit you all,
 Let me delineate what was once a beau,
 The Band-box Billy of some years ago.

Sweet image of mama in ev'ry feature,
 The youth came forth, a most delicious creature,
 With full dick'd skirts, not quite unlike a hoop,
 Hat under arm, fine but on, and gilt forp---
 Suit stock, long sword still dangling in the way,
 He sometimes ventur'd to a first night play
 I supp'd thro' the lobby, most completely curl'd;
 Nor did a paw-paw thing for all the world,
 Thus he dit our d "Sir Dillberry, ods so,
 "Dear, dear good luck! how you place below?
 "Dum it, dum it crow'd so, fellow---O, how shock-
 "in!"
 "He as spoil'd my hru, and dirtied all my stock-
 "ing"

Such was the smart our grandmamas would praise,
 Rather unlike the smart of present days
 For I defy all history to shew
 One thing in nature like a modern beau,
 Hat slouch'd, short stick, knee-cappings, that
 bring back
 The memory of renown'd Sixteen String Jack;
 Eternal boots, and collar you'd suppose
 Cur in kind contact with his buckship's nose.
 Thus trimly dress'd, each night among the doxies
 He storms the lobby, and assails the boxes;
 With gait and manner-- something in this way,
 Proves his rare taste, and delights on the play---
 "Here, boys! keep it! why don't the uscal come?
 "Hilloo-- I own Guckin' can you give us room?
 "What's this-- I he farce---Macbeth---an ope-
 "ra"---O!
 "Came out last season---Stupid stuff---damn'd
 "low
 "Zounds, let's be off!"---"Z---ds, be a little
 "calmer!"
 "Who's that--the Jordan?"---"No, you fool---
 "R Palmer

Thus some are found, by ev'ry act revealing
 Perfect indifference to sense and feeling.
 To such our play not suits---but you, ye fair,
 Ye wits, whom nature form'd with happier care,
 Whole tender bosoms, tho' by passions rent,
 Feel the soft virtues in their full extent,
 Cheer'd our author's plan, which aims to prove,
 Life's best exertions spring from virtuous love.

§ 134 *Verses to the Memory of Mr. GARRICK.*
Spoken at a Monody, by Mrs. YATES, at the
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

If dying excellence deserves a tear,
 If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,

Can we persist to bid our sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest---indulge the comic vein---
Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
One kind regret---one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tender part:
His memory claims the tear you gave his art!
The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead fav'rite
pass'd,

The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While Shakspeare's image, from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place;
Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
So much are Garrick's praise---so much his due,
As on this spot---one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise:
Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdued,
With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art:
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The ling'ring line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once achiev'd, tho' barb'rous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to-day,
Grac'd by defect, and worshipp'd in decay;
Th'enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the poet's bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th'inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With Epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but fav'ring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.
Such is their meed---their honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The actor only shrinks from time's award;
Fleeting tradition is his memory's guard;

By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
Even matchless Garrick's art, to heaven resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene;
Th'expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling freight,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day!
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentle eloquence,
All perishable!--like th'electric fire
But strike the frame, and, as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with
air.

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes!
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame?---whose is the trust?---'tis
yours.

And, O! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares! by ev'ry grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!
By all those thoughts, which many a distant night
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!
Still in your hearts dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth---'tis all you can---be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To cheerful wit, and many a favour'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask be-
neath.

For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear,
O loveliest mourner, gentle muse! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurel'd shrine.
As Fancy, oft by superstition led
To roam the mansions of the faintest dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb;
So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd bier,
With patient woe, that loves the ling'ring tear;
With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak---he never shall return!
Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse th'irrev'rend dust,
Which time may strew upon his sacred bust.

